

The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JANUARY

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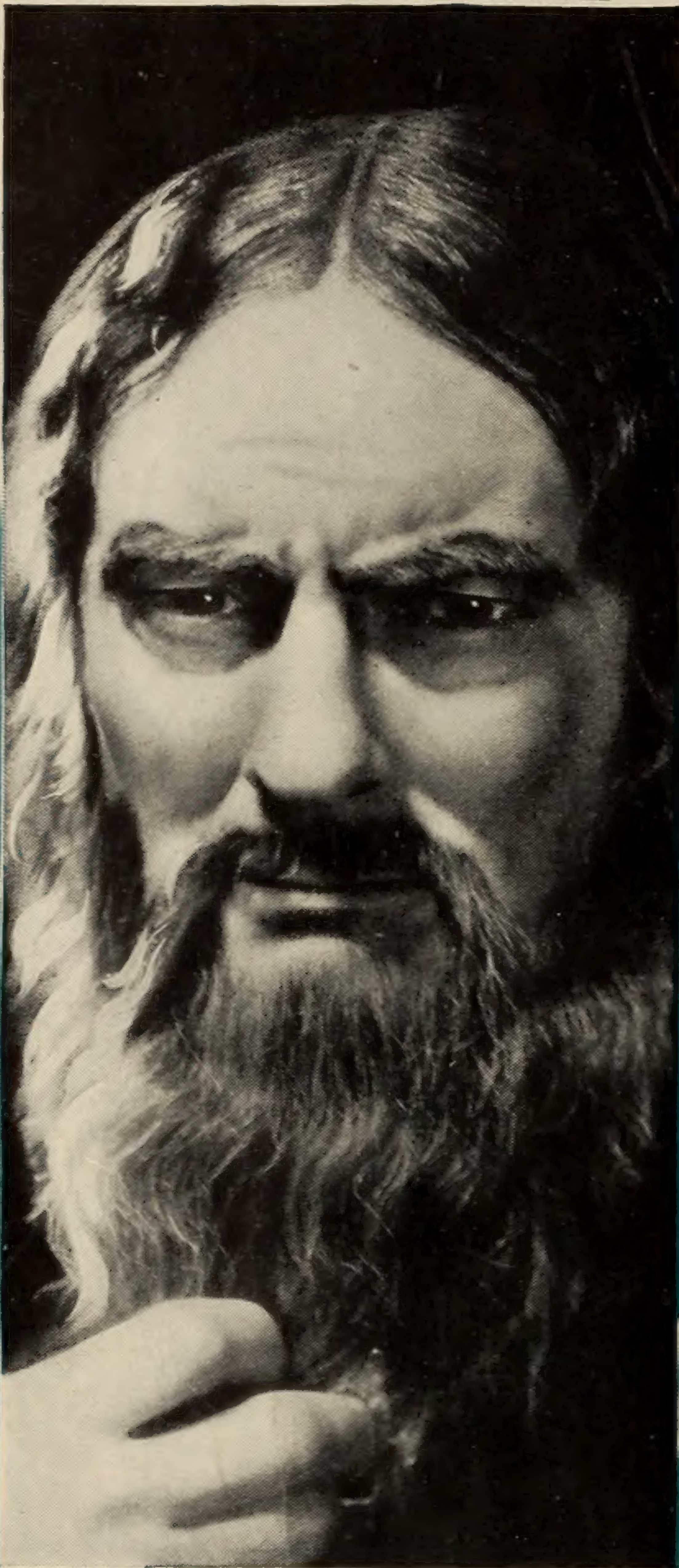
The
High Price
of Screen
Love-making

Is Dietrich
Through?

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

ETHEL

JOHN



LIONEL

BARRYMORE

The Royal Family of the American Show World



Madman, saint or devil?
Was he one or all
of these?

You hear it everywhere...whispers from the West gather like a storm...
underground reports travel across the breadth of America...ONE OF THE
GREATEST PICTURES OF ALL TIME IS COMING! The vast resources of
M-G-M, the money, the talent, the genius of the most celebrated producing
company on earth are focused on the creation of a mighty entertainment.

RASPUTIN

with RALPH MORGAN • DIANA WYNWARD

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky • Screen Play by Charles MacArthur



Heir to the throne of all Russia
—yet only a boy in his
mother's arms!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH!

"If that's 'Pink Tooth Brush,' mother— you'd better watch your step!"



MARCIA: Do you know, mother—you're a pretty grand-looking little woman. There's only one thing your severest critic—that's *me!*—could possibly find wrong with you.

MOTHER: *And that is . . . ?*

MARCIA: You have quite nice teeth, darling. But they look as if they'd been associating with a London fog. They don't shine out any more and make people say, "Oh, what a beautiful lady!" I'll bet my last fifteen cents that you have "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *My gums do bleed a little. Should I get all upset about it?*

MARCIA: Well—it has never yet helped anybody have swell-looking teeth! And suppose you get some horrid gum trouble like gingivitis. Or Vincent's disease. Or pyorrhea, even. Or find that some good teeth are actually in danger.

MOTHER: *Very well. I'll start using Ipana, as my erudite daughter does.*

MARCIA: And every time you clean your teeth, put a little bit more Ipana on your brush and massage it right into your touchy gums. See how grand and hard *my* gums are?

MOTHER: *Your teeth look nice and bright.*

MARCIA: Ipana has ziratol in it. The food we eat nowadays is too soft to keep the gums firm—but Ipana and massage keep your gums firm *anyway*. So you use Ipana. And you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush" . . .



DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good dentist and a good dentifrice are not costly. To save on dentists' bills or to skimp on the quality of your tooth paste is poor economy indeed. For dental care and the best tooth paste you can buy are the most economical things on earth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-13
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

● GET RID OF "pink tooth brush" WITH

I P A N A TOOTH PASTE

The Audience Talks Back



"Red Dust" pleased the lovers of melodramatic realism and put Clark Gable among the movie heroes of the month. A Jean Harlow enthusiast sees in her an actress capable of big parts. Gable got the plaudits of co-eds seeing the film en masse. Do they like 'em rough?

THE \$25 LETTER

Panning the movies has become a national pastime. I'm sick of the people who think that a sneer aimed with alleged scintillating wit at Hollywood is clever and smart.

I agree that there is still a vast quantity of third-rate stuff emanating from the film studios. But isn't that true of books, music, painting, the theater or any form of creative expression?

Anyone capable of functioning mentally beyond that naive but odious period of juvenilia characterized by facetiousness and the wisecrack realizes that motion pictures have progressed in the last year as never before. They have become a definite cultural influence.

K. J. HOWARD, Portland, Ore.

THE \$10 LETTER

Don't go it blind when seeing shows. We used definite differentiation when the stage was the popular medium of entertainment—problem plays and musical comedies were two different things. Janet Gaynor pictures and Bela Lugosi horrors are different, too.

Don't take friends' recommendations or criticisms as infallible. Probably you wouldn't wear hats they chose or eat dinners they ordered, on a bet. Why allow them to influence you into missing splendid pictures or sitting in on duds? PHOTOPLAY has concise reviews—trustworthy tips for your taste.

CHLOE B. AYER, Springfield, Ill.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

THE \$5 LETTER

I wonder what the coming years will hold for those condemned to live bound to the commonplace. Imagination quickens with the realization of what wonders may be spread before us poorer mortals by the glamorous motion pictures.

Long as I live I can share with delightful women and stalwart men an endless succession of adventures and experiences in every clime.

The Arabian lady enthralled her husband-king for one thousand and one nights. Today the commoner has more than that king could imagine.

JOHN F. MACDUFFEE, Portland, Me.

ONLY CHEERS FOR LA SHEARER

"Smilin' Through" had the shining beauty of moonlight on a quiet lake, the loveliness of true, enduring love. A welcome relief from mystery, murder and gangster stories. Its sadness left no scar. The acting of Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Leslie Howard and O. P. Heggie left a memory of something brave and fine in a world saddened too much these days.

MRS. MARION W. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.

In "Smilin' Through" Norma Shearer adapts herself to the rôle of sweet young girl as easily as she has played the sophisticate.

ELISE E. REEDER, Los Angeles, Calif.

I nominate "Smilin' Through" and players like Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Leslie Howard as a cure for depression ills. From them we learn our petty troubles are nothing.

That love, romance, hopes, dreams, forgiveness go on forever. I'm smilin' through.

JOHN ARMOUR, Wichita, Kan.

RAH! RAH! RAH! GABLE!

"Red Dust" is a honey! Clark Gable doesn't let anybody down for original interpretation. The State College co-eds, at the same show, gave him a great hand.

Jean Harlow should go far. Her reactions to every part she plays are her own, and very fine. I am anxious to see her attempt a big part.

MRS. KATHARINE A. DUNLAP, San Diego, Calif.

FOR DUNNE AND BOLES

"Back Street" is superb—beautiful. Really, I can't express the way that picture stirred me. You could never have had a better team than Irene Dunne and John Boles.

TILLIE BLEN STRAUCH, Memphis, Tenn.

Why can't we have more of Irene Dunne and John Boles and more pictures like "Back Street"?

MRS. WILLIAM S. TURNER, Indianapolis, Ind.

A PERFECT VOYAGE

"One Way Passage" is the perfect combination of powerful, simple story, sophistication, fine acting and beautiful photography, a picture with an appeal to everyone. From William Powell and Kay Francis down to the room steward, each is a polished actor.

EARLE M. BLACKMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.



A triple treat is the pet comedy, "The Big Broadcast," with screen, stage and radio names. Bing Crosby is song bird and lover romancing with Leila Hyams. Stuart Erwin also clicks. In its array of "air" stars the picture makes the networks look sad and steals a march on television

With Brickbats & Bouquets

MODEL FOR HUSBANDS

Rudy Vallee and Mickey Mouse have their clubs. So has Lewis Stone. We have to keep it secret to avoid the remarks of husbands and high school sons and daughters.

This is our ritual: We sigh; that is a tribute to friend husband, and then we look adoringly at a photograph of Lewis Stone. He is the glamour of middle age, a gentleman of the old school in modern guise—what Everywoman dreamed her husband would grow into.

Part of his charm is his fastidious taste in

ROMANCE inspires most enthusiasm among moviegoers this month. "Smilin' Through" is by far the best loved—with only commendation. "Back Street" continues a big favorite, along with "Bird of Paradise," "A Bill of Divorcement" and "One Way Passage."

The comedy choice is "The Big Broadcast" and "Red Dust" delights the realism lovers. "Rain" is still an argument-provoker.

After Norma Shearer, the highly favored actresses are Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler. Katharine Hepburn is rapidly gaining an enthusiastic following.

Fredric March and Leslie Howard are the "white haired" boys of the moment. John Boles and Clark Gable have a grand court. Robert Montgomery still bewitches the girls and Ramon Novarro's singing charms them.

One reader senses the quality of trees in the work of her favorites. We're sure she means bouquets—not that their acting is wooden or nutty.

dress. How we fight, cajole and plead with our husbands to attain that well-groomed appearance!

MRS. J. P. ARTHUR, Oakland, Calif.

ROOTING FOR RICARDO

Ricardo Cortez was simply superb in "Symphony of Six Million." Handsome, endowed with unusual sensitivity, he is handed the rôle of the detective in "Thirteen Women" in which for a brief moment he holds the hand of the lovely Irene Dunne. Give Ricardo a picture worthy of his talent and see if he isn't box office.

MARIAN HART, New Haven, Conn.

THREE ARTS IN ONE

See "The Big Broadcast"! Bing Crosby and Stu Erwin do the grandest bit of acting. The public gets the full benefit of radio, stage and Hollywood stars in one picture.

MRS. M. DEWEY, Daytona Beach, Fla.

CONNIE? NO! BETTE!

The idea of comparing Bette Davis with Constance Bennett! I never could see anything interesting in Constance Bennett. But Bette Davis has glamour—gorgeous glamour. Maybe I owe Constance Bennett an apology, but I have written the way I feel.

LEE NORQUEST, Lafayette, Ind.

ELECTED FILM TROUBADOUR

In this demand for Ramon Novarro to do a musical picture again few people have given suggestions for plays. Why not "The Chocolate Soldier"—and Lily Pons warbling "My Hero"?

MISS MARGARET M. RYAN, Chicago, Ill.



Norma Shearer was acclaimed for her change from sophisticated rôles, Leslie Howard gained a legion of admirers and "Smilin' Through" satisfied film audiences' yearning for romance in movies. The picture was the month's outstanding favorite with not one dissenting voice

My two girl friends and I are ardent admirers of Ramon Novarro, but we would like to hear him sing more often.

We went to see "Huddle" and stayed to hear him sing—twice.

RUTH TOLLMAN, Toledo, Ohio

When first I saw Ramon Novarro I became his true follower. The adding of voices to pictures made me very happy because my favorite star has been able to stand all demands of the microphone. "The Pagan" revealed his golden voice.

STEPHANIE PILATI, Vienna, Austria

BETTE CLICKS IN DIXIE

All true Southerners should see "Cabin in the Cotton," in fact everyone from North or South. A revelation for the whole family to enjoy. Richard Barthelmess was perfect and Bette Davis never more exquisite.

L. T. ROEMER, Galveston, Texas

URGES SMILES FOR TEARS

Just because she can emote so artistically Tallulah Bankhead has been cast for every hard luck rôle in repertory. In "Faithless" there are moments when her smile reveals her winsome personality.

What couldn't that clever lady do if cast in a sprightly rôle?

MRS. J. L. O'CONNELL, Washington, D. C.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]



The beautiful philosophy and gentle romance of "One Way Passage" and the compelling acting of Kay Francis and William Powell prompt a Southern clergyman to characterize the picture as sermon, poem and masterpiece. Aline MacMahon and Frank McHugh are applauded, too

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFRAID TO TALK—Universal.—(Reviewed under title "Merry-Go-Round.") This one is an exposé of some crooked police methods. Gripping and timely, but not for children. Eric Linden's work stands out. (Nov.)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (Sept.)

★ **AIRMAIL**—Universal.—Thriller of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail with a virile, romantic background. Ralph Bellamy as the airport superintendent and Pat O'Brien as the daredevil stunter shine. Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are the girls. (Dec.)

ALIAS MARY SMITH—Mayfair Pictures.—Not much to this one, except an interesting cast. (Nov.)

★ **ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Universal.—A picture for the whole family, gridiron-wise or not. Dick Arlen and June Clyde sparkle romantically. Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine pass loads of laughs. And thirty-five pigskin stars play a thriller. (Dec.)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (Sept.)

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (Sept.)

ARM OF THE LAW, THE—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou in a sophisticated and amusingly cynical piece about marriage and all that. (Aug.)

BACHELOR'S FOLLY—World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (Sept.)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (Sept.)

BALL, THE (Le Bal)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Amusing, though weak French film of middle-class family who go "society" with sudden wealth. Knowledge of French not necessary. (Dec.)

BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield.—Two little manicurists (Joyce Compton and Barbara Kent) find it pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. (Oct.)

★ **BIG BROADCAST, THE**—Paramount.—Here's novelty—romance and swell fun in a radio locale. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams—and Bing Crosby with a galaxy of radio stars doing their best stuff. Weak story, grand music. (Dec.)

BIG CITY BLUES—Warners.—Just another version of the innocent youth in the big city—this time with Joan Blondell and Eric Linden. (Aug.)

BIG PARADE, THE—M-G-M. (Reissued with sound).—Sound effects skilfully added to an old favorite. (Aug.)

BIG STAMPEDE, THE—Warners.—Typical Western characters well portrayed. John Wayne and Noah Beery. (Nov.)

★ **BILL OF DIVorcEMENT, A**—RKO-Radio.—Unusual and dramatic story concerning an inherited taint of insanity, powerfully acted by John Barrymore, Billie Burke and a sensational newcomer, Katharine Hepburn. (Nov.)

★ **BIRD OF PARADISE**—RKO-Radio.—A real million dollar production with romantic love scenes, beautifully played by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. But the story seems out of date now. (Oct.)

★ **BLESSED EVENT**—Warners.—A real picture, with Lee Tracy hilariously funny as the big-shot chatter columnist. (Aug.)

BLONDE VENUS—Paramount.—A mother-love story in which Marlene Dietrich does best work in the exotic scenes and Herbert Marshall is unforgettable as the soul-torn husband. (Nov.)

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—M-G-M.—Interesting backstage atmosphere. Marion Davies and Billie Dove play Follies Girls rôles and Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante furnish the romance and comedy. (Oct.)

BORDER DEVILS—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—Fox.—Edmund Lowe as Chandu, modern worker of magic, in an exciting picture. Bela Lugosi helps provide thrills. For the whole family. (Nov.)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pygmies in Africa. Great stuff! (Sept.)

COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE—First Division-Allied.—The days of sheriffs with huge "soup strainers." Hoot Gibson becomes a bogus lawyer to defend "the girl." Sheila Mannors' work deserves promotion. (Dec.)

CRASH, THE—First National.—Yes, it's about the Depression. But it's even more depressing to see Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent wasted on such an unbelievable story. (Oct.)

CROOKED CIRCLE, THE—World Wide.—Snappy mystery-comedy, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmy Gleason as a cop furnishing the laughs, and Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supplying the romance. (Nov.)

CROONER—First National.—Hands a loud but amusing razz to radio crooners. David Manners plays the college lad who croons his way to fame, and Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help make it entertaining. (Oct.)

CRUSADER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—Law and press war on crime and enmesh the reformer's family in scandal. H. B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Ned Sparks and Lew Cody head the cast. (Dec.)

CRY OF THE WORLD, THE—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (Sept.)

★ **DARK HORSE, THE**—First National.—One of the funniest films in years—a political satire with Warren William and Guy Kibbee. You must see this. (Aug.)

DEVIL AND THE DEEP—Paramount.—Introducing Charles Laughton, an actor you'll remember. Triangle stuff, with Laughton a jealous, crazed submarine commander, Tallulah Bankhead the wife and Gary Cooper the lover. Breathtaking undersea shots. (Oct.)

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY—M-G-M.—Jackie Cooper's best since "The Champ." All about what happens to children when parents divorce and marry again. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. (Oct.)

DOCTOR X—First National.—Something new—a murder mystery in Technicolor with plenty of thrills. (Aug.)

DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (Sept.)

DOWN TO EARTH—Fox.—In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (Sept.)

ESCAPADE—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.—The honest hero turns "stool" to trap a gang. Follow the moss-grown lovers' misunderstandings. Too much for Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr. (Dec.)

EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.—Good cast, but a weak story about a newspaper columnist. (Nov.)

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Cut Picture Puzzle Winners

will be announced
in the next Issue of

PHOTOPLAY

Watch to see if you or
your friends took some of
the \$1,000 prize money

IN FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands
January 15

BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide.—Small town girl sues political candidate for breach of promise, with unexpected results. Even Mae Clarke and Chester Morris could not lift this above the ordinary. (Nov.)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)

CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess excellent in this well-told story of the Old South. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan add "girl interest." (Oct.)

A Dramatic Exposé of
Graft-Ridden
Politics!

CARL
LAEMMLE

PRESENTS

"AFRAID TO TALK"

WITH
ERIC LINDEN
SIDNEY FOX

BERTON CHURCHILL
LOUIS CALHERN
EDWARD ARNOLD
TULLY MARSHALL

A Scarlet City
Unmasked . . .
Lovers torn asunder
by the murder-lust
of men who stopped
at nothing to gain
their ends . . . Two
young hearts pit-
ted against ruth-
less tyranny,
in the picture
that will
THRILL
you to
the core!

Produced by
Carl Laemmle, Jr.
Directed by
Edward L. Cahn

Adapted from
the stage play
"MERRY
GO ROUND"
By George Sklar
and Albert Maltz

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA Carl Laemmle President 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FAITHLESS—M-G-M.—Tallulah Bankhead rates cheers as an heiress in love with struggling Robert Montgomery. Crash! "Primroses" for Tallulah, skids for Bob. The depths reunite them. Sincere acting overcomes triteness. (Dec.)

FALSE FACES—World Wide.—Startling, with a brand-new idea—an exposé of malpractice in "face lifting." Lowell Sherman is the suave, unethical doctor, and directed excellently. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee please. (Dec.)

FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE—Freuler Film.—Fast moving but trite. Good prize ring scenes with ex-champ Jim Jeffries as referee. William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn enliven an antique plot. (Dec.)

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (Sept.)

FLAMES—First Division-Monogram.—If a fire engine siren thrills you, this picture is just your meat. Johnny Mack Brown is the hero. (Aug.)

FORBIDDEN COMPANY—Invincible.—Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (Sept.)

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount.—C. B. De Mille's "Ten Commandments" incorporated into a story of what Hollywood thinks modern Russia must be. Don't bother. (Aug.)

FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Take the children to Tom Mix's best in an age. Little dialogue but packed with thrilling action. (Dec.)

GET THAT GIRL—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE—First Division-Monogram.—Fifi Dorsay as a Follies girl, saved from a designing millionaire by her press-agent. (Nov.)

GOLDEN WEST, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey Western with a Kentucky feud and a wholesale Indian massacre. George O'Brien is dressed almost as Adam. (Dec.)

GOONA-GOONA—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (Sept.)

GUILTY AS HELL—Paramount.—Mystery with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And that sparkling friendly-enemies team of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. (Oct.)

★ **HAT CHECK GIRL**—Fox.—You'll like this. Sally Eilers plays the pert little check girl and Ben Lyon the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. (Nov.)

HEARTS OF HUMANITY—Majestic Pictures.—A cast of capable weepers gathered together in a drama that will make you weep, about a widower and a motherless child. Jean Hersholt and Jackie Searl. (Nov.)

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (Sept.)

HELL'S HIGHWAY—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix gives a fine performance in this first film of a new cycle dealing with prison chain gangs. Too morbid and brutal for children. (Nov.)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount.—Horse opera *de luxe*, chuck-full of shooting and cattle rustling, with virtue triumphing in the end. Randolph Scott and Sally Blane. (Nov.)

HER MAD NIGHT—Mayfair Pictures.—A mother (Irene Rich) shielding her daughter from a murder charge. Conway Tearle splendid as family friend and "foe." (Dec.)

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal.—Western with forest fire high spot. Tom Mix, little Judith Barrie and Tony, of course. (Dec.)

HOLD 'EM JAIL—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (Sept.)

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia.—Not in the running with all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood. (Oct.)

★ **HORSE FEATHERS**—Paramount.—The four mad, hysterical Marx Brothers race through nine uproarious reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom. (Oct.)

HOT SATURDAY—Paramount.—Merely amusing, gets nowhere. Cary Grant's part (city slicker) is lifeless. Nancy Carroll is the village belle, Randolph Scott her childhood sweetheart. (Dec.)

HUDDLE—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

★ **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**—Warners.—Powerful, timely, brutally real, it castigates the chain gang system. Paul Muni is compelling as the soldier, irked with routine, who goes criminal. He and Director Mervyn LeRoy have made a fine but depressing picture. (Dec.)

★ **IGLOO**—Universal.—A grand real life film of the Eskimo's struggle for existence. Educational and exciting. (Aug.)

ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.—A colorful film about the Island of Bali, excellently photographed. (Oct.)

★ **IS MY FACE RED?**—Radio Pictures.—Ricardo Cortez as America's premiere chatter columnist on the loose. Great stuff. (Aug.)

JEWEL ROBBERY, THE—Warners.—William Powell as a handsome and amorous burglar in a fairly gay film that tries to be smarter than it is. Kay Francis, excellent. (Aug.)

KING MURDER, THE—Chesterfield.—A "Broadway butterfly" murder mystery that really mystifies. Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects. (Dec.)

KLONDIKE—Monogram.—Old melodrama of silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. (Nov.)

KONGO—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney did it better silently. The jungle in all its horror. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce are wasted. Spare the children. (Dec.)

LADY AND GENT—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (Sept.)

LAST MAN, THE—Columbia.—Lurid tale of mutiny at sea, with good work by Charles Bickford and Constance Cummings. (Nov.)

LAST MILE, THE—World Wide.—Intense drama in the morbid setting of a penitentiary death house. George Stone's performance is outstanding. (Oct.)

LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE—Mascot Pictures Corp.—A stirring serialization of the Cooper classic, that you'll want to follow from the first to the last chapter. (Aug.)

LENA RIVERS—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LIFE BEGINS**—First National.—Unusual story, laid in a maternity ward where life begins and sometimes ends cruelly. Relieved by comedy, nevertheless a serious film, for adults only. Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young head a fine cast. (Oct.)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—RKO-Radio.—Mitzi Green is reason enough for seeing this picture. Little Buster Phelps runs a close second and May Robson is a magnificent grandma. (Dec.)

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (Sept.)

LOVE IS A RACKET—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

★ **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—Paramount.—All through this riot of entertainment and catchy music you have zat naughty Chevalier, to say nothing of Jeanette MacDonald, and the Charlies Butterworth and Ruggles. (Oct.)

LOVE'S COMMAND—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (Sept.)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Paramount.—The lowdown on the American sports industry showing all the products. Film notables and ex-champs. Jack Oakie is an aspiring palooka, Marian Nixon the slight romantic interest. (Dec.)

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM—Carl Froelich Prod.—German language film with English subtitles, about a Prussian school for girls and the effect of its rigid discipline and repression on their emotional lives. Expertly directed and acted. (Nov.)

★ **MAKE ME A STAR**—Paramount.—Magnificent blending of laughs, tears and Hollywood studio secrets. Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell are great! (Aug.)

MAN ABOUT TOWN—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

MAN CALLED BACK, THE—Tiffany.—That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (Sept.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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A DRAMA OF HUMAN LOVE

Phillip Barry's sensational stage play that was the outstanding hit on Broadway last season now comes to the screen.



The **ANIMAL KINGDOM**

with

ANN HARDING

It was in Mr. Barry's "Holiday" that Ann Harding scored her first great screen success. Now, the same dramatist gives her a play of unmatched power.

and

LESLIE HOWARD

One of the great actors of our day, with an unbroken record of resounding hits on stage and screen. His pictures: "Devotion" . . . "Outward Bound" . . . "Five and Ten" . . . "A Free Soul".

NEIL HAMILTON • MYRNA LOY • ILKA CHASE

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

—of course! Directed by Edward H. Griffith

WATCH FOR THESE
RKO RADIO HITS
Richard Dix and Ann
Harding in "The Con-
querors"; Constance
Bennett in "Rockabye";
Irene Dunne, Gwili
Andre, Charles Bick-
ford in "Just a Woman"
and the Great
"KING KONG"

RKO-RADIO PICTURES, RKO BUILDING
RADIO CITY - - - NEW YORK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES—World Wide.—Gun play, flying fists and fast horsemanship in this Bob Steele Western. (Aug.)

MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE—Paramount.—Another modern version of "Enoch Arden," this time with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. (Aug.)

MAN'S LAND, A—First Division-Allied.—Cattle rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding. (Aug.)

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS—R K O-Radio.—Badly handled story but fine acting by Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel. Suffering lifts a musician to genius. (Dec.)

★ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—Paramount.—Fredric March plays the rôle of a charming drunkard, and you'll like Sylvia Sidney. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT LADY, THE—Chesterfield.—The old "Madame X" story, but an evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (Sept.)

MISS PINKERTON—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE—R K O-Radio.—Capable British actors and good direction don't liven this dull yarn of a tragedy-bringing monkey's paw. (Dec.)

MONTE CARLO MADNESS—UFA.—First Division.—A foreign-made musical with a few gay tunes and Sari Maritza, now making pictures in this country. (Aug.)

★ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Banks, a new *Frankenstein* type, gives a great performance in a gruesome but thrilling picture. (Oct.)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (Sept.)

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (Sept.)

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (Sept.)

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (Sept.)

NEW MORALS FOR OLD—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

★ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—Paramount.—Fast story—it never slackens—artfully blending Broadway and Park Avenue. AND a new hero, George Raft, as a culture-crazy "speak" owner. Constance Cummings is elegant, Alison Skipworth perfect and Mae West a riot. (Dec.)

NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE—Columbia.—Exciting mystery story. Adolphe Menjou takes first honors, and you'll be interested in Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage. (Oct.)

NIGHT MAYOR, THE—Columbia.—Grand satire about a frivolous mayor and his feminine and political problems. And how Lee Tracy plays him! (Oct.)

NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE—Paramount.—New situations and a brand new plot idea covering the events in an average neighborhood on one certain night. Fine cast includes Clive Brook, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Lila Lee. (Nov.)

NIGHT WORLD—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

NO GREATER LOVE—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

★ **OKAY AMERICA!**—Universal.—Lew Ayres portrays a famous tabloid columnist with a dash that carries right through to the dramatic ending. (Oct.)

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (Sept.)

★ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Universal.—Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious way that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (Oct.)

★ **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—Warners.—The best of the Kay Francis-William Powell pictures, a romantic ghost story, believe it or not. Don't miss it. (Oct.)

OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures.—A Jack Hoxie Western that's just a little different. Gorgeous scenery, lots of excitement. (Nov.)

OUT OF SINGAPORE—Goldsmith Prod.—About a villain (Noah Beery) who shanghai sailors, sinks ships and kidnaps innocent daughters of kind sea captains. (Nov.)

Was your
"Gag"
good?

The Judges in the Harold Lloyd "Gag" Contest will be able to render their decisions in the next issue. \$1,000 in cash prizes goes to the lucky ones.

In February PHOTOPLAY.
On sale at your newsdealers
January 15.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—M-G-M-Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (Sept.)

PAINTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Peggy Shannon, as another South Sea Sadie Thompson, Spencer Tracy and a good supporting cast make this entertaining. (Oct.)

PARISIAN ROMANCE, A—Allied Pictures.—Lew Cody as a roué, Gilbert Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl, in a rather dull story. (Nov.)

PASSPORT TO HELL, A—Fox.—Another triangle story about a lonely white woman in an isolated army post. Elissa Landi is the woman. (Oct.)

PASSPORT TO PARADISE—Mayfair Pictures.—All about a young man who has to do some startling things to collect a legacy. Jack Mulhall is the hero. (Aug.)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—M-G-M.—A grim problem of Nemesis, murder and suicide. Charles Laughton repeats his stage triumph. (Dec.)

PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic.—A mystery thriller that rides the rails. Old time melodrama. (Nov.)

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Diverting but not as "creepy" as the action intended. Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez head excellent cast. (Dec.)

★ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE**—Paramount.—Don't pass up this political farce, which introduces George M. Cohan to the talkies. George and Jimmy Durante are a great team and Claudette Colbert adds her beauty. (Nov.)

PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE—Mascot Pictures.—Too much dialogue and too little action. Victor Jory scores and there's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. (Dec.)

PURCHASE PRICE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (Sept.)

RACKETY RAX—Fox.—Victor McLaglen scoring in a howling burlesque on the college football racket. (Dec.)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

★ **RAIN**—United Artists.—Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson*, and Walter Huston as the stern reformer do interesting work in an adult story that never seems to grow out of date. (Nov.)

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy give charming performances in this idyllic story. Louise Closser Hale is great. (Aug.)

★ **RED DUST**—M-G-M.—Squaring a triangle in the jungle, Clark Gable is grand as a he-man, but Jean Harlow almost outshines him. The climax is gripping and true, the dialogue perfect. (Dec.)

★ **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—M-G-M.—Be sure to see Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, gone red-headed. She gets her men, and how you hate her! Not for children. (Aug.)

RENEGADES OF THE WEST—RKO-Radio.—A Tom Keene Western with a twist. Roscoe Ates does the clowning. (Dec.)

RESERVED FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Leslie Howard as a cultured headwaiter, in a charming comedy. (Aug.)

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners.—A good, rip-roaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (Sept.)

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

RIDERS OF THE DESERT—World Wide.—Bob Steele riding through a story of rangers and desert outlaws. (Aug.)

RIDING TORNADO, THE—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

RINGER, THE—First Division-Gainsborough.—A mystery story from England in which a murderer gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. (Aug.)

ROADHOUSE MURDER—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

ROAR OF THE DRAGON, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn with Richard Dix, fine; Arline Judge, cunning; and Gwili Andre, provocative. (Aug.)

SCARLET DAWN—Warners.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as refugee Russian noble, Nancy Carroll playing his forgiving peasant wife and Lilyan Tashman portraying the other woman can't make this move. (Dec.)

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (Sept.)

70,000 WITNESSES—Paramount—Charles R. Rogers.—Murder on the goal line of a football field. So the game is re-enacted, play by play, and the murderer is discovered. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Jordan. (Oct.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—Fox.—The master sleuth baffling gangsters invading London. Thrilling and humorous. Clive Brook does a different *Sherlock*. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

It's hard for a Hungry citizen



to be a Good

CITIZEN

THE boy whose stomach is empty cannot be expected to do good work at school. Babies undernourished through another winter may be handicapped by frail bodies through life. The hungry father of a hungry family is hardly the man to seek employment with persistence, or to do well on the job when he gets it.

Before you can save a man's soul it is often necessary to feed his body. You have no right to expect the civic virtues of patience, courage and honesty from starving, freezing men and women. If they preserve a just attitude towards the laws of the city in which they live, it is a miracle.

This winter, as never before, it is the duty of all who are well-clad, well-housed, and well-fed to help the less fortunate. The fact that you gave last year, and the year before, does not lessen your responsibility. The fact that you cannot afford a large contribution must not deter you. The upturn of business with a gradual improvement of economic conditions does not remove the crisis of this moment. Emergency appropriations by the federal government amount to \$300,000,000, but they meet only half the increased national needs for human relief.

The rest is up to you!

How will your dollars be used? First of all, they will feed the hungry, and relieve the absolute want of the unemployed.

They will be used, also, to take care of the sick and aged. They will help to maintain hospitals, orphanages and schools. They will make possible clinics and visiting nurses.

The dollars you give are invested in the forces of civilization right in your community!

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION

The Welfare and relief Mobilization is a cooperative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provisions for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.

Newton D. Baker

Newton D. Baker, Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

This winter, as never before, support your local Community Campaign

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SIGN OF FOUR, THE—World Wide.—Arthur Wontner again makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, supported by a fine, all-English cast. (Oct.)

SINISTER HANDS—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

SINNERS IN THE SUN—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

★ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE**—Fox.—A man scientifically brought back from death to serve his country. Warner Baxter's is a memorable performance, Miriam Jordan is lovely and John Boles fine as the other suitor. (Dec.)

SKY BRIDE—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (Sept.)

★ **SMILIN' THROUGH**—M-G-M.—A poignant love story. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, O. P. Heggie—all at their best! Don't miss this treat. (Nov.)

SOCIETY GIRL—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (Aug.)

SPEAK EASILY—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (Sept.)

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio.—The line-up was good but there's no touchdown here. And with Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Marian Marsh, too. (Dec.)

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O'Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (Sept.)

STRANGE JUSTICE—RKO-Radio.—Story doesn't ring true, but excellently directed and well acted. About a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur. (Nov.)

STRANGER IN TOWN—Warners.—When you've seen Chic Sale in one picture, you've seen him in all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. (Aug.)

STRANGERS OF THE EVENING—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

STREET OF WOMEN—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE—Warners.—Pioneer story of the telegraph with Indian menace. Romance by John Wayne and Marceline Day. Fine for kids. (Dec.)

TENDERFOOT, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

TEXAS BAD MAN, THE—Universal.—Tom Mix impersonates a desperado to trap the bandits. (Aug.)

THE STOKER—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (Sept.)

THEY CALL IT SIN—First National.—Loretta Young lovely as the church organist who falls in love with the city boy (David Manners). George Brent and Una Merkel help make this entertaining. (Nov.)

THEY NEVER COME BACK—First Division-Artclass.—A dull story of a prize-fighter and a night club performer. Regis Toomey and Dorothy Sebastian. (Aug.)

THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE—First Division-Monogram.—A thrilling murder mystery, with bright dialogue and comedy to offset the horror. (Nov.)

THIRTEEN WOMEN—RKO-Radio.—Mental suggestion, with fantastic results, is the brand-new theme of this gripping picture. Myrna Loy (who plays a Hindu girl magnificently), Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. (Oct.)

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia.—Romance born of polo and army life, with Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp. (Dec.)

THOSE WE LOVE—World Wide.—Slow moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife and the other woman. Lilyan Tashman, Mary Astor and Kenneth MacKenna. (Nov.)

— Seymour

tells what's new in
Hollywood fashions
in the

Style
Section
in every issue of
PHOTOPLAY
Magazine

THREE ON A MATCH—First National.—Tragedy follows bucking the superstition. Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are the violators, Warren William and Lyle Talbot the men. (Dec.)

THRILL OF YOUTH, THE—First Division-Invincible.—About a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. (Nov.)

THUNDER BELOW—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

★ **TIGER SHARK**—First National.—An exciting adventure picture. Edward G. Robinson is great, and Zita Johann brings a new type of shady dame to the screen. (Oct.)

★ **TOMBROWN OF CULVER**—Universal.—All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (Sept.)

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox.—An insipid attempt making Will Rogers dramatic. But he makes parts good. (Dec.)

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide.—For dog lovers. Animals, wild and domestic, in a drama with few humans. (Dec.)

TRAPEZE—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—Paramount.—Real entertainment! Intriguing, sophisticated, colorful story. Perfect acting by Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis and Lubitsch direction. This comedy of crooks and a witching widow reveals a different, fascinating Herbert Marshall. (Dec.)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners.—Weak story, but Constance Bennett looks pretty and does good work in a shallow rôle. Neil Hamilton and Allen Vincent are the boys. (Oct.)

TWO FISTED LAW—Columbia.—Tim McCoy Western in which another villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch. Heh-heh! (Aug.)

UNASHAMED—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (Sept.)

UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied.—Based on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Neither very important nor very entertaining. (Oct.)

VANISHING FRONTIER, THE—Paramount.—You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (Sept.)

VANITY STREET—Columbia.—Story of kind copper Charles Bickford and desperate Helen Chandler with killing and heartbreak. All ends well. (Dec.)

WAR CORRESPONDENT—Columbia.—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a stirring story of activities on the Chinese battle front. (Oct.)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE**—M-G-M.—Washington—politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (Sept.)

★ **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**—Columbia.—Lee Tracy plays a young congressman who goes to Washington on purchased votes, and then tries to double-cross the gang in the interests of his country. A fine cast in an exciting film. (Nov.)

WEEK-END MARRIAGE—First National.—Wives, it seems from this, shouldn't work and Loretta Young and Norman Foster explain it all in this earnest picture. (Aug.)

WEEK ENDS ONLY—Fox.—Not new in plot, but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett does well as a rich girl made poor by the stock market crash. (Aug.)

WESTWARD PASSAGE—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts and Irving Pichel. The story is entertaining enough but it lacks pep and punch. (Aug.)

★ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD**—RKO-Pathe.—Fast and fascinating entertainment and all very true to Hollywood. Constance Bennett gives her finest performance. Lowell Sherman is great. (Aug.)

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Fox.—A rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spyglass. (Aug.)

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia.—Buck Jones as an Indian brave in a rustling "meller" with a surprise. (Dec.)

WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (Sept.)

WILD GIRL—Fox.—"Salomy Jane" with the wonderful outdoors and all the thrills. It's different! Joan Bennett's *Salomy* may be a subdued tomboy but she's lovable. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy and Minna Gombell are splendid in a fine cast. (Dec.)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

MOVIE MORALS

We realize the great influence movies have on fashions, but how about the influence fashions have on movies? In the Short Skirt Era, the flapper movie actress had her knees photographed almost as often as her face. Now we have become more subtle. Changed fashions demand a more ladylike heroine. She may not always be "good," but she does not flaunt her trespasses and, whatever else she may be, she is not a hoyden.

With fashions going more and more Victorian, I am wondering if our screen heroines' morals will finally go Victorian, too! But *that* would be too dull.

LILLIAN TELANDER, Mora, Minn.

THE DEAR, DEAD DAYS

I saw "The Birth of a Nation" at an age when I had to sit on my father's lap during the performance. Not long after, I saw "Hearts of the World," and we laughed and wept as only a Griffith audience could. With all the sophistication the talkies have acquired, these pictures have not been outdone.

There were others: Darling Marguerite Clark in "Snow White" . . . Wally Reid, gallant and young, in "The Charm School" . . . Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid" . . . Norma and Constance Talmadge . . . Valentino in "The Four Horsemen" and little Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan."

Will our present idols last longer than those veterans have done. I doubt it. They pioneered their way across the silver screen and left us a glorious memory. Let us drink a thin, Volsteadian toast to the old guard—God bless 'em!

JENNE CANNON, Salt Lake City, Utah

WHAT MAKES A GOOD MOVIE?

It seems to be the opinion of certain parties that any picture containing a moral or a "lesson" is a good movie. I don't like the implication. And I believe a majority of the movie fans resent this feeling.

After work they want to be entertained. Good, clean entertainment that doesn't leave them feeling the after-effects of a sermon!

Not that I think a picture with a moral can't, at the same time, be entertaining. But to bring a day satisfactorily to a close, the movie doesn't have to propound a theory or teach a lesson.

H. L. SIBOLE, Elvins, Mo.

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

I have received many valuable suggestions from movies for furnishing my apartment. I never fail to notice the arrangement of furniture, the artistic way odds and ends are placed, the lighting fixtures, and especially the draperies and the grouping of pictures.

MRS. J. E. LASSITER, Newport News, Va.

FIVE QUEENS IN THE DECK

I, a mere man, have pleasant memories of "The Right to Love," "Merrily We Go to Hell," and "Letty Lynton." Of course, my next remark may start an argument. But I don't care! Here are my favorite five among screenland's most beautiful girls: Joan Marsh, Frances Dee, Irene Dunne, Marlene Dietrich, and Maureen O'Sullivan. Frankly, I can think of no other group possessing equal pulchritude.

DON R. STEAL, Dayton, Ohio

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

If men had to wash repulsive handkerchiefs

...there'd be KLEENEX in every home



Use KLEENEX once and destroy

**no disagreeable washing
no danger of self-infection**

IF YOU'VE ever washed a handkerchief used during a cold, you know what Kleenex means to housewives!

These soft, disposable tissues bring release from the most disagreeable job on earth—and one that is dangerous as well.

For handkerchiefs used during colds literally swarm with germs. These germs infect your hands and laundry. You can easily see how one handkerchief can spread colds through an entire family.

Now pocket packets

Full size Kleenex Tissues are now available in handy pocket packages. Carry them right with you, use nothing

else during colds! Two packets for 5c!

Kleenex also comes in rolls and packages; and in extra size tissues, large as a man's handkerchief.

The quality is the same, in whatever form you buy Kleenex. All Kleenex is made from finest rayon-cellulose, highly absorbent, soothing and soft.

Kleenex is sold at every drug and department store, at very low prices.

Try 'Kerfs too—smart tissues with handkerchief borders.



* * * Kleenex safer

—say scientists, because the absorbent fibers hold germs tightly until Kleenex can be destroyed. There is much less danger of self-infection; less danger of handkerchiefs spreading colds to others.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

Movie-Goers all over the world



Every true Southerner—and Northerner, too—should see “The Cabin in the Cotton,” writes a Texan hurling bouquets at Bette Davis and Richard Barthelmess. “War” seems to be on between Bette Davis and Constance Bennett admirers that may eclipse the Garbo-Dietrich squabble

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

CHUCKLES IN CHINA

I think Harold Lloyd has one of the funniest pictures he ever made in “Movie Crazy.”
CHANG KWAI YAU, Hong Kong, China

LAURELS FOR LAUGHTON

Just a word regarding Charles Laughton's portrayals in “Payment Deferred” and “Devil and the Deep”—outstanding, realistic performances. Many a box office success would have been a complete failure had it not been for the work of such men.

ELIZABETH H. NEALE, Mayfield, Ky.

THE “BILL” PLEASES ALL

Once in a while there comes to the screen a picture of rare beauty. Such, it seems to me, is “A Bill of Divorcement.”

JULIE M. HAMLIN, New Rochelle, N. Y.

“A Bill of Divorcement”—poignant, real! John Barrymore and David Manners at their best, Billie Burke playing a rôle wonderfully adapted to her. And, by no means least, Katharine Hepburn.

L. LENORE LYON, Louisville, Ky.

HOLLYWOOD'S FINE FOLK

Thanks, PHOTOPLAY! Those superb articles on the life of Marie Dressler establish the fact that Hollywood, in spite of cynics, does harbor some of the finest and most intelligent people in the world—people with a soul.

GILBERT W. CRUTCHFIELD, Sanford, N. C.

HIGH PRAISE FROM THE PULPIT

I am a young minister. “Life Begins” and “One Way Passage” are sermons, poems, masterpieces. Here are vital thoughts, inspiring scenes, soul sustenance.

The performances are great, in both the work of Aline MacMahon is excellent.

AUSTIN EDWARDS, Steele, Mo.

ZU HERR LUBITSCH

I have just seen “Trouble in Paradise.” Lubitsch has done it again! Finesse, cleverness, delicacy, suave and gracious acting—the incomparable Lubitsch touch.

E. HOWARD, Los Angeles, Calif.

“RAIN” PRAISE AND CENSURE

I dashed out into one storm to see another and my desires were more than satiated in “Rain.” Joan Crawford's reactions to the tropics, void of artifice, were most compelling. Walter Huston gave a rendition well worth remembering.

MYRTLE BANNAN, San Francisco, Calif.

I was going to see “Rain” because Joan Crawford is my favorite actress. But I left disappointed. Why? Because she overacted. Even if I didn't like Joan in “Rain,” I'm still crazy about her.

MISS AIKO IWANAGA, San Francisco, Calif.

AMERICANISM, PRO AND CON

Before seeing “The Phantom President” I'd come to the conclusion, what was the use of voting. After seeing it, I decided to vote.

MRS. ROSE ZOBILL, Provo, Utah

Let me protest against “The Phantom President.” I am an American living in Canada and to see our government ridiculed goes against the grain.

G. B. WELLS, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

HOPES 'TAINT SO

If the swelegant team of Chatterton and Brent is about to break up professionally, I think they owe us at least one more picture to

take away the bad taste of “The Crash.” But, gee, I hope the report, like Mark Twain's death, has been greatly exaggerated.

ROSE COLLINS, Berkeley, Calif.

RESENTS RADIO “RAZZ”

“Crooner” was something of a slur aimed at my favorite radio personality. There are enough stories without producers engaging in glorified mud-slinging. However, much as I disliked the film, I recommend a huge bouquet for David Manners for his splendid portrayal of an unsympathetic rôle. It took courage, sincerity, artistry to make it ring true.

MARY E. LAUBER, Philadelphia, Penna.

A BLUE BELL BOUQUET

A bouquet to Mae Clarke. I thought there was only one really natural actress in Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck, but I find there are two. The other is Mae Clark.

MISS AUDREY SPENCE, Banff, Scotland

STAIN 'EM WITH INK?

Why don't the movies portray newspapermen as they really exist or doesn't the public want any but highly glamorous characters? A newshound speaks.

SAM GREENBERG, Philadelphia, Penna.

HELPING TEACHER

There are times when even the most patient school teachers despair of impressing their charges with the reality of history. If producers only realized what they were doing for overworked history teachers and bored history



Who says middle age has no romance? Lewis Stone is the matron's idea of hero. There is even a “Lewis Stone Club,” composed of admiring ladies “over forty.” If their men only dressed like him! As their idol appears in “Unashamed” they pray their husbands will be

speak their minds about pictures

students, they would produce more historical movies. I need not tell you how my class and I are looking forward to "Rasputin" and "The Sign of the Cross."

M. R. BELL, Indianapolis, Ind.

STARS "SUB" FOR SYLVIA

I was rather stout a few months ago. I admire the thin, graceful movie stars so I, too, tried to reduce. I am not by far the thin, willowy type that I would love to be, but I have lost many pounds.

RUTH BARNETT, New Orleans, La.

DEFENDING DE MILLE

Why not let C. B. De Mille alone about his bath tub scenes? From the items published he might be the president of Crane and Co. His "Sign of the Cross" is being looked forward to. He has made many bathrooms brighter, but many more minds brightened on religion.

DOROTHY B. TEMPLE, Texarkana, Ark.

SOLACE FOR T. B. M.

A sure cure for that tired feeling is Marie Dressler. You can have your Garbos, Dietrichs, Chattertons. Give me Marie, the Queen of Roarmania.

JACK McLAIN MALADYE, Meridian, Miss.

BOW, MR. MAKE-UP MAN!

I never went for Bing Crosby in a big way via radio but "The Big Broadcast" is something else again. What did they do to his looks that improved him so much?

ADELAIDE MCPHERSON, Escondido, Calif.



The admirers of Ricardo Cortez remain loyal and keep him among the popular cinema celebrities. In gay rôles or sad, he makes 'em glad. They want more of him in such pictures as "Symphony of Six Million." Irene Dunne is still a big magnet to draw audiences and postal revenue

WAITING FOR CLARA

So our darling Clara Bow, the girl with the gorgeous eyes, will soon come back to us. I eagerly await her return to the screen.

MRS. H. D. JACKSON, Atlanta, Ga.

PAGING PAPA DOUG

We want adventure, good, clean adventure. Give us Douglas Fairbanks.

BILLY LATHIM, Kansas City, Mo.

LOOK OUT, MICKEY!

Mickey Mouse acts far too smart,
He thinks he stands so pat.
I'd really like to see him meet
A bad old alley cat.

JEAN DOUGLAS, New York, N. Y.

DON'T WORRY, PARENTS!

I took my two small tots to the theater. Several scenes pictured drinking and I was worried a bad impression was being made on my children. After I talked about the scenery, the furniture and gowns. Suddenly my daughter said, "Why did they hold up their glasses and hit them together for?"

"Silly," said my son, "that was just to see who had the most water left."

So, you see, the "drink" idea did not register.
MRS. C. A. CROOKER, Mankato, Minn.

PASSPORT TO HEAVEN

I am the beautiful lady who walks gracefully across the screen. I dress in charming clothes. I ride in limousines—with a liveried chauffeur. I go to dances, teas and the theater. I smile so lovingly at my Prince Charming.

Sounds like a page from Miss Conceit's autobiography, doesn't it? Well, when I go to a movie, I am at once the heroine of the picture. When the picture is over, I am con-

tent to be just a nobody until I can afford twenty-five cents to be in movie heaven again.

M. M., Ashland, Ohio

ENGLISH PRAISE

Most English people are of the opinion that they should "buy British goods," see British films, etc. But all my favorites are decidedly NOT British, far from it. American films, actors, directors beat the English into fits.

VALERIE B. GREVILLE,
Boxhill, Surrey, England

REVERSE ENGLISH

You Americans are always acting in crescendos, always dramatic to the point of the melodramatic; you shriek or whisper, rarely talk. There's little real artistry in your studios.

MISS EVA COOMBS, Lancaster, England

A "BIRD" THAT'S DIFFERENT

In "Bird of Paradise" Joel McCrea knocked me for a new supply of descriptive adjectives. Something different is what we want. What more could one ask than "Bird of Paradise"? Dolores Del Rio never appeared better, but my biggest plums are for Joel McCrea.

HARRY R. BRAKE, South Milwaukee, Wis.

STARS SAVED HER JOB

Recently I was put in charge of the button counter. A customer caused me to lose my temper, meaning demotion and possible dismissal. Before this was to happen, I had a date to see Marlene Dietrich. Her personality made such an impression on me an earthquake couldn't have shaken my self-possession.

Result? I convinced my boss of my capability and now am in charge of notions as well as buttons. I see every Dietrich, Garbo and Chatterton picture and when "tempery" think of those poised actresses.

DOROTHY INGRAHAM, Denver, Colo.



Tallulah Bankhead wins more followers and Robert Montgomery holds his army of devotees. Their "duet" in "Faithless" strikes a popular chord. One reader sees a new Tallulah in this picture, a light scene showing she's capable of other than "hard luck" parts

Dorothy Mackaill

CATCHES UP

WITH HER STOCKINGS

ADVERTISER'S NOTE — Ordinarily the story of the travels of some stockings wouldn't be very interesting. But these stockings involve a very prominent woman—the famous screen star, Miss Dorothy Mackaill—and so we've built them into an advertisement. It's the story of the Realsilk idea following Miss Mackaill to St. Louis, during a triumphant personal appearance tour some time ago—and then of her, in turn, following the stockings themselves to another city.



"Safe in Hell" by First National, and "Love Affair" by Columbia, have brought new and deserved laurels to this charming film star.

REALSILK DIRECT-FROM-THE-MILL SERVICE IS NATIONWIDE

Miss Mackaill's interesting experience with Realsilk shows just how easy it is to obtain these stockings practically wherever you live. For Realsilk maintains offices in more than 200 leading cities. Just look in your local phone book under "Realsilk." A representative will gladly call to show you the newest in hosiery styles and colors. Then remember, this method of selling direct in your home or office means much more than just convenience. It means economy, of course. Also it means *Fresher* silk stockings. That's an

advantage you get exclusively in Realsilk. Due to selling the quicker, more direct way, Realsilk products reach you on the average within 30 days after date of manufacture. Fresh silk stockings mean more elastic, better-fitting, and longer-wearing stockings. And Fresh Silk is just one of seven exclusive features of extra wear and extra beauty which Realsilk and Realsilk alone is able to offer. . . . Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, world's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery and makers of fine lingerie.

SHE LEARNS IN HOLLYWOOD—



When the Realsilk Representative called on Miss Mackaill in Hollywood, he didn't get an order. She had just laid in a supply of stockings. But she was interested in the story of the better stockings, of fresher silk, made possible by Realsilk's unique method of dealing direct with the customer rather than through stores.



SHE ORDERS IN ST. LOUIS—

Shortly after hearing the Realsilk story, she left Hollywood for a personal appearance tour. Triumphs in every city she played. Packed houses everywhere she appeared. Success running high, but stockings running low. She remembers Realsilk in Hollywood. Phones Realsilk in St. Louis. Requests Realsilk delivery in Cincinnati.

SHE RECEIVES IN CINCINNATI—



One week later she arrived in Cincinnati—and finds the stockings she heard about in Hollywood and ordered in St. Louis waiting for her. Waiting for her to catch up with them and ready to make the rest of the trip with her. And that's how Dorothy Mackaill became a Realsilk customer.

The *fresh* Silk Stockings
REALSILK
with 7 Exclusive Features



"MY dear, they say she's through with pictures." So rumor has run about Ann Harding. "His cook told my butler's first cousin that he hates films and is going back to England to stay." That's what they said about Leslie Howard. Ann and Leslie just smiled and went right on making "Animal Kingdom," Leslie's stage success of last year



Hurrell

DOROTHEA SALLY EILERS (yes, that's really her name), known to the neighbors as Mrs. Hoot Gibson, housewife. Sally was just ambling along as a dependable player when "Bad Girl" proved her such a good actress that Fox executives blinked their eyes, looked twice, and have kept her mighty busy ever since. "Second Hand Wife" is her next



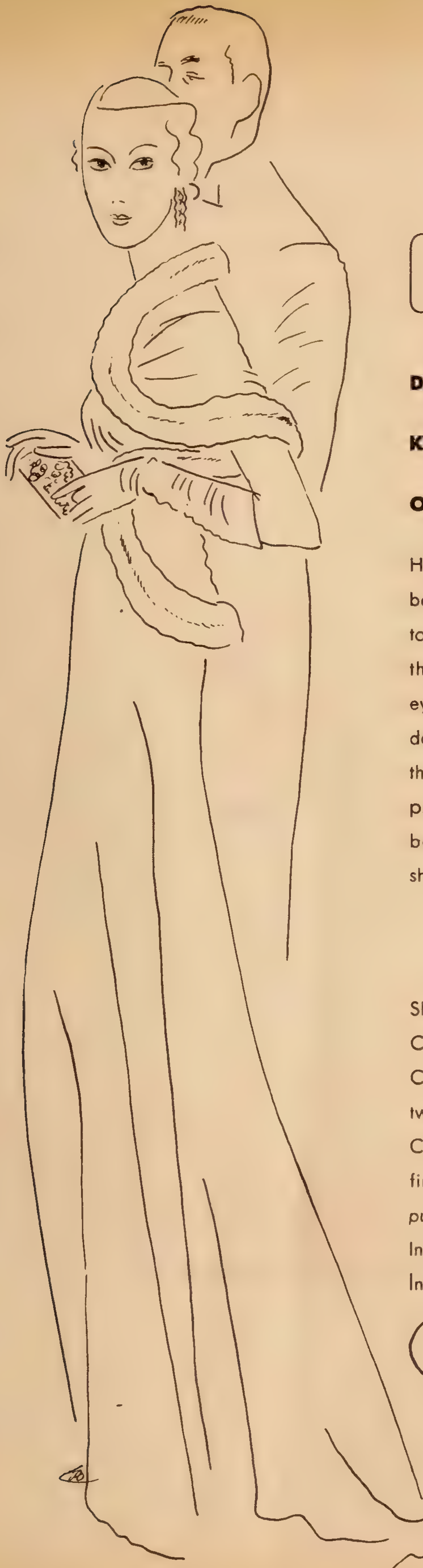
Clarence Sinclair Bull

YOU'VE seen this look in Clark Gable's eyes before, but we bet you thought it was reserved exclusively for beautiful leading ladies. How wrong you were! Why, here he is, probably telling Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Bob Montgomery all about the big fish he's going to catch with that new tackle and that perfectly grand "spoon and fly" he's holding



Kay Jones

TALA BIRELL "doubled" for Marlene Dietrich in German pictures. Then she played rôles of her own. And, just as every good little foreign film star is discovered by smart Hollywood producers, so Tala got her big chance. After a few minor parts, Universal has given this lovely girl from Bucharest an important rôle in "Nagana," a drama of Africa



ONE OF SIX

DESIRABLE BACHELORS

KEEP THEIR CALENDARS

OPEN FOR THIS GIRL!

Her assured manner, her bright banter, make any man proud to take her about. She knows that she's attractive; men's eyes flatter her make-up. How does she do it? Well—for one thing, she is very insistent on preserving a *natural* kind of beauty. But other girls can share—can buy—her secrets!



She trusts her complexion to Coty Face Powder because Coty blends a tone that's a twin to her skin. She finds, in Coty Face Powder, amazingly fine, smooth *texture*, assured *purity*, and alluring *fragrances*.
In gay powder-puff box, \$1.00
In new de luxe box . . . \$1.50

Coty.

Harrison

"LIFE SAVERS help you lose weight *faster*"

SAYS SYLVIA

World's Foremost Authority on the Care of the Feminine Figure



Name almost any famous stage or screen star and you've named a Sylvia client. \$100 per half hour is her figure for keeping million-dollar figures svelte and slender. She talks straight, fast, and frankly. Listen to her. Here's the newsiest, most different reducing advice you've ever heard.

Nine times out of ten when a new client comes to me she starts to tell me her ideas on reducing. I end that quick. I tell her she's paying me \$100 a half hour not to talk to me . . . but to listen!

There may be things in my method you never heard of before. But I've been keeping the figures of screen and stage stars you most admire lovely and slender. And if you want the kind of results I produce, you must do what I tell you.

One of my pet annoyances is the woman who tells me what a martyr she is in denying her appetite for sweets when she's on a diet. There's nothing heroic about that! It's plain ignorance. The body *always* needs enough sugar. But in reducing . . . *it's vital!* It's Number Three on my list of reducing rules . . . last, but not least!

FIRST: Exercise sanely. Walk at least a couple of miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Cut out fat, rich foods, gravies, sauces, and liquor, *absolutely!*

THIRD: Eat enough sugar. Don't starve



LORETTA YOUNG, now appearing in "They Call It Sin," a First National Picture.

yourself on sweets. The right sweet at the right time helps you lose weight *faster!* The latest dietetic findings show that sugar is the best "fire" to burn away the body fats completely, safely. Fat is like a fuel. Sugar is like flame. Without a reasonable amount of sugar, you *slow down* the loss of that excess poundage.

The Right Sweet . . . at the Right Time

Life Savers are my idea of the "right sweet." They give you quickly assimilated fat-fighting sugar energy without fat-creating bulk. They are hard. You let them dissolve slowly upon your tongue. Each Life Saver means 8 to 10 minutes' gratification of your natural appetite for sweets.

Whenever that sweets-appetite speaks up, answer it with Life Savers, the candy with a *purpose!* You'll never tire of them because there are so many flavors to vary your sweets diet . . . 6 flavors of Mints . . . 4 of Fruit Drops . . . and those delicious, new, crystal-cool Cryst-O-mints.

I Like Action . . . Let's Get Started!

If you mean business . . . so do I. But I want to see evidence of your good faith. Show me you're in earnest and I'll make you a grand gift.

I have put down, in a brief booklet, the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for.

Show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program, by buying two (2) packages of genuine Life Savers and mailing me the two wrappers and I'll send you, with my compliments, this little book which really gives the net of my most important slenderizing instructions.

Mme Sylvia



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON:

IF YOU DON'T . . . *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA
c/o Life Savers, Inc., Dept. P-1
Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of genuine Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires Dec. 31, 1933.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

“GETTING drunk affords a temporary means of escape for a person who is tired, and the movies offer similar escape. Both throw the indulger into an unreal situation. I do not mean that movies are a substitute for getting drunk, but psychologically both effects of escape are the same.”

So Professor H. W. Bohlman of Drake University (Des Moines, Iowa), is quoted as saying, in a news dispatch.

“Escape” carries a big burden in the sense the word is here used. Professor Bohlman means, of course, to convey the idea that human beings, discontented with life as they live it, find in motion pictures a temporary surcease.

I think the professor’s comparison to alcoholic effects is a bit unfortunate, but perhaps he had an eye to the sensational. Pictures do, of course, relieve us of dull moments and help us forget our troubles. But that is not the chief reason for their popularity. Is not this nearer the truth: nothing—except ourselves—is more interesting than other human beings?

The very essence of the motion picture is human life and action.

That is why, whether we live on Broadway or Main Street, we slip inside the charmed enclosure of the motion picture theater, for here illusion is more real than reality itself.

A WOMAN tried again and again without success to do a certain bit for a scene in Charles Rogers’ “The Devil Is Driving.”

Director Benjamin Stoloff looked over the faces of the extras. He noticed the anxious eyes of one of the five-dollar-a-dayers.

“Here, you try it,” he commanded.

The woman turned on that scene like an old-hander. No wonder!

She was Mary MacLaren, one of Hollywood’s highest-paid years ago. A star! She married and retired to India.

Four years ago she returned to Hollywood, divorced, to make a comeback. PHOTOPLAY carried a big story on her return and experiences in India.

This bit is the first screen work she has done except as an extra. Let us hope it may lead to real character opportunities.

PHOTOPLAY has passed another milestone. On November 10th fell the eighteenth birthday of this publication. The motion picture industry was hardly more than an infant when this youngster, too, came into the world, and they have grown up together.

Unlike, however, most of the studio organizations, PHOTOPLAY’s management and direction have remained the same. Its problems, naturally, have not been as complex as those of the great industry whose activities it records. Yet, nevertheless, in this world of flux and change PHOTOPLAY’s undeviating continuity is remarkable. Hardly more than a pamphlet in the beginning, it early won leadership in the field of motion picture publications and has maintained that leadership ever since.

“BUT one monster at a time,” appears to be an unwritten tradition of Hollywood. Lon Chaney, finding this position vacant, made the most of his opportunity and a name for himself as a master interpreter of fiendish rôles. Whoever saw him in “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” or in “The Phantom of the Opera” had impressions burned into his memory that time cannot eradicate.

Yet when he came to the screen to play the part of a fake cripple at five dollars a day in “The Miracle Man,” the sinister make-up of his later famous rôles was missing. It took time for him to discover and develop that rare combination of histrionic technique and mechanics that but one other man has successfully imitated.

Boris Karloff—is it coincidence?—is now repeating on the Universal lot Chaney’s spectacular career. Yet he is not another Chaney. His methods and effects are distinctly individualistic. Whether his range will be as great as that of his distinguished prototype time alone will reveal. Karloff’s first notable performance was the *Monster* in “Frankenstein,” that old hair-raiser of the early nineteenth century and a unique and sensational romance of its day.

THESE “monster” parts, when backed by the right plot, the right settings and skillful direction, seem almost invariably to have met with popular

success. But obviously to secure these effects is something far more than a trick. It is an art and true art is something that cannot be mechanically copied.

The taste for the weird and the uncanny is perennial in the human soul. It is easy to conceive of Karloff ten years from now, when the names of other outstanding actors of the day shall have practically been forgotten, still holding an undisputed eminence.

Chaney's and Karloff's names should go down, linked together, in motion picture history.

YEARS ago an obscure newspaper cartoonist and an equally obscure reporter worked on a New York newspaper.

The cartoonist was John Barrymore; the reporter, Fritz Tidden.

You know where Jack landed. Well, Fritzzy manipulates all of Clarence Brown's business in Hollywood. And when Ethel Barrymore came to the Coast he took hers over, too. Jack got his pal the job with "Sis."

THOUGH not hedged about by the divinity that once belonged to kings, the mystery that surrounds the great actresses of the screen is a substitute that is almost as good.

With Garbo still abroad, at this writing, rumors pop across the Atlantic with all the brilliance and plentitude of a shower of Leonids; she is going to appear in a stage play in Europe; she is going to take up her residence on an island off the Spanish coast, they say. And a group of newspaper men in Europe, with persistent reiteration, hint that the world's great Swede is a widow.

On the other hand, Marlene Dietrich, breaking a cautious silence of many months' standing, gives an exclusive interview to *PHOTOPLAY Magazine*. A wise move on her part, too, as it places her tangled situation before the public sympathetically. And Dietrich, a woman of unusual intelligence and understanding, chose the psychological moment to break her silence.

SINCE women came out from behind the multiplicity of petticoats and grew friendly with the sun, the "milk white skin," about which the poets used to sing, is disappearing.

So says Busby Berkeley, chorus director of many of the dance routines in motion picture extravaganzas.

Repeated coats of sun tan have given the average young American woman a distinct brownish body tinge. If sun tan continues to be fashionable the whole white race may show effects of it in a few generations, to quote our authority.

There are no "milk white" examples among all the hundreds of chorus girls in Hollywood who have been tried out for Berkeley's various productions.

Does this mean the extinction of the blonde? It looks perilously like it.

HERE'S one of the best Jolson stories to date. It seems Al was scheduled to make a radio broadcast and just as he was about to go on the air he received a long distance call from New York.

"The broadcast was great," a pal said across the wires, "you were marvelous, Al, just marvelous!"

"Hey, wait a minute," Al shouted, "why I haven't even made it yet."

There was a profound silence from the other end.

And then his friend chirped up brightly, "Yeah, but you forget the three hours difference in time, Al. You're all through back here."

IN a recent issue of *Motion Picture Herald* there was printed an interesting analysis of the basic production costs for the year 1932 as compared with the production budget of 1926, in the days of the silents. Today, as six years ago, for every dollar expended, actors' salaries take twenty-five cents; studio and physical administration costs are now twenty-three cents against a former twenty cents; the amounts invested in scenarios and stories show a proportionate increase of fifty per cent—the 1926 cost being ten cents on a dollar and the 1932, fifteen cents. Directors, cameramen and assistants receive now thirteen cents in comparison with the former ten cents.

While all the costs are not here covered, those mentioned are among the principal ones.

The increase in allowance for scenarios is accountable by the fact that the advent of talkies brought a trend toward books and stage plays, for which a considerable price or royalty often has to be paid.

This increase in proportionate costs, wherever they occur, must not be misinterpreted. Very few, if any, studios spent as much in 1932 for salaries, production costs, etc., as they did in 1926. Conservation has been the watchword and there are no signs that this trend will diminish, at least during the early months of 1933.

A MOST popular set in Hollywood has been the one where thirty-eight old ladies met daily to make a sequence for "If I Had A Million."

They gathered cozily about, chatting and knitting, until they were called.

Margaret Mann, who will be remembered in "Four Sons," the Gold Medal picture for 1928, brought pans of home-made ginger bread for everyone to sample.

One old lady who acted the part of a blind woman, read Braille with her fingers.

"You did that perfectly," the director said.

"I should," she replied sweetly, "I've just recovered from thirty years of blindness."

At the conclusion of their sequence, Paramount enclosed an extra fifty dollars in each pay envelope, and many an old lady wept with gratitude, as that work was the first most of them had had in a year.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



Scotty Welbourne

NOT since Paul Muni's "Seven Faces," has a film been given the interesting background of a wax museum. This scene is from Warners' Technicolor picture, "The Wax Museum," in which Lionel Atwill plays a sculptor, shown here putting the finishing touches on a wax figure of "Voltaire." Director Curtiz holds the script

Is Dietrich Through?



Suggesting an ascetic—pale, mystical—Josef Von Sternberg wields a powerful influence over the professional life of Dietrich. Will his retirement mean the end of her career? Only a European-bred person could understand this situation

HOLLYWOOD is eagerly discussing Marlene Dietrich and her problems.

Her contract with Paramount is finished in February. Will she re-sign? Will she make pictures with other directors than Von Sternberg? Will she remain in this country or return to Europe as has been rumored? That Maurice Chevalier gossip? What was behind the seeming unfriendliness between herself and Von Sternberg?

What was all that fuss about the kidnapping of her daughter? Was this just another publicity racket?

Literally hundreds of curious, anxious questions.

Marlene has not granted an interview for seven months. She has remained isolated behind her forbidden guard of nine detectives. Yes, I said NINE. Neither Marlene nor her daughter has moved without the protection of armed guards for many, many weeks. She had added what threatened to be an indefinite silence to her well-managed defense.

But now she has broken that silence. "It is right that the American people who have been kind enough to see my pictures should know and understand. It is right that I, myself, should tell them."

She paced the floor of her simple, yet luxurious dressing-room suite while she was talking. Dressed in a white

Read these startling statements as made by Marlene Dietrich in an exclusive interview, the first she has granted in many months

By Ruth Biery

flannel suit with perfectly tailored trousers, coat, shirt and tie (the extra-wide brim of her white hat was the only concession to her femininity), she paced the floor with rapid, well-balanced and concretely graceful strides. She smoked one cigarette from another. She was nervous. Breaking a protective silence is not easy for a woman as intelligent and, at the same time, as sensitive as Marlene Dietrich.

I tried to find proper words to describe her even as I sat watching her, but it was difficult. Dressed like a man, she was so obviously a high-strung woman. Her nervousness, her great grace, her rapid, high-



Here is the answer to that question which has kept public and studios agog



The eternal mother, whose fears for her daughter's safety are potent factors in her desire to return to Germany

Here is the light-hearted, pre-America Marlene, whom Von Sternberg's astute eyes discovered

tioned speech made her so supremely feminine that one forgot the trousers.

She was curious about all that had been said about her. She had me repeat the rumors. When I hesitated at something which seemed to me too cruel, too absurd, she urged me on. She laughed merrily as the gossip mounted. When I had finished, she sobered.

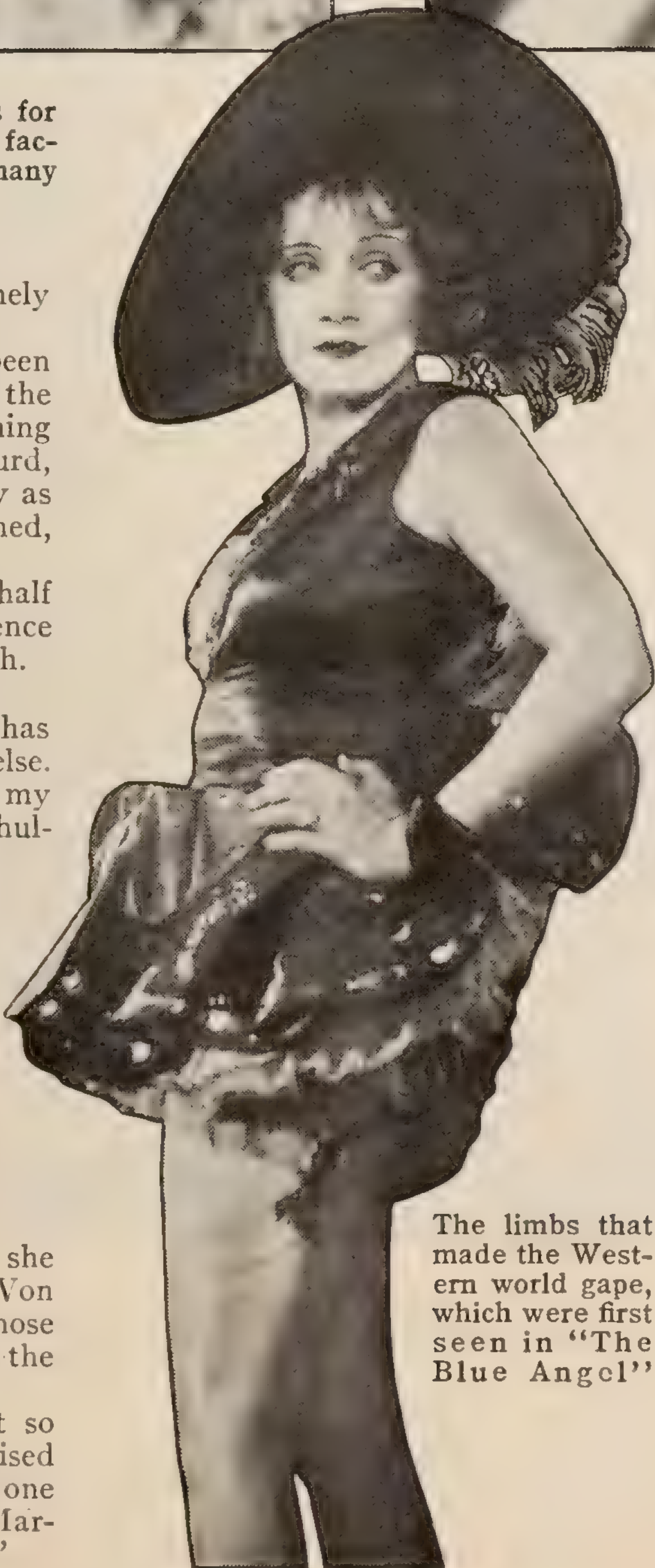
"I didn't see anyone for more than half a year. I am stepping out from that silence because I have wanted to tell the truth.

"THE fact is, Mr. Von Sternberg has wanted me to work with someone else. It's *me* that always asks him to make my pictures. There are letters which Mr. Schulberg has from me saying, 'Please make Mr. Von Sternberg do it.'

"Both of our contracts are up after the next picture. I will not remain in Hollywood. I am sure. I will go to Paris and Berlin and London and sing. I have some stage offers. Mr. Von Sternberg is tired of pictures. He wants to go to Japan. And I will never make pictures in America with anyone but Mr. Von Sternberg."

Although Marlene did not know it, she was merely verifying what Josef Von Sternberg, himself, had told me when those two were at war with Paramount over the making of "Blonde Venus."

"I am going to retire. I had just so many stories in me. I wouldn't be surprised if I have to make 'Blonde Venus' and one more (the terms of his contract—also Marlene's) and then never make another."



The limbs that made the Western world gape, which were first seen in "The Blue Angel"

Hollywood cannot, of course, understand such an arrangement. A star of Marlene Dietrich's potentialities to retire from the screen because she will allow only one man to direct her! A woman who would reject all that money!

I wonder if America can understand her. Marlene Dietrich is so all-inclusively European. And despite the efficiency of communication in this modern era—Europe is still Europe and America still America. Marlene's viewpoint is wholly theirs. One must bridge the Atlantic to even begin to understand her.

She tried to make me see it.

"My contract could have gone longer. I wanted to be free when he was free. I, myself, don't like making pictures. I can live without making them. I am not the movie actress.

"I haven't got to act to be happy. I can be quite happy without acting. I know so many actresses with that terrible desire to act. They cannot be happy unless the desire comes out of them in acting.

"I DON'T have it at all. I have other duties.

"And money. Money doesn't mean a thing to me."

I asked her if this wasn't because her family has money. She shrugged. And a shrug from Marlene Dietrich can be more expressive than an entire volume of words from another woman.

"Yes. We have money. But I could not draw [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Beauty, Fashion and Fame Assemble on

HOLLYWOOD goes Mayfair—the first big social event of the year—in brilliant fashion. There are more screen personalities assembled in the Biltmore ballroom tonight than will be found together again in many a moon. Crowds gather in the lobby and about the street entrance hoping to

catch a glimpse of the great ones. Place cards that make up a "Who's Who in Hollywood" are laid on tables in the ballroom. Lights are subdued; waiters receive final instructions.

The music starts. The guests begin to arrive, groups of four and six and eight. Furs and velvets and satins; perfume and



Photo by Stagg

That Night of Nights, The Mayfair Ball

flowers and laughter. Excitement, thrill, glamour in the air. Applause from the crowds in the foyer. The great social event of the season is on.

What a row of celebrities cross these two pages! From left to right: Joan Bennett and husband Gene Markey, Irene Ware,

Lilian Bond, Joan Blondell, Genevieve Tobin, Marian Nixon, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Crawford, Clark and Mrs. Gable, Norma Shearer, Dolores Del Rio, Helen Hayes, June Clyde, Ginger Rogers, Lilyan Tashman and husband Eddie Lowe. A description of the gowns will be found on page 109.

The High Price of Screen Love-Making

HOLLYWOOD men too often forget that screen love-making is just a part of the script!"

Bette Davis made this remark immediately after she had married a boyhood sweetheart who knew absolutely nothing about screen love-making.

Bette was unwilling to risk married life with a man whose very work called for him to make love to other women.

Many Hollywood women seem to have preferred husbands who were not actors. Gloria Swanson's first husband (Wallace Beery) was from the screen, but her last three have been non-professionals.

Marian Nixon, Constance Talmadge, Connie Bennett, Joan Bennett, Janet Gaynor and a host of others have chosen men who are not actors for husbands.

Likewise, Clark Gable, Neil Hamilton, Robert Montgomery and Richard Dix have non-acting wives.

On the other hand, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Pickford and Doug, Sr., Clara Bow and Rex Bell, Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, and a long list of others are professional, as well as personal, partners.

WHICH is the wiser choice? No one can make definite answer. The problem is as relatively old to Hollywood as the "egg or the chicken first" is to the world. There are dangers in either direction. But then, any matrimonial boat faces rough seas, whether launched in Hollywood or Des Moines, Iowa. And screen actors and actresses are just as faithful and loyal, as a class, as any other group of people.

Love always seems to anticipate that marriage will change human nature. Human nature is not so easily changed. If it were—we would already have a Utopian civilization and a divorceless Hollywood.

But a Hollywood marriage faces exceptional dangers. If an actress chooses an actor she has, immediately, two possibilities. Screen love-making and professional jealousy.

The same is true, of course, if an actor chooses an actress.

If the partner is non-professional—the danger is in the opposition of interests. Bette Davis may be faced today with the

Those torrid kisses you pay to see at your local theater often leave lingering memories with the players as well as with you



Smart girl—Bette Davis! When she married she wanted her husband for keeps. "It's safest to marry a non-professional," she reasoned, and so Harmon O. Nelson was elected to be the lucky man

thought; "Will he be known as Mr. Bette Davis?" and more deadly still, "Will he become content to be known as Mr. Bette Davis?"

She preferred that risk to the one of having him an actor who would spend his days making love to other women.

I have said — you can't change human nature by marriage. Let us take this jealousy between an actress wife and an actor husband as an illustration.

ALL actors must be jealous to reach the pinnacle of fame. It is the great "I am" within them which pushes and propels from one rung of the ladder to another. They must feel that they are better than the other fellows. And they must feel jealous of the one who seems to be succeeding more rapidly. Jealousy is an absolutely normal part of their egotistically ambitious natures.

Joan Crawford and Douglas, Jr., for example, swore in the first heat of that mad passion which swirled them away from life's normal channels that they would never be jealous. They swore they would change their normal actors' natures. I can remember Joan sitting on her kitchen sink in the old Beverly Hills house and saying, "I will always want Dodo's success ahead of mine." He retaliated in like manner. Brave words—but each is still zealously furthering his own career.

Mary and Doug, Sr., are just now proving that marriage has not, through all these years, changed their natures. Doug is ready to retire and live upon the wealth and the laurels which pictures have already brought him. Mary is not. Marriage has never been able to kill the intense ambition within her.

Actors are more highly tuned, more emotional than the average person. Also a necessity of the profession.

And if an actor is making love all day long to a beautiful girl as part of his profession, can you expect him to forget the moment the last scene for the day is completed?

Be reasonable. If you spent a day in Ronald Colman's arms, could you forget it? Or, if you are a man, and you had spent eight hours clasping and unclasping, kissing and un-kissing

Marlene Dietrich—would you forget it?

Could you go home to your sweet, thoughtful, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

By Evaline Lieber

Cary *versus* Gary

Was Cary Grant being groomed to take Gary Cooper's place when the latter went abroad?

By Jack Jamison

IT all started back when Gary decided to leave Hollywood for a while and take a trip. Some said he was sick. Others said he was merely tired.

He had a right to be tired, heaven knows; he had turned out something like six full-length features in a year.

But that does not matter. Nor does it matter that other rumorites claimed that he was simply trying to kid the studio into giving him a raise—for when an actor whose pictures are selling well asks for a vacation, you know, the studio sometimes responds with a boost in salary to keep him before the cameras.

But what matters is that, when Gary Cooper walked into the front office and said, "I'd like to go away for a while," the studio promptly came back with, "Go to it!"

"My doctor says that I ought to take a rest," Gary explained.

"All right. Fine," they told him. "Take a nice trip. We'll see you when you come back."

That last sounded a bit ominous. Gary's contract was coming up soon, for re-signing. Why was the studio so willing to let him leave town? Were they glad to get rid of him? Was he done? Whispers came to his ears.

Hollywood was saying that he *was* done, that Paramount was angling for a New York boy named Cary Grant, to replace him. That was round one. And Gary Cooper lost it.

Round two began when, almost simultaneously, Gary sailed from New York on his trip and Cary Grant arrived in Hollywood "on an auto tour." The whisperers began to feel surer of themselves. It was an open secret that Cooper had been weakening at the box-office. Nothing was more natural, then, than to suppose that the studio might be looking for another lad. And Cary Grant, scouts reported, certainly looked likely!

IF Paramount were to put him under contract, the suspicions would be confirmed. And, as you know, that is exactly what Paramount did.

"Ah-h-h!" The "I-told-you-so's" swelled into a veritable chorus. It was noticed instantly that Cary looked enough like Gary to be his brother. He weighed 172 pounds to Gary's 160, and he photographed dark as against Cooper's sandy hair and blue eyes; but they are both tall, lithe, "threat men."

"They not only picked a man that looks like Gary, but they even picked a name like Coop's," the wisecracks observed, pointing out further that Grant's initials, C. G., were Gary's

Cary looks enough like Gary to be his brother. Both are tall, they weigh about the same, and they fit the same sort of rôles. Even their names are similar!



Have these two young men — Gary Cooper (above) and Cary Grant (below) — been matched in the screen ring, with the decision left to the public?



reversed. Round two, there is no doubt of it, went to Cary Grant. He began immediately to appear in exactly the same sort of parts that had always been given to Cooper—"This Is the Night," for instance, and "Sinners in the Sun."

GARY COOPER was in Africa, shooting lions. What would happen when he came home? Would the studio take him back, with Cary Grant on the pay-roll? "Not a chance!" said those who believed that Gary was through.

But Gary won round three, for all that. For, the instant he set foot on Hollywood soil, Paramount signed him to a nice new contract. Of course, he arrived with a pet monkey whose name sounded a lot like Tallulah, thus acquiring for himself a lot of splendid, free publicity. That may have had something to do with it. It looked, from the reaction of the public to that publicity, as though theater-goers were still interested in Cooper's name.

Maybe the studio took him back because of a sudden fear that he might, after all, have too much appeal to make it sound business to let him go. That monkey was a master touch. Gary had trained for a longer time in the Publicity Gymnasium than Cary Grant. He knew the ropes. And he won round three.

And so round four started with both boys on the same studio lot—two men who look a great deal alike, and who fit the same sort of parts. No wonder Hollywood is watching the fight with bated breath! For there is trouble brewing whenever a studio has the misfortune to own two or more stars who fit equally well into one type of part—as [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Three Ring Circus of '32

THE stage is set. The audience is filing in. Behind the curtain, prop men, producers, writers, and actors are flying madly about. Getting in each other's way. It's a mad confusion. The orchestra steals from its hiding place beneath the stage to the pit.

The theater is filling fast. Faces of the actors, some gay, some sad, are glimpsed here and there in the wings. A last call for the players. The overture. Quiet. The theater is darkened while the great spotlight of publicity is turned on the stage called Hollywood.

A last "toompa toompa" from the orchestra. A last breathless pause. And the curtain goes up on "Hollywood's Three Ring Circus of 1932."

For a second the stage is empty. In one corner stands the gate to the great Union Depot through which the actors pass and re-pass in and out of Hollywood.

The three rings are scat-

tered about the huge stage.

The audience waits tensely.

And suddenly, it's on. And the audience beholds Hollywood—its Hollywood—in the year 1932. Without any regard for time or dates, the circus goes on.

Amidst the confusion, Jimmy Durante comes hopping in, removing cactus from his anatomy. The desert had called "Schnozzle." He removes a large spine from his nose and the audience yelps. "How mortifyin'," Jimmy remarks.

Jimmie Dunn and his chorus of girls, Molly O'Day, Cecilia Parker, June Knight, Maureen O'Sullivan and others, go into a quick song and dance while Jimmie warbles, "What have I Dunn to deserve this?" Telegraph boys fly madly in and out of the wings bringing the message that Gloria Swanson has a new baby, while Lupe Velez is seen leaping from Howard Hughes' car to the rear end of the "Sunset Limited" to go bye-bye with Jack Gilbert. Signs flash on and flash off announcing, "It's no longer Greta Garbo, but just Garbo," while through the depot gate comes a little gray-haired man who steps quietly

There was "Rain"—then Joan and Doug made a wild dash for Europe. But not even thunder could keep Lionel awake!

into the third ring—Chaplin, home from Europe. In the second ring are Garbo, Beery, Crawford, the Barrymores, Lewis Stone, and the making of "Grand Hotel" is on. Suddenly there is a wild terrifying scream, and through the trees swings the long, half-naked body of Johnny Weissmuller. *Tarzan*, and his call of the bull ape echo through the land while fifty thousand women swoon with delight.

In the first ring, through doors marked Paramount, Radio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Fox, United Artists, stepped the producers in nifty polo pants and silk hats. They grab hands, go into a quick tango, and join in their theme song, "Production costs must come down (kick twice), must come down (dip), must come down (glide), production costs must come down (twirl), but how in-the'll can we do it?"

Doug Fairbanks and a monkey set sail for the South Seas on Joe Schenck's yacht, to make a picture.

Now the actors shrink back in alarm. The ghastly figure of *Frankenstein* moves across the stage with twenty little Frankenstein off-spring in its wake. The Monster had little monsters and the reign of horror pictures is on.

Actors, writers, everyone is racing about stuffing key-holes, pulling shades. Walter Winchell comes to town.



Oh, the merry, merry
twelve months that have
just shot by! Such mad,
wild Hollywood doings

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE



Out stepped the producers, in polo pants and silk hats. The cry rang out, "Is Garbo coming back?" A blonde by the name of *Venus* worried Dietrich. *Nero*, in a sheet, went bicycling, while *Tarzan's* call of the bull ape still echoed throughout the land

Jimmy Cagney throws himself to the floor and screams. He wants more sugar. The Warner Brothers come running. "Little boys mustn't have too much sugar," they warn, "make tummy ache." Jimmy kicks and screams the louder. And won't play. "I'll be a doctor first," screams Jimmy. And leaves town.

THE show goes on. Snappy, wisecracking writers from New York arrive in droves to a quick, snappy step and leave two weeks later doing a broken arch trot. Song writers sneak in unnoticed.

Columnists and fan-writers race in and out, in and out, screaming, "Scoop, scoop, we've got to have a scoop."

The cry goes up, "Is Garbo leaving? Is Garbo coming back? Is there a Garbo?"

In the distance can be heard a din. It grows louder. More confusing. And here they are, the Four Marx Brothers. Two arrived by plane, one by train and Harpo comes limping in after a blonde. From now on Hollywood never looks the same.

The scene changes. A beautiful blonde stands alone in her hilltop home and waves goodbye forever to a husband on his way to Reno. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. While the noise, the confusion, the excitement in the rings below, is stilled and hushed with pity at the broken romance.

Olympic Games. Hollywood, all three rings, rushes *en masse* to greet Japs and Swedes, Finns and Haddies. Doug Fairbanks, Sr., forgets to tell the cook he's invited Japanese

athletes on the night Mary had planned a formal dinner for twelve. The scene fades as Doug sneaks away to shoot tigers in India and the bull in China.

The entire Barrymore family meet for the first time. Ethel and children arrive to greet Uncle John's new baby and "Rasputin" begins.

Sally Eilers walks out on Hoot Gibson and walks back, Tom Mix and Tony trot in from the circus with a new wife, and now at the gates to the depot there is a great confusion. A mob gathers. And there he is, Gary Cooper himself, dressed up in Bond Street clothes, back from Africa with a monkey on one arm and the Countess di Frasso on the other. Sixty-seven trophies drag behind.

Mary Pickford decides to make "Secrets." Buster Keaton is seen sneaking up the back stairs of his home and sneaking out his two boys to a waiting airplane. Natalie Talmadge Keaton discovers the loss and notifies the police and the chase is on, with cheers and bets for both sides. Buster loses, the boys are returned and Buster is out two boys, one wife, three bird dogs and an eighty thousand dollar yacht.

The Westside Riding and Asthma Club meets in the second ring, Polly Moran falls down and breaks her nose and Maurice knocks the town silly by wanting a divorce. "We love our little dream cottage," the Chevaliers sing in French, "but we still want a divorce."

Gloria Swanson, over in jolly old England, sells her favorite story, "Rockabye," for thirty- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



Leslie Howard seems to be quite a ladies' man off-screen as well as on, judging from this scene at the Mayfair. Or maybe Joan Crawford is trying to persuade him to accept a part in her next picture. Mary Pickford and Claudette Colbert both wanted him for new pictures, too

Cal York

Announcing-



A glimpse of Gloria Swanson's new film. Neither Gloria nor hubby Michael Farmer appear in this scene, but you'll recognize Genevieve Tobin and Laurence Olivier. The title is "Perfect Understanding" and Gloria insists that's the way things are between her and Mike

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S contract with Paramount has expired. She is now in New York but may go to London or she may travel West again to Culver City.

Irving Thalberg, ace producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, likes Tallulah's work.

They found her quite agreeable to work with in "Faithless," the one picture she made for M-G-M, so Paramount's wandering star may become Metro's property.

THOSE who have seen Clara Bow's comeback effort for Fox are almost unanimous in saying Clara has done the best work of her whole sky-rocket career. But Clara apparently is dissatisfied, or, perhaps, merely unsatisfied.

She has gone back to the ranch on the California-Nevada boundary and resumed writing the story of her life.

She says working in a picture becomes rather boring after the first week.

Sam Rork hopes, however, to get her to go to New York this winter, perhaps to Europe, believing a change of scene may revive her flagging interest in many things. And she will probably do another picture for Fox.

WHHEELER and Woolsey pulled our latest *classic*: They wanted to get away from a party which wasn't *flowing* just right so they said to the hostess, "Please excuse us. Waterman is drilling a new ink well and we've got to look it over."

IT looks as though Doug and Mary might get to keep that "Christmas date."

Annually, it seems, for many years past, they

have talked of "meeting in St. Moritz for Christmas."

Many things have intervened, the principal one being, of course, that they were never apart at that time. So how could they meet?

This year, however, all signs seem to be right. Douglas is somewhere in the Orient—China, Manchuria, the Straits Settlements, India, heaven knows where!

And Mary is in Hollywood, trying desperately to get started upon one of two pictures.

If she can only get started she may finish in time to "meet Douglas in St. Moritz for Christmas."

STARTING on her new contract at Warners-First National and a new attempt at film stardom after a two years rest, Alice White has acquired a new personality.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Keystone

The Harold Lloyds, leaving that wicked city of Paris. They say little Gloria (with hairbow) downed glass after glass of milk at the Ritz Bar and that Peggy (in front) partook heavily of orange juice. As to Junior—his conduct with the mademoiselles was positively shocking!

She simply had the tip of her nose taken off. Shorter, of course, and straighter, the remodeled feature gives Alice's face a quieter, less hoydenish appearance.

THEY tell a good one on a prominent film producer. It seems his young son was annoyed by school and played hookey as often as he could manage it. His exasperated dad had him on the carpet and the big scolding was on. "Gee, paw," the kid interrupted, "there's no use of going to school anyhow. You'll only make a supervisor out of me."

WE wonder if all is well with Greta Garbo and Harry Edington, who managed the Swedish star for nearly seven years.

'Tis said relations had become somewhat strained before Greta left the United States.

Paul Ekimoff, now in Paris, came into the picture the last few weeks Greta was in Hollywood and it was he who made the final arrangements for her departure. It is fairly certain now that she signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer before she sailed from New York. She is expected back in Hollywood about the first of the year.

The article written by her for a widely-read American publication appeared without Edington's knowledge or consent. It is understood Harry is contemplating a trip abroad soon to see the Swedish sphinx.

BRUCE CABOT, Sandra Shaw, Gilbert Roland, Loretta Young and Louis Calhern—Shuffle well, cut and deal to the left.



The first lady of the theater, wearing a hat reminiscent of the gay 90's. But it seems that's what the late Czarina of Russia set the fashion with in the pre-war days. At any rate, this is how Ethel Barrymore looked as she awaited the call, in her dressing-room, to the "Rasputin" set

Cabot, once paired with Sandra, becomes a lone ace.

Roland and Loretta, together so frequently of late that people were beginning to talk, fall separately, Loretta with Calhern and Roland with Sandra.

NORMA TALMADGE turned down \$100,000 for a second vaudeville tour throughout the country.

And the reason?—She refuses to dress and undress nineteen times a day, 133 times a week or 570 times a month. She just feels no money is worth that many changes. Pulling her "changes" over her head—

Oh, well, Norma Talmadge doesn't need an extra hundred thousand. She's reached the point where comfort is more important than money.



This is the way the Thalbergs looked after their recent New York visit. Norma and Irving saw the newest plays and came home to screen that old favorite, "La Tendresse," in which Norma will play the rôle made famous by Ruth Chatterton

Cy Bartlett is the lad basking in Alice White's bright smile. When the movies grew indifferent to Alice, Cy managed her successful vaudeville tour. Now that she's back in pictures, he's going right on managing her. Rumor says they're married

WHEN you see Richard Dix and Ann Harding in "The Conquerors"—watch for the scene where President Wilson talks.

That's a feat—for, of course, there were no talkies when Wilson was president. But what scientists can't do, today!

They took phonograph records made in the days of his presidency, and combined them with silent pictures of him and have almost literally made the dead come back to talk to you.

Awesome and just a tiny bit goose-fleshy.

A CELEBRATED New York actress who has grown a little heavy over the summer vacation, wanted to reduce before the opening of her New York play.

She telephoned Madame Sylvia (yes, PHOTOPLAY'S own) and asked her prices.

"One thousand dollars for ten treatments," Sylvia answered.

There was a dead silence. Then, in carefully measured tones, the actress answered, "Never mind. Thank you, Mme. Sylvia. I've lost ten pounds in the last minute."

THERE'S one girl who doesn't know the meaning of depression—she's Elissa Landi, who has just been re-signed by Fox. Instead of the prevalent cuts, she got a big increase in salary.

Elissa has her quota number now, too, so she can stay here without falling afoul of Uncle Sam's immigration sleuths. Previously she was in America on a visitor's permit, good for only six months, but in the interval she's been staying at Vancouver, B. C., waiting

until she could come in again. Her next picture will be "The Masquerader" with Ronald Colman.

A HARD-WORKING cameraman was following Groucho about the Paramount lot trying to get a picture of the gent. But try to get a picture of a Marx on the move!

"And why do you want a picture of me?" Groucho asked.

"For the newspapers, Mr. Marx."

"But I don't want my picture in the papers. People might think I was connected with the moving picture business," said Mr. Marx rolling his eyes and his cigar simultaneously.

AT a movie the other night a fan rushed up to Aileen Pringle and said,

"I saw you in the picture tonight."

"Sonny," Aileen replied, "your eyesight must be wonderful."

WILL ROGERS was playing with his well-known rope one day during the making of "Too Busy To Work" when Floyd Gibbons unexpectedly walked onto the set.

"I see you're keeping in practice, Will."

"That's just it," Rogers shifted his gum. "You never can tell in these times how soon you'll have to pick up the old routine."

THREE months makes a lot of difference sometimes, and even studios slip up on dates. Paramount, thinking that Nancy Carroll's contract expired February next, put her in a picture; imagine their embarrassment when Nancy convinced them that she was

actually through in November. They had to have her finish the film, of course—and didn't little Nancy make them pay through the nose!

SIX years ago, Charles Laughton, the Nero in "The Sign of the Cross," was a hotel clerk.

Since he took up acting he has appeared in more than twenty London stage successes and two in New York.

THE best squelch of the year goes to Jean Hersholt.

It seems a quickie producer hired Jean for one of those "economical epics" and owing to Jean's rather heavy salary, they worked him long and hard. The first day he worked ten hours, the next, twelve hours and the third, eighteen hours. Finally the producer said to Jean, "Mr. Hersholt, we'll have to use you all day today and all night, too. We've got to finish this picture." But this was too much. "Say," Jean said, "for the love of heaven, who's waiting for this picture, anyway?"

IN a way there's something regrettable about lovely Joan Crawford and her rapidly changing friendships. Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, etc. One friend for a while and then another.

Of course, these friendships may have been exaggerated as in the case of Marlene Dietrich and Joan. Marlene went twice to Joan's house and was amazed to read about the "intimate" friendship between herself and Mrs. Fairbanks.

"We do not speak of friendship so lightly in Europe," she said. "It takes years to make a friendship, not just two little visits."



Will Hays should know about this. Just look how hard Director John Ford and Wallace Beery are working to keep harmony in the picture business! In between these strenuous efforts they do a little work on Wally's latest picture, "Flesh"

Lupe Velez, little Joan and the pup make a pretty domestic picture. That costume Lupe is wearing is one of the most popular at the moment in Hollywood, but don't try it on the neighbors yourself unless you have a figger like Lupe's



UNDAUNTED by the experience he had on a former trip to Hawaii, John McCormick, divorced husband of Colleen Moore, is to visit the islands again.

How long he will be gone, when he will return, what he will do in the interim are questions for which he does not even try to find the answers.

Still suffering from the shock of his divorce from Colleen, John married the former Janet Hamilton Gattis on his last trip to Honolulu but news dispatches of their separation almost beat the formal wedding announcements to Hollywood.

BEATRICE POWERS, who followed Lila Lee as Mrs. James Kirkwood, is said to be about to hit the trail again, this time toward the spot marked ex-wife.

She has been seen talking to a lawyer.

NORMA TALMADGE invited a friend for dinner.

She instructed her driver to one of the furthest corners of New York.

"And why do we go miles and miles to eat?" the friend asked as they passed one famous New York restaurant after another.

"Because we are going to a place where they have the best *onions* in New York City," Norma answered.

WITH Don Alvarado preparing to marry Marilyn Miller, his former wife, Ann, is becoming one of the most popular girls in Hollywood.

When Don and Ann parted more than a year ago, they frankly said they were getting on

each other's nerves, possibly cramping each other's style.

So, they separated in order to give each other a chance at happiness.

GEORGE RAFT isn't as excited about co-starring with Gary Cooper in "Fly On" as Paramount thinks he should be. It is a great story and all that but—

Can't you guess? Georgie won't have a chance to wear dress-up clothes in it. And how can you expect the best-dressed man in Hollywood to be happy in *fliers' togs*?

Incidentally, we understand Georgie got a little raise in pay. Asked for it and sort of said, "Well, I might go back to New York—" Nice and pleasant like. But Georgie is Paramount's big bet for another Valentino, or for competition with Metro's Clark Gable.

THE hands of the clock seemed to have been turned back at least eight years when Gilbert Roland and Clara Bow appeared together the other night at the Ambassador Coconut Grove. They were engaged once, you know.

PAULETTE GODDARD has taken up dancing lessons and is talking of a six months' trip to Europe. Her plans to marry Charlie Chaplin apparently have been laid aside for the moment.

GIVE a thought to Minnie Flynn, Hollywood's famous tea-leaf cup reader and psychic exploiter. The stars flock to Minnie in droves, for most of Minnie's predictions, bad as well as good, have a way of coming true.

Here's the latest set:

Marriage for Garbo next year. A love match.

Marriage for Jean Harlow in two years. A wealthy New Yorker.

Dietrich's next flicker will not be the success she hopes. There are legal entanglements and what not ahead for Marlene.

And oh, yes, she sees plenty of unhappiness ahead for Clark Gable.

But cheer up, maybe Minnie was only kidding. Let's just see.

ROMANTICISTS in Hollywood are getting quite a thrill out of the renewed friendship of Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian.

When both Buddy and Mary were on the Paramount lot the company exploited Buddy as "America's boy friend," but Hollywood knew he was only Mary's.

Buddy went away, leading his band, and Mary was absent for almost a year, making personal appearances.

But now they are both back—and so is the old romance.

MARY BRIAN, one of the last strongholds of the young brunettes, has gone blonde. Oh, dear, we'll soon have a city of all white-headed mammas.

CAN it be that Mary Pickford's next leading man will be Richard Dix?

Richard has been a frequent visitor at United Artists studio and each time he calls he has a long talk with Mary.

BETTE DAVIS is home from the hospital where she shed a troublesome appendix. She will have a nice long rest at her beach house way down below Malibu, before starting to work in "The Mind Reader" with Warren William. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

The Boy Who Won't Act



Back of this mild, direct gaze is a soul that has already tasted of life's bitterness. That seems a strong statement about such a young boy, but you'll understand it when you read Eric Linden's story

WATCHING Eric Linden do an emotional scene before the camera one wonders how this lad—he's only twenty-three—is able to do it. It just doesn't seem possible that in his youthful years he could have gained the experience necessary to such an understanding of life, regardless of his acting talent. He seems to *live* every rôle.

Take that scene in "Life Begins" where he finds himself with a tiny baby on his hands. His young wife dead! The average young man of twenty-three is much too young to have had the experiences to draw upon for the sort of acting Linden gives.

The boy has talent, naturalness, sincerity. But other lads have had talent and still their work has lacked force, power and depth of emotion. For a twenty-three-year-old boy Eric Linden's work has an emotional quality that is astounding.

Bernhardt, George Arliss and Lewis Stone have said they use technique and not emotion in their acting. It is interesting to consider this theory when watching young Linden. What quality puts that spark into his work that makes

Eric Linden doesn't play a part on the screen. He relives his own life tragedies

By Jeanne North

his character portrayal seem inspired? Emotion or technique?

As I watched Eric from the sidelines of a sound stage, my speculation led me to try to find the answer by recalling and analyzing what he had told me about his young life.

Eric Linden is one of the strangest young men who ever came to Hollywood. Outstanding as a unique personality, even among the many, many unusual characters who find their way to the cinema capital.

There seems to have been drama in almost every moment of his life. It wasn't his happy lot to have a carefree childhood and youth of play, parties, girls and good times.

NO fatherless waif from the pages of Dickens had a more bleak, drab, heartbreaking childhood than this sensitive lad. And until very recently his life continued to be a bitter struggle. But in spite of almost all work and no play his spirit kept him from being "a dull boy" and has guided him into becoming a splendid actor.

No, Eric Linden's life hasn't been the usual one. Far from it! This lad has really lived! Perhaps he isn't acting at all! His mind may be reaching down into that strange past of his and drawing forth the emotion and reaction he has felt as a human to fit the part and situation he is conveying at the moment in the screen drama.

This youngster was that shy, sensitive type of boy forced to travel the hardest, roughest road and his keen emotional nature keeps tearing the bandages from the sore spots of his soul so he may probe them and make them serve him now. The wounds inflicted by life, that once seemed to be master, are now the servants of his talent.

He doesn't remember his father. His mother, a gentle Swedish woman, was left alone with her five babies when Eric was just a tot of one or two. Barely more than a girl, she and her husband had come to America, and then life stranded her in a strange country with her children, the youngest only a few months old and the eldest about five.

GRANTING the influence of heredity, Eric inherited his strength of character from his mother and the acting stimulus from his father, who had been on the Swedish stage.

The lack of a father made quite a difference in the path those little feet were to climb. About the first thing Eric remembers very clearly was trudging home from school—he was seven then—and hurrying to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Eric and Mrs. Linden have shared sorrow and poverty. Mother and son now find happiness and peace of mind in their mutual hobby of working a garden



Harold Dean Carsey

GRETA NISSEN and Weldon Heyburn are the newest sponsors of an amicable "say it with flowers" separation. Greta still selects Weldon's ties and is often his dancing partner at Hollywood night spots, so maybe they'll "be back together again" by the time you read this. Their romance began when both were playing in "The Silent Witness"



Irving Lippman

IF we laud Bill Powell's acting, you'll say you know all about that. But here's something you may not know. That spectacular leap overboard he made in "One Way Passage," handcuffed to Warren Hymer, was a forty-eight-foot drop and neither would consent to a double. Courageous—but we wonder what Mrs. Bill (Carole Lombard) said!



Hurrell

NO, Joan hasn't gone back to taking life and herself so seriously as she used to. Her European vacation gave her a shining new outlook, as we told you last month. Photographer Hurrell varied his formula this time and instead of "Look pleasant, Miss Crawford," he said, "Look dramatic, look brooding, look interesting!" And doesn't she?



PORTRAIT of a champion athlete, believe it or not! Sari Maritza has won many medals for diving and swimming and has excelled in fancy skating competitions. You've seen her on the screen as a fragile and alluring charmer, the sort of rôle she plays with Herbert Marshall in "Evenings for Sale." She has been likened to Marlene Dietrich in looks

Tony Goes To Green Pastures

On the eve of retirement, he gives PHOTOPLAY his exclusive life story



I KNEW, the moment I saw my master walk across the meadow, that he had something unpleasant to tell me. I stood under the eucalyptus tree and watched him come, his shoulders squared for some ordeal ahead, his steps lagging. He walked up and looked at me for a long second. He didn't lay his hand on me, for Tom Mix knows how I dislike to be patted or fondled. He just stood there.

"Tony," he said at last, "you and me have been buddies for a long time. We've been through fire and hell and heaven together. But, Tony, the time has come when we've each got to go our own way. You understand, boy?"

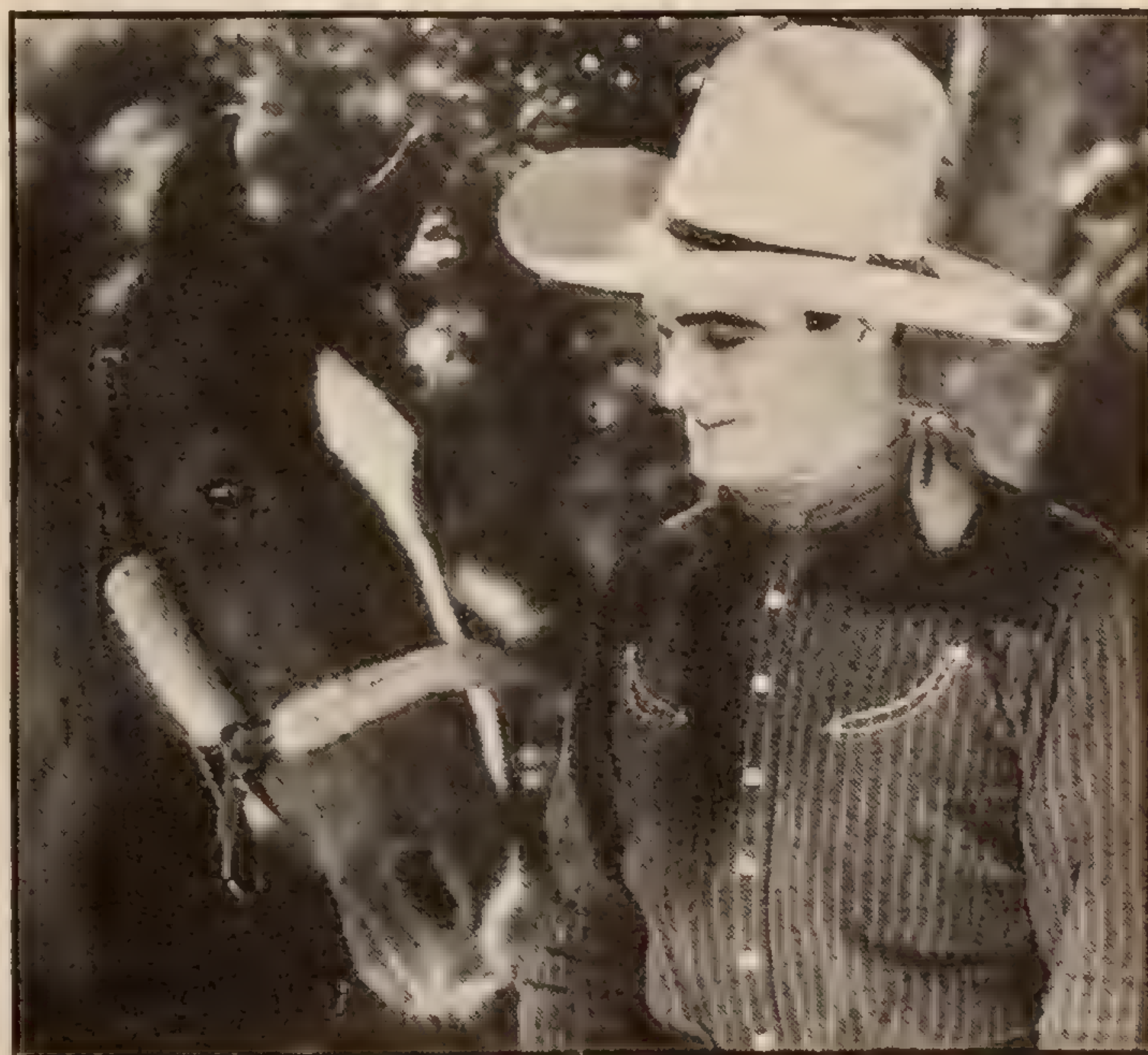
He pointed to my weak leg. Yes, I understood. For a long time I had suffered with that leg but had tried to ignore it. I'd had a lot of aches in my life and couldn't believe this one, too, wouldn't pass away. Then, during the making of our last picture, just as I leaped across a stream with Tom on my back, it had caught me—a sharp, stabbing pain. And we both went down. I knew it would never be better.

"You're going to green pastures, Tony," he said. "You've earned a long rest. You know, don't you, old fellow, that often you've been the only friend I had. The one thing in this world I could come to. Well, I'll not forget you now."

HE laid his hand for just a moment on my head, and then he was gone.

I watched him out of sight, over the pasture gate. I was glad he had told me, man to man, with no sobbing heroics. He knew I wouldn't have liked that.

Yet, as I watched him go, my mind went back to the first time I ever saw Tom Mix. I was running along by my mother's side. She was hauling a vegetable wagon and I was too young to be left at home. But like most colts (human ones, too), I



For twenty-one years there was a great friendship between man and horse. Read Tony's tribute to Tom Mix, a truly "human" document

Whoopla! Those were the days. Nevermore will Tony carry Tom safely over mountain and chasm

wouldn't stay "put." The tender grass on the other side of the street always looked greener, somehow, so I kept dashing across, dodging cars and wagons.

TWO men in a car by the roadside watched me. "Look at that colt," one man remarked. "He'd make a good cutting pony, wouldn't he?" A

cutting pony is one that can go into a herd of cattle and run out the particular one that's wanted.

They spoke to the vegetable man about me and I heard him say, "He belongs to my boy. If he will sell, it's okay with me."

The next day I saw the two men drive up and speak to the boy. When it was all over, I had been sold to one of the men for \$17.50. I soon learned my master's name was Tom Mix and that he was a movie actor. He rode "Blue Boy," a big, kindly horse, and did all sorts of tricks.

I was placed in pasture with other horses. They kept the name Tony, given me by the son of the vegetable man.

When I was about four years old, "Blue Boy" died. They buried him in this very field and placed that stone over him. "We grew old together," it reads, and bears Tom's name. And then one day, Tom came and took me away. It was the beginning of an amazing life for me.

In the mornings Tom would ride me out to a place where a group of men waited with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Sara Hamilton

Look Out! Here's Mae West!

Broadway's darling, and most spectacular stage exhibit, explodes on the screen

THE talkies, perfected and petted, were getting just too refined and genteel!

Human passions, on the screaming screen, were being swathed in elegant velvet and piped down to mere whims. Movie actors were giving exquisite imitations of ladies and gentlemen.

And suddenly, without the faintest peep of warning—boom!

There was a terrific explosion. A blonde bomb had gone off in a cream-puff factory. When we fans had dusted ourselves off, and the smoke had cleared away—there was Mae West!

Mae West as the indestructible *Maudie* in "Night After Night." Blonde, buxom, rowdy Mae—slithering across the scene in a spangled, sausage-skin gown! Yanking our eyes from Georgie Raft and Connie Cummings! Battling for the scene with that magnificent veteran trouper, Alison Skipworth!

Heigho and hi-de-hi! Broadway has shipped us a lot of things—crooners, mildewing stars of the legit, tap-dancers, four hundred pound radio singers, and whole herds of wide-eyed ingénues. But when all the returns are in and the ballots counted, I dare say that the theater has never sent Hollywood a more fascinating, spectacular and useful figure than Bounding Mae West, queen of the big-hearted bad girls of show business.

IN "Night After Night" she was like a blast of fresh air in the smoky atmosphere of Raft's swell speakeasy. Pictures have never had anything like her before, and never will again. For La Belle West is solitary and unique!

She's a story-book person, this wild and wiggling West.

Not only does she act 'em—she writes 'em. The dialogue-writer of "Night After Night," after a gallant struggle to write typical Mae West lines, fainted dead away from exhaustion, and Mae wrote her own material. Her next picture, "Ruby Red," is from a story of her own. She specializes in naughty ladies with big souls and golden hearts. In the creation of such dazzling dames she stands alone in American show-business.

Once they are written, how Mae acts them!

To me, there is not a greater sight on stage or screen than Mae West sneaking up on a six-foot leading man with romance in her heart and murder in her eye.

She billows and undulates across the scene in his direction, with that astonish-



The rowdy, buxom *Maudie* in "Night After Night" was a revelation to picture audiences. But Mae West has been specializing in naughty stage ladies for lo, these many years

ing swivel-hipped walk of hers. Her violet eyes are riveted on him. He has no more chance than an unhappy rabbit stalked by a King Cobra.

And I'd rather hear her say "Hello, honey—whatta yah doin' tonight?" in that world-weary nasal whine of hers, than listen to the best drawing-room comedy ever written for beautiful hams in tail-coats.

Oh, there's no doubt about it! Mae West is going to give us some of the jolliest movie hours we've ever spent.

She has brought a new and fascinating figure to pictures. Now watch her go!

And how did she get the way she is?

HER public life has been just as tinselled, rowdy and hilarious as the dizzy dames she creates. I've known her for years, and she's never failed to fascinate me as a woman and an actress.

She first burst upon my popping eyes in the early spring of 1919. A grimy and bedraggled young soldier just home from the wars, I had sneaked away from our Long Island camp to explore Broadway on \$4.60. That night I found myself in a cheap seat at "Sometime," a musical comedy starring Mr. Ed Goofy Wynn.

And there was Mae West—a slender, beautiful ball of fire who performed as a specialty dancer in high kicks, cartwheels and fast taps. She was a tasty tornado, and I fell madly in love with her, of course.

Shortly thereafter came the great "Shimmy" plague, and Mae shook all over the United States as its greatest exponent. She herself estimates that the shakes she gave off during those years, if harnessed, would have furnished heat, light and power to the great city of Chicago for six months.

For a time she was teamed in vaudeville with the nervous and high-strung Harry Richman. (Who in the class remembers Mr. Richman in pictures? What? Not one hand? Think now! Clara Bow! Remember?)

But all this fiddle-diddle was only preparation for Mae's greater career.

One calm, quiet day an entertainment labeled, chastely and simply, "Sex," blew up in the face of New York City.

The author was Miss Mae West and the star was—yes, you've guessed it, Johnny!—Miss Mae West!

This delightful hunk of culture ran on for some months, charming the excitable post-war [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

By Leonard Hall

Did Garbo Marry Stiller?

Is there any basis
in fact for this
strange rumor?

By Axel Ingwerson

SEVERAL journalists who drifted up to Stockholm from other cities in Europe are modestly and hopefully silent when given credit for starting the rumor that Garbo married Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish motion picture director, back in 1924 when they were both working on a picture in Constantinople. Was it an inspirational hunch they had? Was it just a wild guess, or?—

There's an old saying about fire being essential to flame. Garbo, ran the gossip, remembers Stiller as husband as well as friend and comrade and director.

Garbo, said the whisperers, is a widow.



The Greta Garbo who sailed with Stiller for America in 1925. She was destined to become America's most famous immigrant



"I have everything in the world to thank Stiller for." Was Garbo referring solely to her film career when she said that?



The Swedish director and his protégé (left) thus strolled in Berlin in 1924. Was this a promenade of husband and wife?

Newspapermen heard, and set out to verify. Pity the poor newspapermen.

But the interesting part of it all, of course, is that rumors not infrequently come to stand as truth. Flame and fire again. You never know for sure, even while shoulders are being shrugged in all directions; for if the facts can support a rumor they may be able to support reality.

So put the question on the blackboard and study it carefully:

Did Garbo marry Stiller?

We begin with the present.

Stockholm, where Stiller and Garbo first met, got the rumor in a newspaper dispatch from Vienna, and Stockholm newspapers, in their headlines, immediately branded it as a "rovarhistoria," or cock-and-bull story.

THE original story was that Garbo had married Stiller in Constantinople under a mutual pledge of secrecy. That Garbo, furthermore, would have kept the marriage a secret forever if she hadn't found it necessary to put forward her claim to a share in Stiller's estate.

Her present visit to Sweden, so the rumor ran, was not so much to find peace and quiet as to take part in legal proceedings regarding division of property left by Stiller.

Newspapermen in Stockholm were stopped cold. Lawyers handling the affairs of Stiller, who died in 1928, declared the story false from start to finish.

They remarked with delectable irony that they ought to know whereof they spoke. Other persons who should presumably be in the know in the matter refuse to believe, and say harsh things about people who start rumors.

But the gossip carries on, and here and there one encounters a touch of mystery. There can be no question but what Stiller and Garbo were the best of friends. They were together much in Stockholm. They were together in Hollywood. It's entirely possible, in the way that many things are possible, that they may have been more than friends, and yet—

LET'S revert to the past.

In 1923, Stiller, who had definitely established himself as one of the founders of the motion picture industry as it now exists in Sweden, heard about a girl, one Greta Gustafsson, who had played small parts in a film production and who had completed her training at the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm. He gave her a small rôle in "Gosta Berling's Saga," trained her himself, got her to change her name, and took her to America. The rest is history. While Garbo stayed on in Hollywood, Stiller came home in 1927, a bit disillusioned, to die on November 8, 1928.

Much has been written, in Sweden at least, of Garbo's near fright when she had her first interview with Stiller. There is reason to believe that she was frightened. In addition to being a large man, more than six feet tall, Stiller had become known for his blustering, shouting methods of directing a film production. He insisted that the people he directed do their very best, be more than mannikins, and oftentimes, it seems, he more or less scared them into real, honest-to-goodness acting.

THAT first meeting must have been a remarkable study in contrast. Stiller was then forty, in the full flush of his success in Sweden, and a man of the world in many ways. Garbo was seventeen and a bit uncertain about life, even if she did have positive ideas as to what she wanted to do.

The Stiller that Garbo saw was a man with gray-black hair, black mustache, sharp but heavy eyes under heavy eyelids, pronounced black eyebrows, and a dominant nose, all assembled together in an unusually large head. It was a face that in many ways concealed the real Stiller.

Stiller, in turn, saw a young girl with unusually large and clear eyes and long eyelashes, and a latent spark of determination and fire that in many ways matched his own. He saw a girl who was yet to become most impressively individualistic; who was, all told, no more than a typical Stockholm girl. But Stiller, unquestionably an artist, with originality of thought, and good judgment of people, became certain of Garbo's abilities. Being certain he proceeded, with characteristic drive and energy, to bring them to full fruition.

What Garbo came to know about Stiller, moreover, was that the man could be as charming as he could be blunt and disconcerting. He had no desire to make friends with people who did not interest him.

He carried an intense conviction back of his ideas.



Two years after her arrival in Hollywood thus appeared Greta in "Love," with John Gilbert. Broken-hearted, Stiller had returned to Sweden

But if Stiller wanted to make a friend, if he wanted to be pleasant, he could be so amazingly and intelligently delightful that people could not resist him. He was handsome in the very irregularity of his features. There was a charm in the manner in which he could shift his personality. The rough surface concealed but did not always hide.

It is no discredit to Garbo to say she must have been attracted to Stiller. She was young and a dreamer. He was older and knew the world. He had it in his power to help her, and did help her. He was, in many ways, the symbol of what she wanted to be. On the venture to America he must have been, to an immense degree, a steadying and sympathetic influence.

And keep in mind the marked similarities of personality and attitudes and ambition. Both determined to succeed. Both convinced that they needed a greater scope for their talents. Both independent in thought. With Stiller excited about having found a real actress. With Garbo excited about the future.

THEY had much in common, these two, and from the time of that first meeting they were much together. It was Stiller who took Garbo to Berlin and to Constantinople; who, through his own ambitions and desire to develop, encouraged the same thoughts in Garbo. It is easy to understand Garbo's respect and admiration for Stiller.

At the time Stiller had a reputation for being a rather thorough-going bachelor. People who knew him say that he more or less avoided women. But there is no reason to believe, on the other hand, that he was immune to feminine charms, and Garbo was attractive. Stiller, in developing and bringing out that attractiveness and charm, as an artist bringing out the colors in a painting, could hardly have been unaware of the result.

That they might have married in Constantinople is possible. Marriage in Sweden requires formal announcement in church and newspapers. A secret trip to the altar in Stockholm would have been difficult. But Constantinople is quite a distance from Sweden. And Stiller might well have reasoned that a public marriage would be a drawback to the career of his professional ward.

On the other hand, the reasons for branding the marriage rumor as false are numerous. Men who knew Stiller are convinced his interest in Garbo was not that deep. And no adequate

reason has been advanced as yet why they should have married secretly, or how they could have kept their marriage a secret. On the face of it, it seems absurd that the tempestuous Garbo, in love with a man, and married to him, could avoid any indirect acknowledgment of the fact. Against this, of course, can be matched the very secrecy of her life in Hollywood.

THE theory that Garbo desires to share in Stiller's estate also is ridiculed, and perhaps rightfully so. Stiller has a brother in California and a sister in Sweden. There are other claims against his estate which was not large. Even if Garbo needed money, which is doubtful, it would be difficult for her to press any claims without coming partly into the open about them. And the lawyers deny.

A friend of Stiller's? Unquestionably.

"I have everything in the world to thank Stiller for," Garbo has said repeatedly.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Hollywood Babies on Parade

Stars who have to be bribed and bulldozed to sit for "still" photographs never miss a chance to pose with "Junior" or "Sister"



Movie stars to you, but just Mama and Daddy to baby Carol Lee Stuart. Nick Stuart and Sue Carol have been on a vaudeville tour, and here's the happy family reunion



June Collyer gave up pictures for this little bundle of sweetness, named for papa Stuart Erwin

Patricia Dolores, three and a half, daughter of comedian Bert Wheeler. Studios interest Pat only as exciting places to play





Mary, famous "Act of God" daughter of actress Helen Hayes and playwright Charles MacArthur, takes her posing seriously. Look at those cunning hands

Is this a proud, proud papa or isn't it? The Spencer Tracys and seven-year-old brother Johnny think quite a lot of Louise, who is just three months old



Chester and Sue Morris think every little boy should have a baby sister. So Cynthia came along to be a companion for brother Brooks



Bessie Love Hawks is a pocket edition of her famous mama, even to those teasing, snapping, come-hither eyes

These children of famous parents may grow up to be big movie names, but they are shining stars right now to mom and pop



Little John starts off for a fast and furious gallop on Big John's foot. And it's difficult to tell who is having the most fun, father Miljan or baby!



Nicholas Soussanin, Jr.'s bedtime stories are colorful tales of the old Russia his parents knew. Mama Olga Baclanova was with the Moscow Art Theater before she played in motion pictures

Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan are divorced, but two-year-old Evelyn remains a lasting, sweet reminder of their former happiness



One of the most photographed of babies, but who could see too much of this appealing little face? Certainly not Barbara's mother, Bebe Daniels: Lyon

Let's Talk About 'EM

TALKING about Barbara and Frank is one of Hollywood's most popular pastimes, so why shouldn't we?

Probably there is more idle speculation about the Fays than the average picture couple, because they talk so seldom about themselves. Hollywood is never capable of understanding those who do not employ "selves" as the certain subject of conversation.

This speculation has touched every possible subject. The recurring divorce rumors; the insistent repetition of the story that Barbara is quarrelling with Warner Brothers because of Frank's former quarrel with Warner Brothers. The lavish cost of their new mansion-home. Literally hundreds of curious, eager suppositions.

The answers form one of the most interesting chapters of Hollywood history—culminating with Barbara's new contract with Warner Brothers and the sale of Frank's first self-produced picture.

Barbara will do three pictures this year instead of six as she did last. She has a voice in the selection of her stories. The producers will submit six for each picture; if she does not like any of them, the final choice will be made in a conference between producers and Barbara and Frank Fay.

She will do no more "back to the farm" rôles, at least for the present. The picking of cabbages and potatoes are taboo. Dramatic sophistication will be the first choice.

Frank's sale of the first of his series in which he is producer and actor is a true triumph. It will be released by Warner Brothers, for whom he once starred. He received one hundred thousand dollars as an advance on the profits—a certain proof that it is a good picture.

He will make three more immediately. Among them is the fictionalized history of the life of Stephen Foster, composer of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "Old Black Joe" and other all-time favorites. Frank expects much from this. Of course, the songs will be in it.

The Fay adopted son and heir is eight months old and has had his first two teeth without a murmur of discomfort. He's as brown as a well-baked apple, as healthy as a perfect-baby prize-winner and as intelligently cunning as an eight-months-old can be.

THE new estate has a large house, gymnasium, swimming pool, bath-bungalow and all the other accessories necessary to complete three acres of subtle comforts and beauty.

At last, the Barbara-Frank household is in order!

But it is the manner in which it grew to such stable solidity that I consider one of the most revealing and entertaining

They've see-sawed up and down, have Barbara and Frank, not caring which one was riding the upward side, so long as they could have their fun together

While Hollywood's going over the affairs of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, we'll discuss them, too

By Ruth Biery

stories in the film city. I am going to review it for you chronologically so you can see it as a whole and answer all these Hollywood speculations to your own satisfaction.

As you know, Frank Fay had been one of the headliners of Broadway for fifteen years. He owned his own night club, too—seven dollars cover charge. A terse compliment to its swankiness!

Barbara had played for two consecutive years on Broadway in "Burlesque." A record.

In 1929, Joseph Schenck brought them to Hollywood in his private car

to make pictures for United Artists. Those were the early, hectic, we-don't-know-where-we-are-going days of the talkies.

Now Frank and Barbara didn't expect Hollywood to know much about them. But it was a shock to have an important producer approach Frank on the train to ask, "Mr. Fay, what did you do on the stage?"

Frank is red-headed, Irish, impulsive and gifted with an amazing sense of rapid-fire humor.

"I'm a juggler."

"Do you think juggling will get over in pictures?"

"I'm a dramatic juggler."

"Oh, I see."

The name of Frank Fay, in foot-high letters on Broadway for fifteen years had meant absolutely nothing to one of the most important studio bosses.

Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Irving Thalberg and a host of other most-importants were at the train to welcome Joseph Schenck back to Hollywood's warm bosom. Barbara naively imagined he must be returning from at least a year's absence in some foreign country.

But when one of the great asked him if he had enjoyed his trip and he replied, "Three weeks is a short time to enjoy New York," Barbara realized she was in a land of new customs where natives pay tribute to returning kings, even though they have been merely commuting between cities.

BOTH Barbara and Frank realized the weirdness of this new land more and more as one Hollywood day tumbled into another. Barbara was cast almost immediately in "The Locked Door." But there was a hesitation about Frank's assignment.

"He may be a big shot on Broadway, but whoever heard of him any other place?" seemed to be the complicating question. A producer summoned a passing office boy, a stenographer and a paper carrier and asked, "Did you ever hear of Frank Fay?"

One of these local products had had the price to see Frank during the several times he had played Los Angeles. "Sure, he's a swell actor," he said.

"One out of three—you see?" the producer demanded.

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Everyone Had A Finger In The Pie

As Told To
Jack Hill

By "Slim" Summerville



"Now this is wrong here," cheerfully remarks Slim's director, Edward Ludwig, as he points out an architectural error in the blue print. You needn't ask what Slim is thinking about. The expression on his face tells the story

HERE'S my New Year's resolution. It was ready in July.

"Resolved: That during 1933, I shall not build a house, or any part or parcel thereof."

I did my building in 1932—a summer home at Laguna Beach, California. I didn't exactly build it—I merely paid the bills. Our plans called for a six-room cottage—we finished with seventeen.

The only Hollywood stars whose suggestions are not reflected in our home are the five who were out of town during its construction; Fairbanks in China and the Four Marx Brothers, two in the hospital and Harpo, running true to form, with nothing to say.

But Groucho came down to Laguna after the structure had been completed.

"Slim," said the erudite Groucho, "your home is beautiful. It breathes genius. There has been in Hollywood, I regret to say, a decadence in architecture—a return to the pagan swimming pool—but this place—ah, Slim, it thrills with the inspiration of a master builder. Architecturally speaking, it surpasses the great Notre Dame cathedral in Paris, by two up and three to play.

"Where your home faces the ocean, I find a subtle trace of the Renaissance; there is a superb Gothic delicacy on the north, a pure Roman influence in the south and a magnificent reflection of the early Byzantine toward the rising sun. It is Cyclopean in its generosity; plethoric in its cultural grandeur. It is neither cryptic nor sacerdotal, but, Slim, it will always be popular."

I thanked Dr. Marx, saying that was exactly the effect we had aimed at.

As we reached the cellar, Groucho clapped his hands in sheer ecstasy.

"I observe," he beamed, "that even here, you have not forgotten your alchemistic symbolism."

I replied very proudly that I had attended to that the very first thing and showed the two five-gallon crocks so cemented to the cellar floor that they could not be removed even by the smartest of Mr. Volstead's boys.

IN the beginning, we had no idea of a beach home. The original Summerville idea was a ranch—on the desert's rim—broad, sweeping acres, shady patios, lowing kine,

Don't take any friend's advice about building a house. Slim did. When he saw his empty purse he made this New Year's resolution—last July

ponies and packhorses and a crackling sagebrush fire at night. But like others before us, we tarried by the wayside, stopping to visit at Laguna Beach—cultural home of world-famous artists, writers and a recent invasion of picture folk. We were attracted to a house built around a large, rectangular living-room, with an inviting, wide-hearthed fireplace.

The owner offered what seemed a bargain. Furthermore, here at last was the realization of another dream—an opportunity for a motion picture actor to get something without paying a ten per cent commission to a contact man—a chance, perhaps, never to come again.

WE hastened to buy, the deed was recorded, the cottage was ours. Our happy meditations were brought to an abrupt ending by the hilarious entrance of Polly Moran.

She agreed the living-room was grand, but there had to be more and better bedrooms. "Tear down everything but the living-room and build around it," she suggested. Swell idea! I hunted up an architect and a contractor and we soon had plans and specifications calling for a six-room cottage to cost "somewhere around six thousand dollars"

The city engineer brought the news that the old foundation wouldn't support the proposed remodeling. The architect said a new one wouldn't cost more than eight hundred dollars. Oh, well—

Fredric March and Ralph Bellamy, fellow-citizens of Laguna, argued remodeling was an expensive proposition—better tear the whole thing down and build a modern cottage.

So up started the new house, when the architect called a quick halt. He'd forgotten the "nooks" in the big rooms. We'd never had a nook and didn't want any. He insisted all modern rooms must

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

The Lure of New York Stage



HERE is something that, it is said, has never appeared upon the screen before. It will be shown in Warner Brothers' production of back stage theatrical life—"42nd Street."

The new feature you will see in this picture is a series of three revolving stages, each of which is really a large disc, turning

in opposite directions. The cameras are mounted on the outer disc and, of course, travel with it.

As the dancers go through their movements, the effect is dizzying and breath-taking—one finds himself gripping the seat ahead for support.

Above we see one of the big dance numbers of the show.

Life Set to Music and Drama



Photo by Stagg

Those two cute girls with the lights turned full upon them are Ginger Rogers and Una Merkel, whose parts call for a place in the chorus.

This is one of those scenes in the production for which highly technical knowledge is necessary.

So directors stand back while a dance expert—the man with

out-pointed finger—puts the hoofers through special dance steps.

And looming over all are the figures of Dick Powell, Warner Baxter, Ginger Rogers, Bebe Daniels and George Brent—the major characters in the rhythm, the laughter, the music and the heartaches of "42nd Street."

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

★
**YOU SAID
A MOUTH-
FUL—**
First National



GRAND nonsense about a fellow who can't swim a stroke but is mistaken for a champion and has to go through with a race. Joe Brown doesn't get across the Catalina Channel by swallowing it, either. His impromptu aquaplane ride is a high spot in hilarity. Ginger Rogers was made for a bathing suit, and somebody's idea of kidding "Strange Interlude" is priceless. Don't miss the fun.

**THE MATCH
KING—**
First National



FREELY adapted from the life of Ivar Kreuger, this picture is distinguished by the interesting performance of Warren William in the title part. *Paul Kroll* begins as a racketeering street-sweeper, rises by unscrupulous methods to control of the match industry, and as circumstances close around him, commits suicide. Lili Damita, who essays a Garbo type of rôle, falls somewhat short of being one, but her clothes are lovely.

**UPTOWN
NEW YORK—**
World Wide



JACK OAKIE gives a fine performance as *Eddie*, a regular guy who falls for a lady with a past, played by Shirley Grey. The way they meet is a comic high spot. The picture has grand comedy throughout and fine dramatic value. The musical accompaniment is excellent, as you would expect from Victor Schertzinger, who directed. Vina (Bad Girl) Delmar, the writer, clicks again with a fine human-interest yarn.

**TWENTY
THOUSAND
YEARS IN
SING SING—**
First National



SPENCER TRACY plays a tough guy who goes to prison with a carnation in his buttonhole. He makes the picture real in spite of the rather unconvincing story of a man's experience from his entrance into prison to his exit through the death house. Bette Davis as the girl in love with Spencer, and Lyle Talbot as a rebellious prisoner are good. Arthur Byron plays a humane warden. Sparkling dialogue.

**EVENINGS
FOR SALE—**
Paramount



GOOD entertainment, with Mary Boland stealing honors as a sentimental American widow with ten millions and a desire to see the Vienna of her "Merry Widow" dreams. Plenty of sparkle, beautiful sets; and romance by Herbert Marshall, as the pauperized post-war count, and Sari Maritza. Sari is charming, and Marshall will make feminine hearts beat. Charlie Ruggles, sober for a change, is even funnier than usual.

**THE MASK
OF
FU MANCHU**
—M-G-M



EXCEPT for the kids, who cannot seem to get enough thrillers, "Fu Manchu" is a disappointment. The sets are handsome and the cast excellent—Boris Karloff as the dreaded *Fu Manchu*; Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, Lawrence Grant and Charles Starrett. The story is about British scientists who seek the mask and sword of Genghis Kahn and their struggle to outwit *Fu Manchu*.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

ROCKABYE—
RKO-Pathe



**TESS OF
THE STORM
COUNTRY—**
Fox



CONSTANCE BENNETT in a mother love story that doesn't quite hit the mark but does furnish plenty of background for the Bennett charm. In order to convince a young playwright (Joel McCrea) that she's no lady, Connie throws custard pies and cuts no end of capers. Jobyna Howland, as the constantly inebriated mother, is grand. Paul Lukas has a small part. Connie, as usual, is worth seeing.

FARRELL-GAYNOR fans will like this one though they will be disappointed in Charles Farrell's small contribution. Acting honors go to Miss Gaynor, the daughter of a sea captain who retires to the land, becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. Miss Gaynor, with the help of Farrell, manages to clear up everything. Complications in the plot slow up the picture in several instances.

PROSPERITY
M-G-M



**HE LEARNED
ABOUT
WOMEN—**
Paramount



MARIE DRESSLER plays the president of a small-town bank who turns her job over to her son (Norman Foster) on his wedding day. But depression hits the town and the bank, and Marie has to save the bank's depositors and the family honor. Polly Moran is the comedy foil, as usual, and Anita Page is her daughter. Not bad, but not good enough for the Dressler-Moran team.

STUART ERWIN, a millionaire bookworm, decides to see a bit of life. He engages two unemployed women as secretaries and the fun begins. One (Susan Fleming) plans to marry him for his money, only to fall in love with him. The other (Alison Skipworth) plans extortion, only to succumb to his charm. Racketeers step in and out and keep things lively. It's all a lot of fun.

**CENTRAL
PARK—**
First National

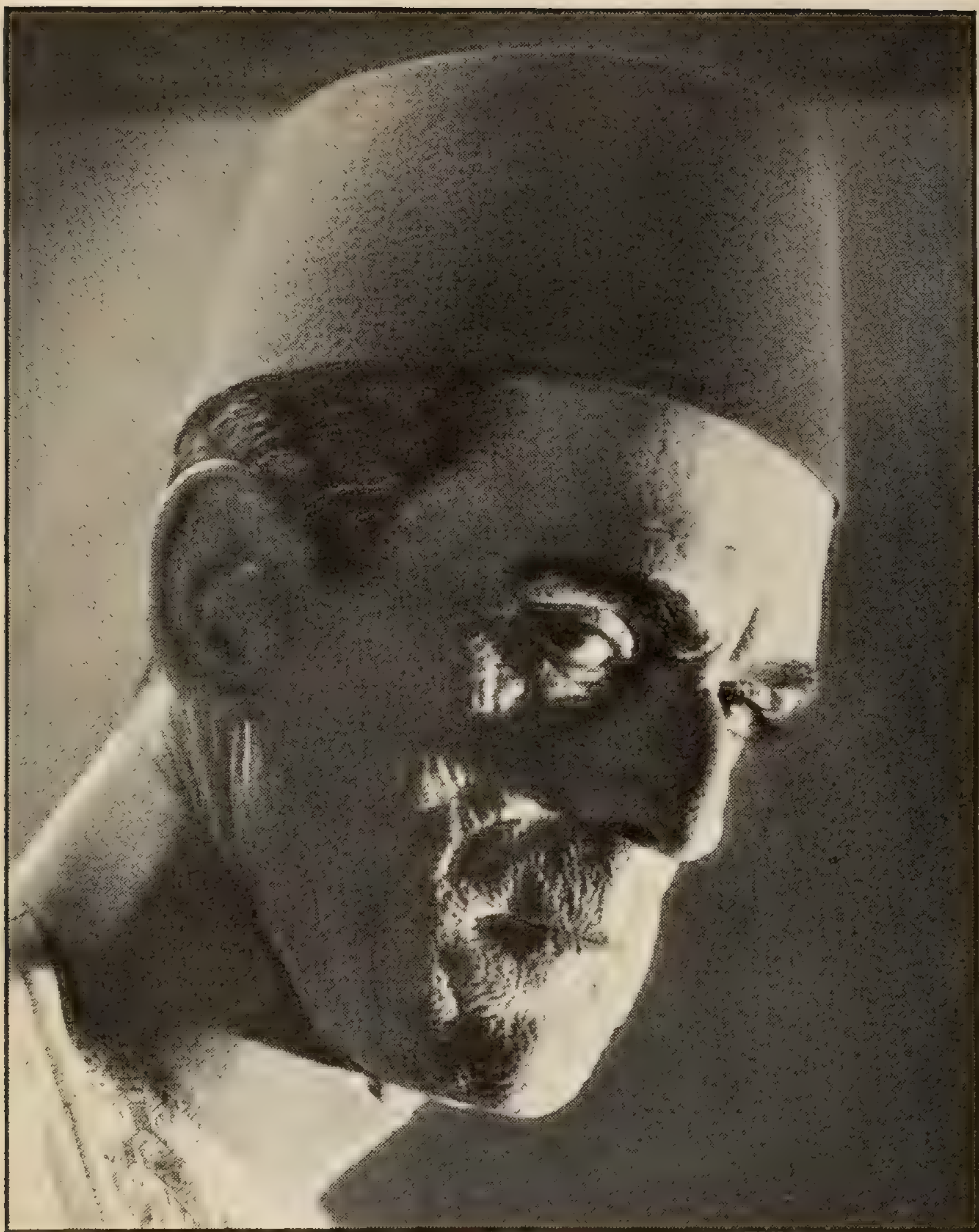


**THE
PENGUIN
POOL
MURDER—**
RKO-Radio



YOU certainly won't get a wink of sleep during this one for it has more thrills to the foot than most pictures have to the reel. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford, without a job between them, meet in the park and things start to happen, including a lion hunt, a hold-up, a gang battle, a police chase and what have you! You'll find it good entertainment by a good cast if you don't take the story too seriously.

MURDER in an aquarium. Mystery with a laugh. And it's all solved by a middle-aged school teacher who likes excitement. Edna May Oliver is a scream as the teacher; Jimmy Gleason a riot as the baffled inspector; Bob Armstrong a slick villain. Mae Clark and Don Cook furnish a surprise ending and the penguin is a knockout. If you want to laugh don't miss this one. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 112]



Meet *the* Monster!

Boris Karloff can perhaps impersonate evil more convincingly than any other man in pictures

By Ruth Rankin

You wouldn't want to meet this face on a moonlight night on the lonely sands of Egypt. But there is even more to fear than is shown in this forbidding countenance. Boris Karloff here represents an ancient mummy that has come to life

I HAD heard that Boris Karloff said it would not be worth going through again his twenty year struggle for success,—as extra man, truck-driver and pick and shovel “stiff.”

This struck me as a strong statement. I asked him about it.

Yes, it was true, he said. He had endured incredible hardship and frustration. He had worked at back-breaking manual labor. He dug ditches and hoisted three-hundred-pound casks of nails. He loaded trucks with a shovel and unloaded them by shovel.

When he couldn't get work, he went hungry. He slept on benches in parks. He knows a raw and elemental half-section of life as few men have known it.

And voluntarily he went through this hell of hard labor, cold, sometimes starvation, because he had an ideal and lived up to it.

He had a shining ambition, and he had to live while he was striving to attain it. He had to work with his hands for it. Work, and cling to it with every ounce of strength in him. He could have taken the easy way, renounced his ideal, and the good things of life would have been his for the asking.

He wanted to be an actor, and he had to battle life on his own to achieve this ambition. There was no easy way here, no short cut.

His family expected him to go into the consular service of the English government. But he wanted to be an actor so he ran away.

This is the story of his long fight to achieve a burning ambition.

Boris Karloff was born in England forty-five years ago. He was the youngest of eight brothers and one sister. He borrowed the name of Karloff from his mother's side of the house, which was Russian.

He sailed for Canada in 1909 with a few personal belongings and an ambition which never left him.

HE had to take the first opportunity of work that he could find. A man with twenty-eight cents in his pocket can't be very particular. He joined a pick and shovel crew. No pay check for a week.

Twenty-eight divided by seven isn't very nourishing, but Karloff lived on four cents a day for seven days.

One morning he picked up a newspaper and came across an advertisement: “Experienced character actor wanted,” by the Brandon Players.

A chance, an opening, at last. And no price was too great to pay for this chance.

Karloff disregarded that word “experience” and landed his first acting job. Thirty dollars a week. Perhaps an actor was the last thing he was, at that embryonic stage. Anyway, he worked hard. He specialized in villains, leering with terrifying menace, to the delight of provincial audiences.

The Players went broke and disbanded in Saskatchewan in 1912.

A few days later, someone tossed a copy of the *Billboard* out of a train window, and again he found a job through an advertisement.

THIS one ended in Chicago in 1914. Then, when the war broke out, he tried to enlist in the British Army. With unconscious irony, they turned down this man who had survived unspeakable hardships, exhausting toil for days at a stretch, who had slept in the open with a newspaper between himself and the penetrating Canadian cold—turned him down because they said he had a heart murmur.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



But nothing can look as wicked as the “Heathen Chinee,” as you must admit in here beholding Karloff, who plays the sinister rôle in “Mask of Fu Manchu”



Hurrell

HERE'S a strangely fascinating picture of Lupe Velez, that complex exotic star. What story is more exciting than the narrative of Lupe's tempestuous loves and hates? What could have been more unexpected than her adoption of her sister's child? In "The Half Naked Truth," recently completed, she gives a new kind of characterization

Ensembles Of

THIS all-in-one foundation garment does triple duty as an underthing and something grand for your frock. That well moulded brassiere and pantlet ruffle mean that you may step right into your slip or frock and be perfectly clothed.

HELEN VINSON in "Lawyer Man" looks charmingly naive in an unusual gown of white starched chiffon boasting a quaint capelet and tiers of pleated ruffles. The exposed shoulders contrast delightfully with the demure neck bow. One of those useful gowns. It goes to dinner with the capelet; without, it goes dancing. That evening cape with coque feathers is separate.

A BOUQUET of clear cut crystals in pin form adds a jeweled touch to simple necklines.



The Evening

— Seymour —

YOU would do well to disguise any figure flaws in this moulding garment before donning Myrna Loy's lovely gown, below. The fabric front smooths away any sign of diaphragm or abdomen, while the elastic inserts offer complete freedom and grace for dancing.

WHEN "Animal Kingdom" comes to the screen, Myrna Loy will appear in this gown of rough crepe with contrasting velvet trim and huge fabric flower corsage. The front bertha narrows to a back decolletage, from which knotted streamers gracefully fall to the hemline. Designed by Irene.



MORE crystal! A duo of clips will give a lovely and unexpected appearance to the most sedate neckline.

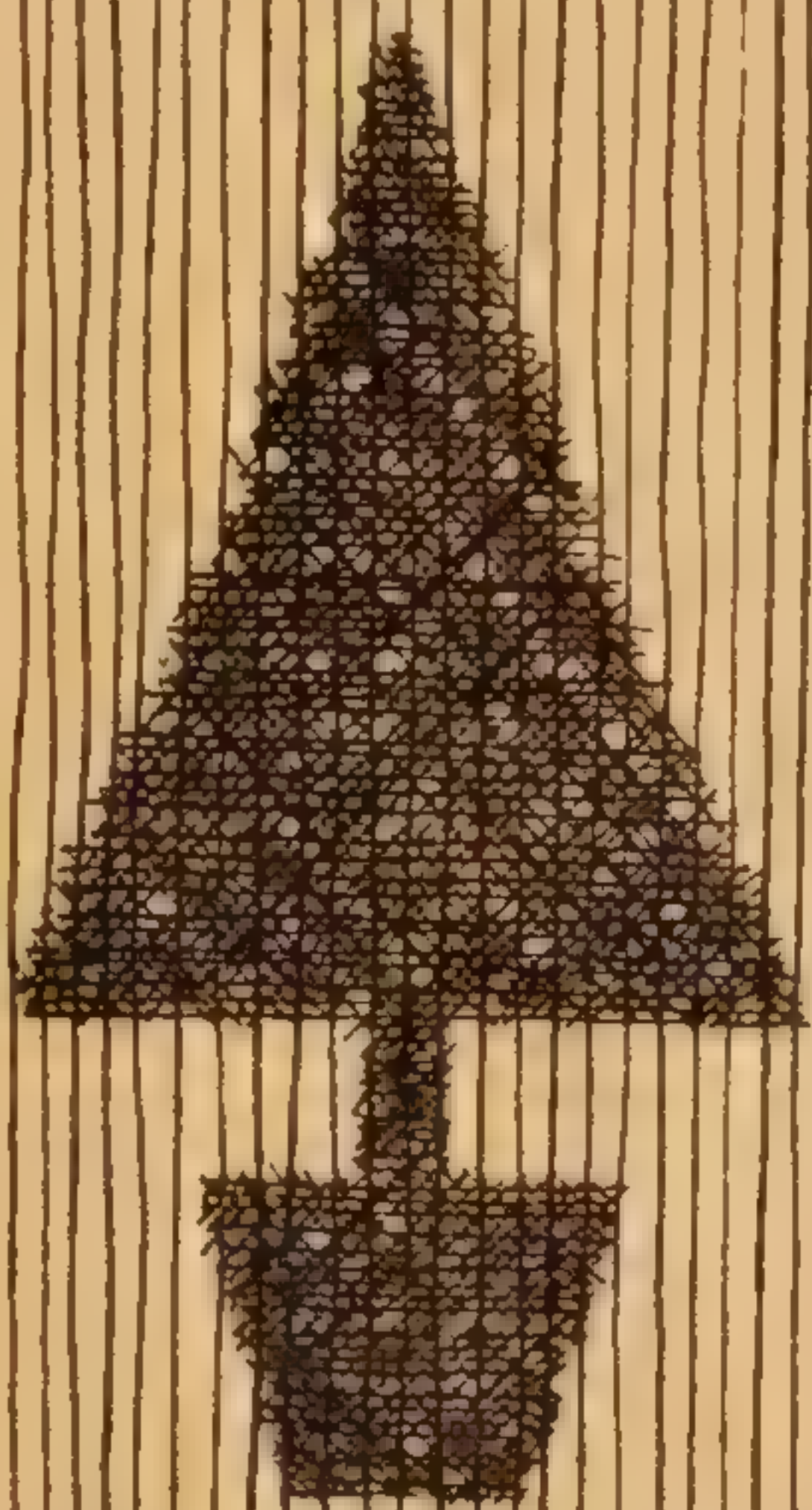
A Study In Black And White



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 119.

HOWARD GREER has designed dull sheer black crepe on the simplest of lines, yet with most intricate detail, for Ann Harding in "Animal Kingdom." And what could be more effective with Ann's blonde beauty? Very wide pleats, alternating in black and white, form the attempts at sleeves from which the shoulders peep. Twisted folds slash through the front bodice. The perfect frock for dinner, theater and informal evenings. If one frock must answer all these needs, here it is! Comes in other smart combinations.





DAYTIME and darkness in gloves! At the left we go very formal in long, fingerless affairs of perforated kid. The tiny ruffles are cunning and free fingers are certainly a blessing. Elastic shapes them gracefully to the wrists. At the right, duvetyn gauntlets now come with leather inside.

WOULDND'T you just love to have this smart light wool frock that Myrna Loy wears in "Animal Kingdom"? Just the right weight for wear under a winter coat. Interesting bodice detail and slightly raised belt give a trim, tailored silhouette. Pique forms the triple collar and tailored neck flower. The cunning cuffs, as well as the collar, are so contrived as to be easily removable.



A GAIN Howard Greer has dressed Ann Harding in a black frock that is unquestionably Ann. I wish you could see the back, for the white military braid that forms those deep sleeve vents also forms a back yoke, contrasting smartly with the bateau front. There a silver maple leaf pin is the only touch. The slightly raised front waistline slopes gently down at the back. Fortunate are we to be able to purchase this unusual and stunning frock in new and very smart color combinations through any one of the stores mentioned on Page 119.



YOU really cannot know all the comforts of home until you have a pair of pajamas exactly like those Sally Eilers wears in "Second Hand Wife." Aren't they cute? They're made of satin and have a Russian look. In colors with contrasting collar and cuffs. Designed by David Cox.



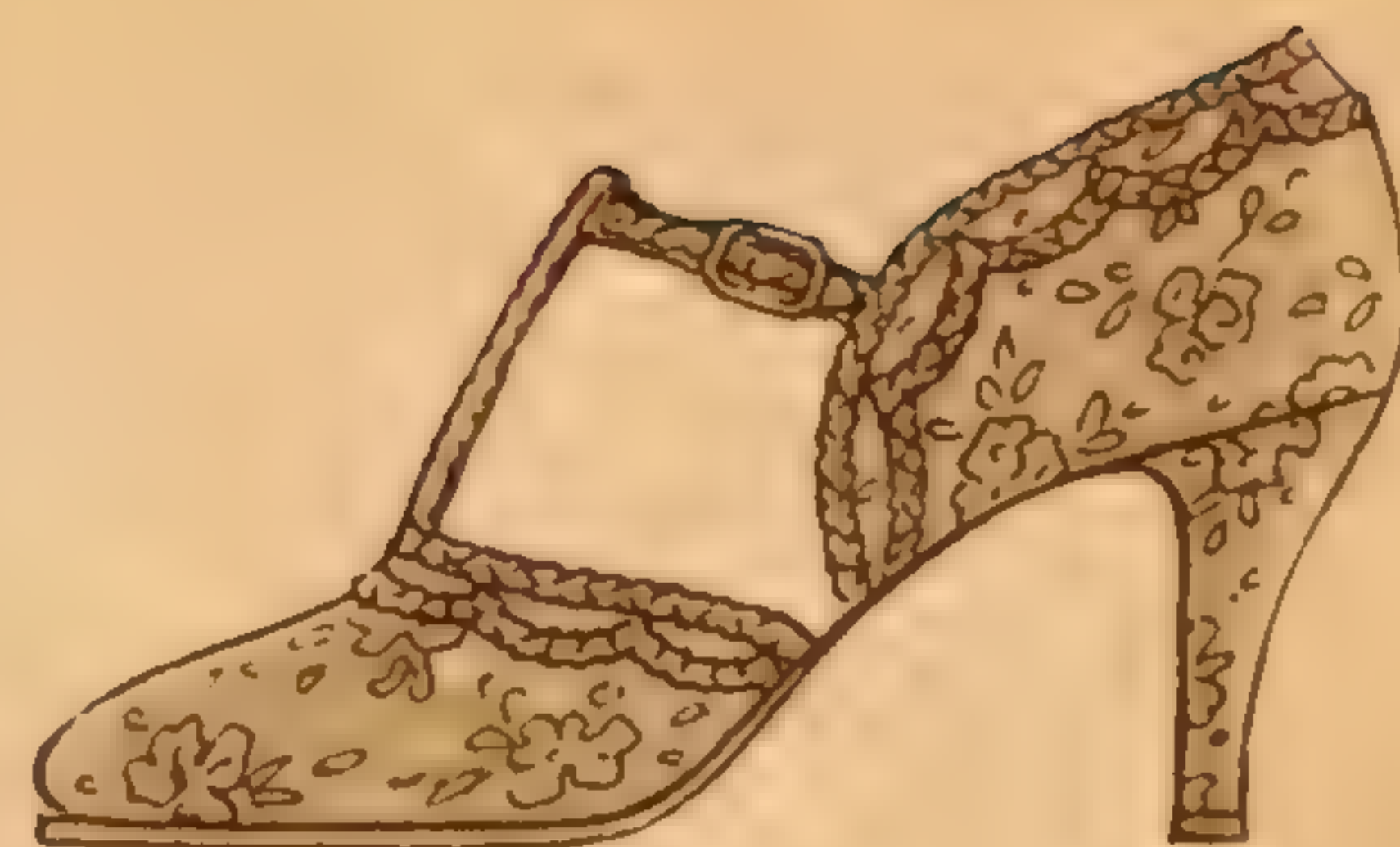
SALLY EILERS liked this frock so much that she bought it for her personal wardrobe. In the rôle of a young secretary, she wears it also in "Second Hand Wife." It is an unusual blue of the navy family, with distinctive collar and cuffs of white handkerchief linen punctuated with large, flat pearl buttons. It's also by David Cox.

ANOTHER of David Cox's designs—this in heavy sheer canton for Helen Vinson, also in "Second Hand Wife." There is the broad shoulder line, cleverly achieved by a fold below the yoke of beaded white net. Those twin silver clips are smart, too. The slim, longish skirt will give you that grand, dressed-up feeling.



Seymour

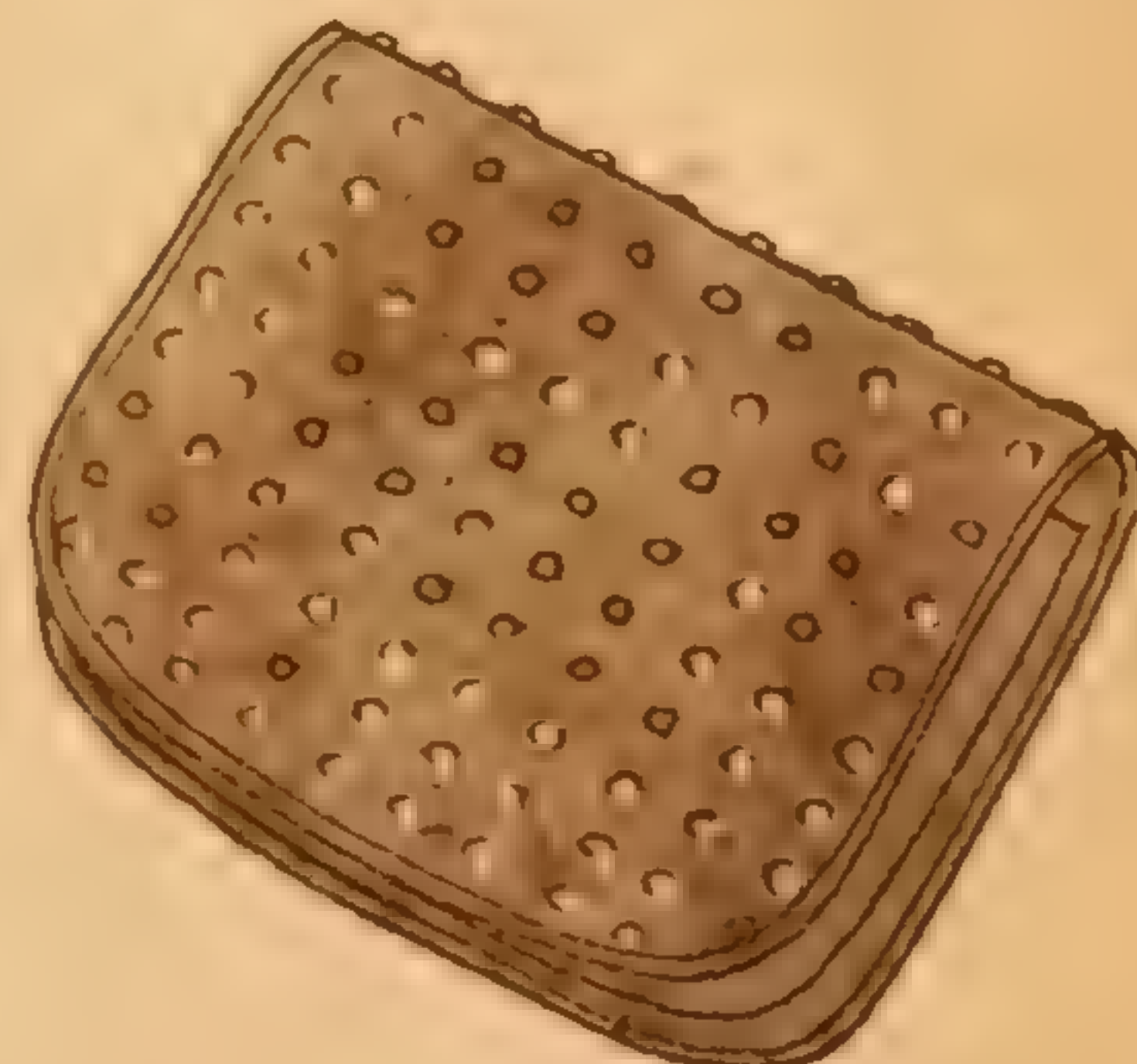
BEADING is coming very much back into vogue, so David Cox has taken advantage of beaded net and heavy sheer crepe to fashion a charming frock for Helen Vinson. Watch for her in this frock in "Second Hand Wife." The dress is simply cut with a panel front and side belt which meets at the back with a jeweled buckle. The beaded bolero terminates in two broad shoulder straps at the back, extending to the waistline. Bracelets are a nice accessory note with this dress.



WHITE brocade is gaily patterned in tiny flowers for these graceful evening slippers, accented by an unusual use of braid.

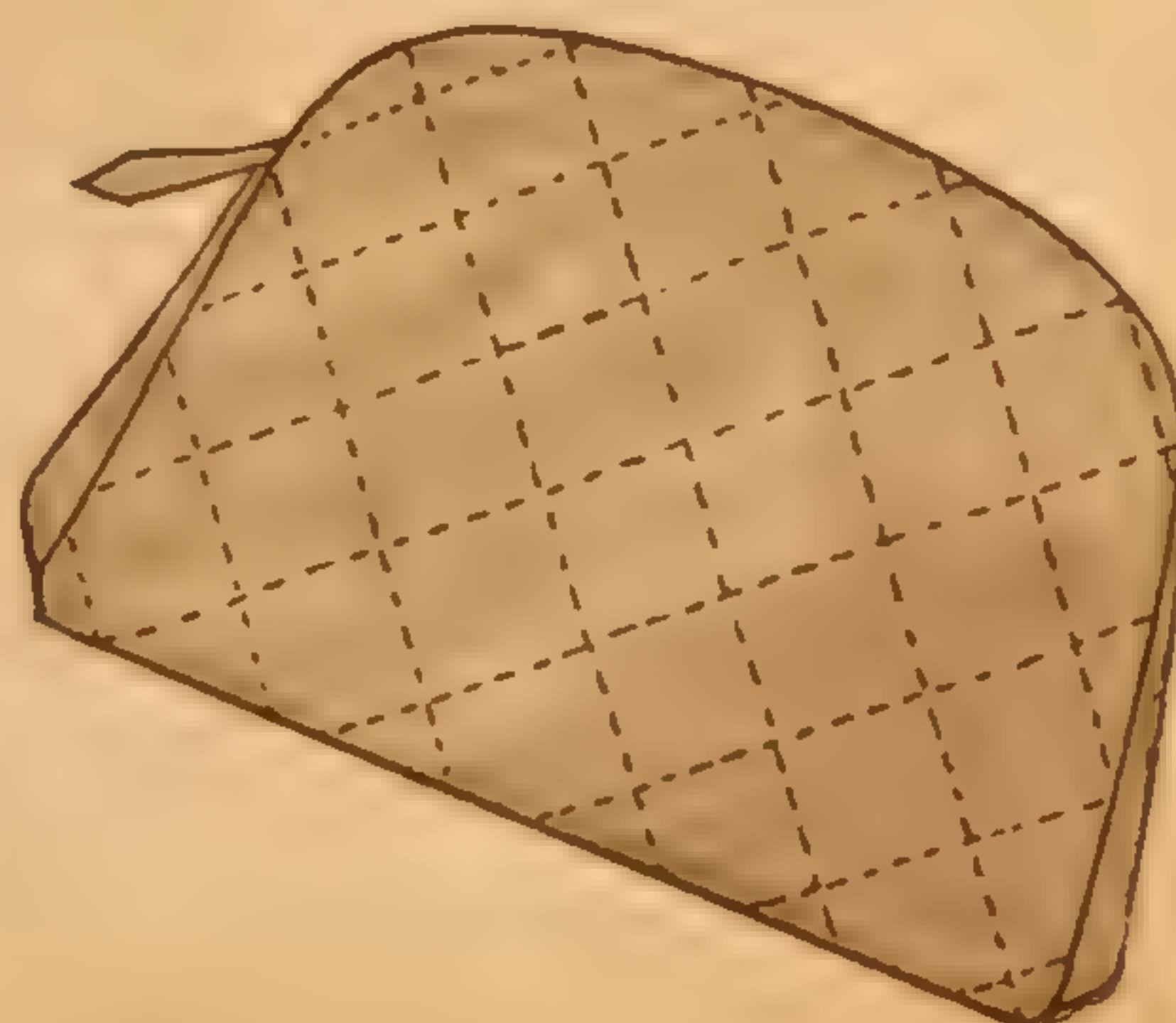


THIS leaf belt buckle, in nickel or gold, is the best excuse in the world for buying a new belt. Good on fabric or leather.



BLACK calf generously studded with silver nailheads makes about as smart a bag as you can possess.

QUILTED satin is luxurious and appropriate for afternoon. A talon fastener replaces the usual clasp.



THIS delectable gown of white lacquered lace is sure to flatter you even as it does Nancy Carroll. Notice the excellent designing that Edith Head has put into this dress for Nancy in "Undercover Man." The gown fits smoothly over a satin slip, and although the frock is cut high across the back, the slip is cut with a deep V decolletage, so that your back peeps through. The skirt is beautifully flared for dancing and those stiffly fluted sleeves are the piece de resistance. This may be a year-round favorite in your wardrobe, for lace is good in any season.





Irving Lippman

A SEASONED trouper takes time off to help a newcomer—and merely incidentally, of course, to have this pretty picture taken! Warren William discusses screen technique with Muriel Gordon, a co-worker in Warners' "Employees' Entrance." Want to know the secret of his clipped-off name?—it used to be Warren William Krech!

Her Tongue in Her Cheek

By Evaline Lieber

Madge Evans realizes now that the Hollywood game is a complex one, requiring the greatest sportsmanship

NO leading lady novice has ever had the meteorical rise of Madge Evans. Remember the fuss Metro made about her? There is no way of estimating the amount of money they spent in publicizing this "new find," but it would assuredly run into tens of thousands of dollars!

And Madge made good! Money is spent in titanic waves in Hollywood to publicize one starlet after another. "New faces" is the universal cry of all picture producers. They spend seemingly endless sums in telling the public, "Here is a discovery. She will be another Garbo, Dietrich or Bennett."

The producers are not foolishly optimistic. They are merely hoping. They gamble on their hopes, and like most gamblers win one out of a thousand times. But those few, scattered *wins* are what eventually return them an interest on *all* of their investments. Assuredly, Dietrich and Garbo, for examples, have paid the losses on thousands of girls who were advertised as "discoveries" and proved to be "flops."

Madge promised to cover many "flops" who had preceded her. Not as a Garbo or Dietrich, but as a leading woman who could increase the box-office income of any male star with whom she played.

And as box-office leading men are as scarce as a farmer's profits, so are leading women. We have told you many times in PHOTOPLAY how difficult it is to find heroes to play opposite Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and Bennett. Well, it is just as tough to locate girls who can act to play with Gable, Montgomery, Colman or Barrymore (John)!

Loretta Young is the perfect example of an adequate leading woman. Also Mary Brian, Frances Dee, Carole Lombard. Also, *Madge Evans*.

Metro realized this. They also realized the day had come when there must be more than one *good name* to a picture. A male star must have a heroine whose name was as important as her face and her figure. They decided to make Madge's name important.

Madge helped them. She did a good job in every picture in which she was cast. She carved a place for herself that few carve so quickly. Previewing a picture in which she was leading lady for Bob Montgomery, I left the theater behind a mother and son, the latter about twenty-one.

"That's the kind of girl I'd like to see you marry," said the



When her screen career looked most promising, Madge followed Jimmy Cagney's example and held out for more money. Like a good soldier, she won the fight, but how about the scars and stripes of battle?

mother. "She's so pretty and wholesome."

"Gee, you wouldn't have to urge me, mums!" he answered.

And that's what Madge Evans does to them.

And then, right in the middle of this successfully-started career, she left Metro! Refused to sign the contract they gave her. The papers said she was going to free-lance.

Incidentally, she left at about the same time that Marian Marsh, Evalyn Knapp and Jimmy Cagney were telling Warner Brothers goodbye. And for nearly a year you heard nothing about Marsh, Knapp or Evans. You heard plenty of Cagney. He saw to that. He made threats. He turned Bolshevik. He did everything but stand on a soap box on Hollywood Boulevard. Wise boy. Perhaps it wasn't temperament as much as brains with Jimmy. He didn't have a high-paid publicity department to honk the horn for him, so he honked it himself. He saw that the public didn't have a moment's chance to forget Jimmy Cagney.

But Madge and Evalyn and Marian were ladies. They faded from the picture behind a smoke screen of silence.

Madge says with a twinkle in her now wide-open eyes, "If it hadn't been for Tom Gallery, I'd never have had my name in the paper. Running around with Tom proved a blessing."

Since Madge had never been seen with a Hollywood "beau" before and since Tom was being divorced by ZaSu Pitts, the newspaper boys did keep her name in the black lines. Although

Tom was not as good copy as red-headed Cagney's soap boxes.

And yet Madge had her tongue in her cheek during all those months when she was supposed to be "not working." When she left Metro she was receiving seven hundred fifty dollars a week. Her contract called for a raise to twelve hundred fifty. Metro wished to retain her services at the seven hundred fifty figure. Miss Evans walked out on them.

She had every intention of returning to the stage—immediately. Her trunks were packed. You'd have to know Madge and the serious way in which she analyzes life to believe this, although I know it is her true theory. "It wasn't just money. I had saved money on seven hundred fifty a week. I could continue to save it. That is big [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Beauty Is Made, Not Born



This is Sylvia, to whom the women of this country owe a big vote of thanks for her efforts toward giving them all lovely faces and figures

NOW, girls, if you aren't satisfied with your figures it isn't your Aunt Sylvia's fault. Goodness knows, I've done my best in this series of articles to show you how to be slim or plumper. I've talked straight to you and have never once handed you any hokum, but there are a few more things I want to tell you.

With you who have written telling me about the improvement in your figures, I am pleased and delighted. Good girls! I give you a pat on the back—a good hard pat, too, to make you hold your shoulders up. But I want you to keep it up—keep up the diet and the exercises until you are exactly where you want to be from the standpoint of weight. And, even when you have reached perfection, don't slip back into your old ways.

You who haven't had the courage to go along with me—I want to tell you that there is still time for you to snap out of it. Get the back issues of *PHOTOPLAY*, for in them you'll find the way to beauty and health. It's not too late to start improving yourself. And when you see the stars of the screen and realize that very few of them had the perfect figures at the beginning that they now have, doesn't it make you want to be as lovely as they? You can be, you know; you can be anything you want to be.

I wish you could have seen Alice White's figure when she first came to me. She was very much overweight—but look at that slim little form now.

When Joan Crawford arrived in Hollywood she was a plump girl—not at all poised or sure of herself. Now she has one of the most beautiful figures on

the screen and the assurance that comes with loveliness. Look at Joan Crawford's slim hips—you can have them, too, if you can show the patience and persistence that Joan has shown.

Norma Shearer had a great many handicaps during her first film days—but is there anyone more lovely than she is now? Can anyone wear evening clothes with more grace?

Constance Bennett was a patient of mine for a long time. Instead of being too fat, Connie was prone to be underweight, but she is wise enough to do everything she can to put on the pounds she needs. Her figure has improved a hundred per cent since she came to Hollywood and she is known as one of the best dressed women on the screen. I could go on and on telling you about the girls in pictures who have fought hard to be lovely, with the result you see when you go to movies.

But I don't want to take up any more time pointing out such an obvious fact. I want to talk to you and tell you a few of the things you must avoid if you are to be everything it is your right to be.

DEVELOP your personality by being yourself. If you have a hasty temper overcome it, and the best way to overcome a bad disposition is to take my diet and exercises. You feel so good while you're doing the things I advise that you can't be cranky—your eyes sparkle and a smile comes easily because you are full of health and energy. But you can't have pep and health if you're eating wrong. Don't eat rich pastries. Don't eat fried potatoes, or fried fish, meat or eggs. Broil or roast everything you eat. Avoid heavy mayonnaise and rich, greasy gravies. Avoid the stuffing from duck and goose, as these dressings take all the grease from the skin of the fowl.

Get plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables—but cook the vegetables in plain water and put the butter on cold, after the vegetables are done. Drink plenty of tomato juice and eat lots of gelatin.



It's hard to believe that the rather robust dancer at the left is the same Joan Crawford at the right. Even Joan, herself, must sometimes wonder. This is, however, a startling example of what determination, work and control can achieve in beauty. Do you recognize Joan's dance partner? It's Ramon Novarro

Says Sylvia

SYLVIA is known all over the world as the beauty expert of Hollywood. For the past five years she has been making the stars lovely and has received as high as \$100 a treatment. For a year now this masseuse de luxe has been teaching the readers of PHOTOPLAY how to do for themselves exactly what she has done for the stars. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine to which she has revealed these secrets.

Read and heed what peppy little Sylvia has to say to you, and remember, if you were not one of her faithful followers this last year in PHOTOPLAY, copies of the magazine are still available to you. At the end of this article you will find a resume of her various articles.

Send for any or all of these magazines and let Sylvia make you beautiful.



Fortunate, indeed, that Alice White at left is labeled. You'd certainly never think she was the same dainty Alice at right. We suspect Alice of hiding a very heavy waistline behind that sign. Notice the change in the facial expression and contour when the figure is slim and lithe



Here is Sylvia relaxing Alice White by pressing hard and digging deep under that bone at the hairline about an inch from the ear. Do this yourself, using both hands. Wonderful for nerves

In your daily living, get to bed before twelve o'clock as often as you can—for the sleep before midnight is real beauty sleep. But—don't, for heaven's sake, lie in bed in the mornings no matter how late you have gotten to bed. Get yourself out of bed and get the blood circulating. The people who stay in bed late are sulky and cross all day long and the reason they are sulky is because they hate themselves for being so weak and lying in bed.

Don't find fault with other people—there are plenty of things about yourself you can find fault with and when you're always looking for faults in other people your face grows ugly with frowns.

When you've finished dinner at night, don't flop down in an easy chair. This is one of the worst things you can do. Instead, walk around the room—if you don't feel like walking outdoors—for at least fifteen minutes. But stay on your feet and move around after you've eaten a heavy meal. Of course, I don't expect you to eat a heavy meal. But walking after meals makes your food digest.

Don't be induced to have highballs after dinner. Let the other folks have them, if they must, but you take a tomato juice cocktail instead. And, above all things, don't ever appear bored with the people you're with. You can always find something in a conversation that will interest you, and even if you can't, pretend to be interested. If you're bored, your face will show it, and a bright expression is one of the keynotes of beauty.

NOW a word to you girls who work in offices. Don't feel sorry for yourself because you have to earn a living. It's the best thing in the world for you—getting out in the world, having to face problems, having to get up in the morning. It makes your mind active and keeps you young. And no matter how tedious your task is, be alert on your job.

And don't—here is one of the biggest don't's of all—don't slump over your desk. It will give you a lump on the back of your neck, sloping shoulders and a sagging abdomen. Sit up straight as you work and you'll discover that you'll feel much better at the end of the day.

At noon don't run down to the drug-store and get a dry sandwich and a chocolate malted milk. Oh, I know how you girls do! This sort of food gives you an ugly complexion and makes you fat. After all, most girls who work are given an hour for lunch. Use that hour to eat properly. And don't order the same things every day. Use some imagination in selecting your food. After lunch, walk around the block before you go back to your desk. Don't loiter over the table talking to your friends. Get right up, as soon as you've finished, and start your liver working by a little exercise—it will give you pep for the rest of the afternoon.

I know a lot of girls who feel the need for some sort of stimulant in the afternoon—so they send to the drug-store for a soda or some concoction. Instead, drink orange juice or tomato juice. You'll feel much better for it. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]

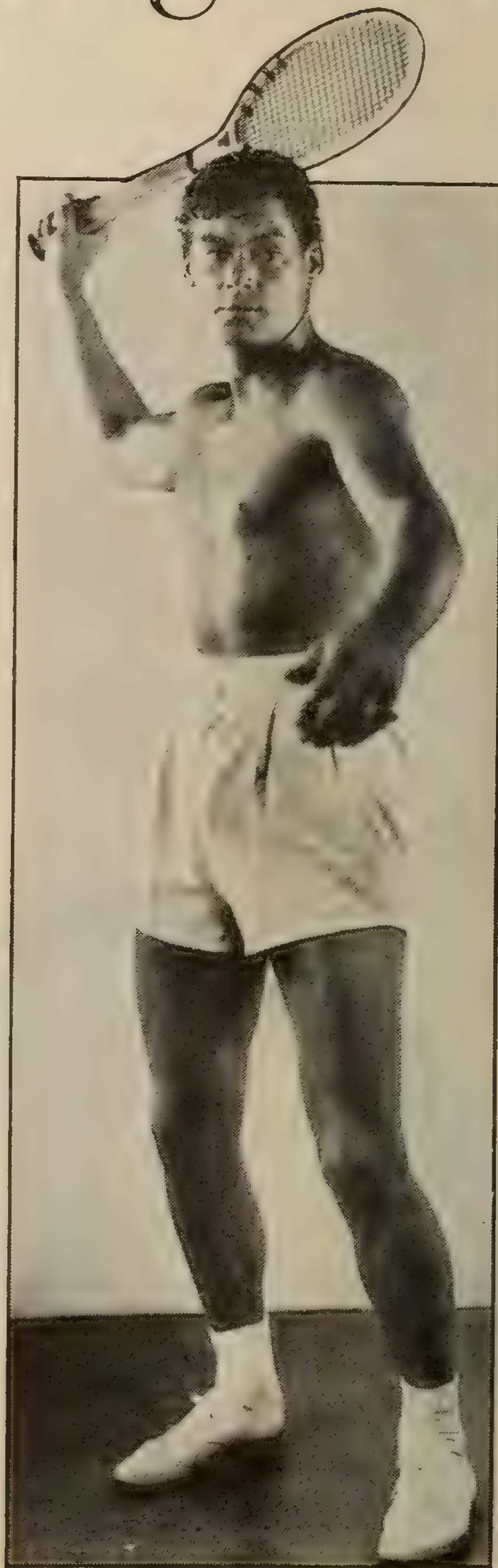


The studio told Joel McCrea that he was the grandest looking man in dinner clothes in Hollywood, but he would be handsomer still if he went native

Muscling In

Males with splendid physiques are having their fling on the screen

By May Allison Quirk



Johnny Weissmuller is a statue in bronze. He will appear in another ape man film, "Tarzan and His Mate"

WE'RE in for a new epidemic. For several weeks now every studio in Hollywood has been testing young men for brawn, bulk and bravery. Brains? Well, of course, if the aspirant surprises the director with intelligence, so much the better. That is all to the good.

The studios don't count on it, for even in Hollywood you can't expect too much, so it's not held against him.

The present attack started with Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller. When that young man left his Sunday trousers at the old swimming hole, tied a kerchief around his middle, and took up life in the big trees, several hundred thousand women in these United States, and foreign parts as well, went home and cast an all-seeing, critical and disapproving eye over the form of their helpmate and the next night dashed right back out to the nearest picture theater to sit through another showing of "Tarzan."

It wasn't quite fair. In fact, I call it a lowdown trick to spring this Weissmuller fellow on the rest of the male population. The depression these last few years has been bad enough, without having that kind of competition floating around in the picture houses.

But the mischief is done, and the public is clamoring for more Tarzans.

Every studio hopes they've got one.

Paramount cast Buster Crabbe for this rôle in "King of the Jungle," for he combines "brawn and personality"

RKO-Radio told Joel McCrea that despite the fact he is the best looking man in dinner clothes in Hollywood, he'd be handsomer still if he went native. Joel is hard to convince about his own assets; doesn't think he is so much, but he respects his bosses and wants to please them. And the studio, just to prove their argument, took away his tweeds and tuxedo and gave him a bit of apron in the "Bird of Paradise."

Joel didn't quite measure up to the Weissmuller perfection of figure but it's only by comparison. He'd have looked one hundred per cent if we had seen him first.

He is now slated for a jungle lead opposite Katharine Hepburn, who has two very excellent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

So Hollywood Goes Oriental



WITH Helen Hayes playing a little Chinese "Son-Daughter" and Sylvia Sidney (at left) a shy Japanese "Madame Butterfly," is Hollywood beginning a cycle of romantic Oriental films? Both of these promise to be beautiful pictorially. It will be interesting to see the two interpretations of almond-eyed maidens



The gallant Maurice Chevalier and his petite spouse, Yvonne Vallee, severed the marital knot with a courteous Gallic gesture

HOLLYWOOD has been on a grand emotional spree these past twelve months. Startling, sensational, if you like, but oh, so ultra-civilized! Those stars who were not busily fixing up blue bassinets were very pleasantly telling it to the judge.

In 1932, there were thirty-four divorces among the most prominent film folk. That outnumbers the marriages. Cupid, it seems, wasn't half so popular as the divorce judge.

Still, the stars *do* know how to give the little fellow a friendly good-bye kiss — a lingering kiss. They do it with aplomb, with a sort of super-technique. A picture luminary, glowing like a schoolgirl, tells you breathlessly, "Oh, my dear! I was *divorced* yesterday. And what do you think? This morning my severed-half sent me a corsage of orchids and asked me to dine with him tonight. Isn't it too thrilling?"

Ah, maybe so, maybe so. Perverse fate quite frequently casts a halo around ex-husbands. Anyway, they're mighty handy to call in for a fourth at bridge at the last moment, to balance up your check-book and things like that.

IT doesn't seem so *very* long ago that Greta Nissen, with tears in those blue, blue eyes, pleaded, "Oh, isn't there some way to stop those terrible headlines in this morning's paper—they say that Weldon and I are parting! It's so absurd. You see, he went deep-sea fishing and told me to attend a party without him. I went there alone, naturally—and left alone. And now come these headlines!"

Apparently, thoughts of a break-up were furthest from Greta's mind that day—yet here she is, determined to be one of the newest of filmdom's dazzling divorcées.

"Unsuitable temperaments," they explained to the press. And to their intimates, "We're parting the very best of friends and with much regret."

Yet, the other night at the Cocoanut Grove, who do you suppose was dancing with the lovely Greta? Why, Weldon Heyburn, of course!

'Twas A Great

Poor little cupid turned tail
and ran as domestic discord
played havoc with love's dreams



Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver tried to recapture romance by retracing the honeymoon trail—but it was no go

Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver traveled fourteen thousand miles to recapture romance. A last gallant gesture to love. They retraced the honeymoon trail they took five years before. In Avignon they even occupied the same suite of rooms they had on their honeymoon. There was moonlight, too, flooding the famous old bridge and the balcony below their windows.

But it didn't work. So they went to Paris and drank a farewell toast to their wedded bliss. Drank it in the Café du Dome in the heart of the Latin quarter where they had spent so many gay hours. Then they said "quits." Quietly, definitely.

AND there's Maurice Chevalier, oo-la-la! Scandal-mongers had been trying to separate him from that attractive little Yvonne Vallee for years without any sign of success. They were so devoted, apparently so much in love. When they left parties early, as they invariably did, you'd hear people say, "What a charming pair—so awfully married."

Just before Yvonne left in the spring they dined at Bill Hart's and you'd never have suspected their matrimonial barque had sprung a leak.

But it had. Yvonne knew it when



Even a baby daughter could not re-fuse the broken love chain of Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan. A case of mis-matched temperaments

Year for T

she went away. That didn't prevent her, though, from opening up their house in Cannes for him as was his custom. When Maurice arrived everything was ready for his comfort. He told the press, "Mrs. Chevalier and I have reached an agreeable understanding." Yvonne was so sure of that at first.

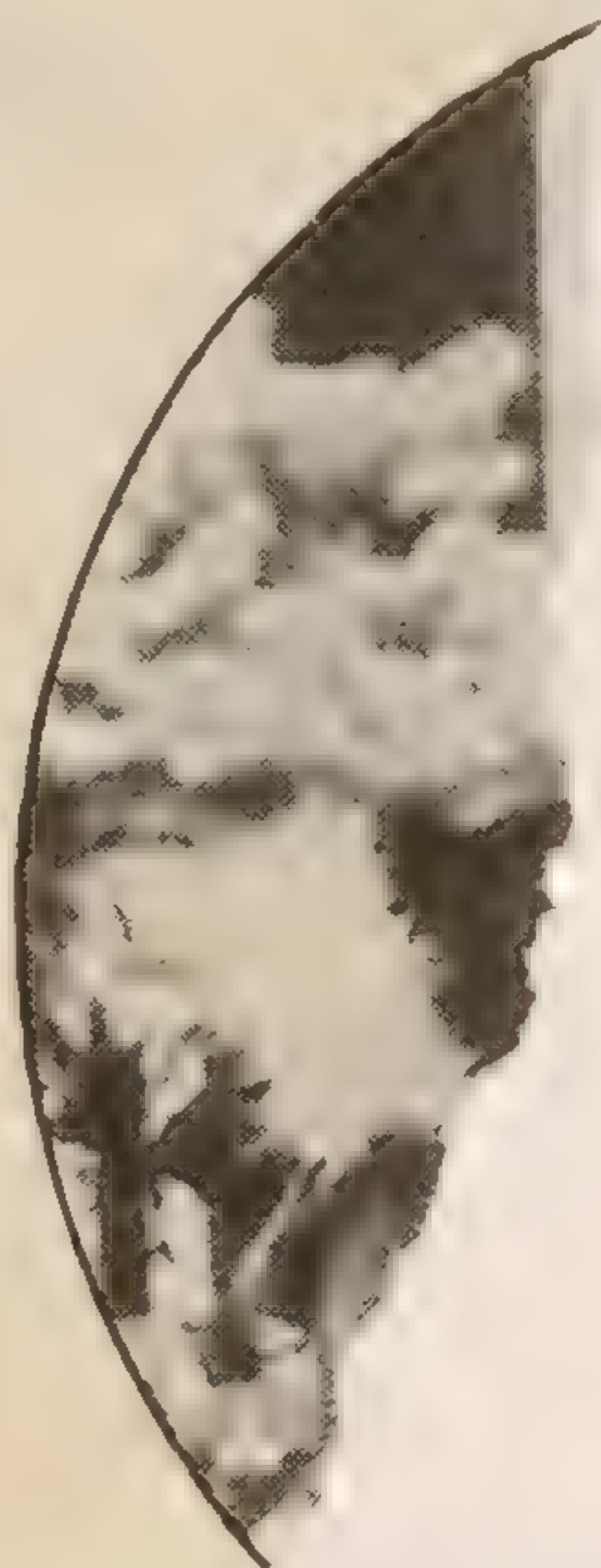
"She never liked Hollywood and never was happy here. I have learned to care for it greatly," he said late last year.

"I was happy wherever he was," she countered. Before any French fireworks started they talked of divorce—in the house that had sheltered their great happiness. Perhaps it had a softening influence. Certainly it did away with bitterness, because Maurice and Yvonne have been seen dancing together since. And what a sight! *dancing in the supper club where Mistinguette was h*

FOR years Maurice's name had been linked by all with the lady of the "million dollar legs" who had brought him to fame. And the gossipers wondered if Maurice's visits there while his marital knot to Yvonne was being untied signified a rekindling of an old flame.

While self-constituted Parisian "matchmakers" again see Chevalier as the Continental charmer's son, it has been rumored here that he would marry Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette scoffs at this, saying her engagement to her manager, Bob Ritchie, is very much *on*. Other rumors have circulated to the effect that Maurice is madly devoted to this or that charming lady of the screen. Speculations are rife as to who will be the next *châtelaine chez Chevalier*. But Maurice gives his characteristic shrug, smiles enigmatically and murmurs, "*Qui sait?*" And, while we're trying to figure it out, he continues sending roses to Yvonne.

A debonair divorce was Ruth



Ruth and Ralph when they were married. Above is Ruth and her new hubby George Brent

Here were Ruth and Ralph when the echoes of their marriage bells still were chiming sweetly. But the bond didn't hold and they just naturally drifted apart

now shifts .

WHEN the word divorce was in the air or something to that effect, Brent said nothing. He was to return.

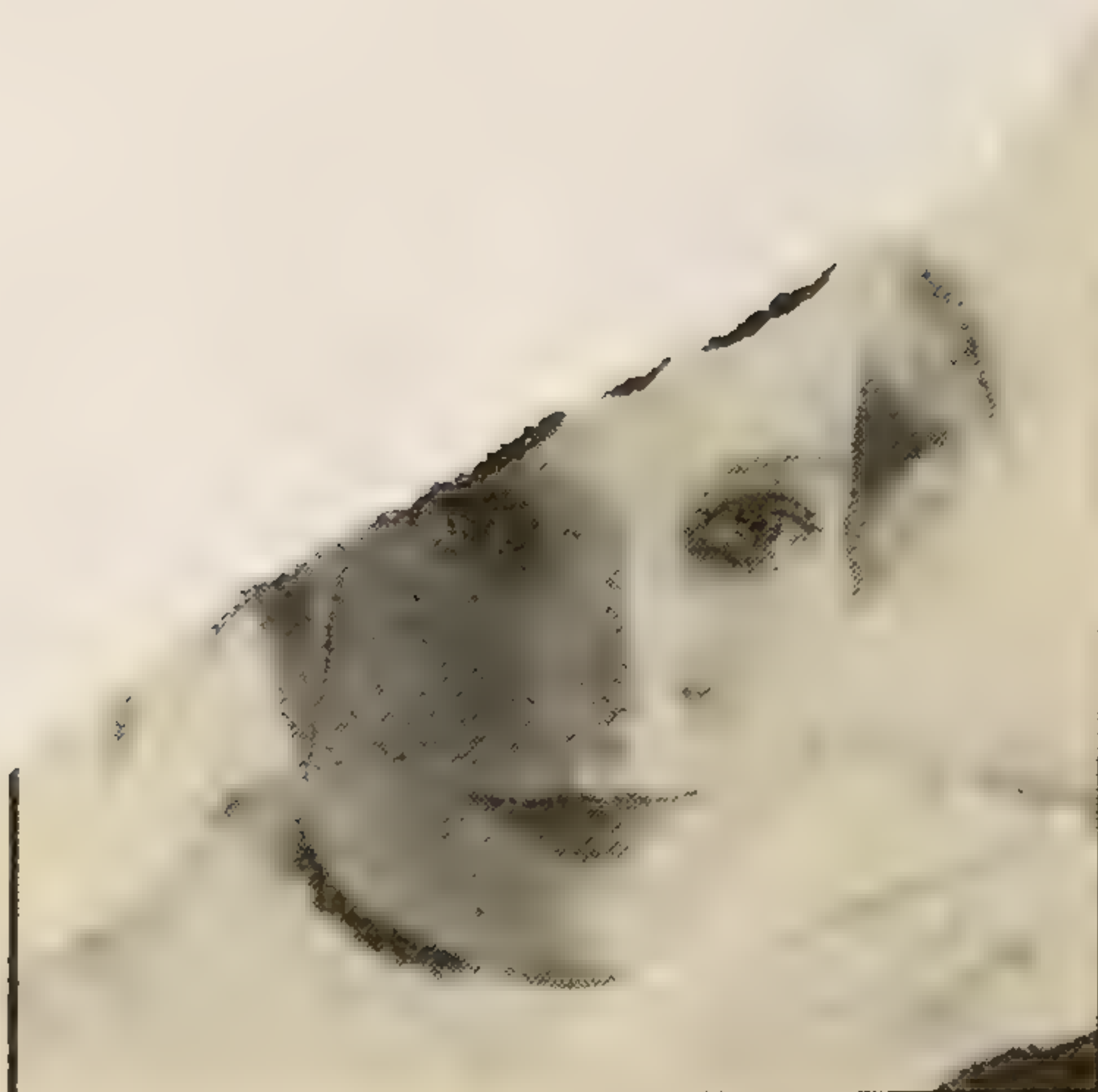
Ralph, in the meantime, wrote his first story. Those jolly silk shirts happened to be in the closet. It was all quiet until Brent gave out to the

Hollywood

ed By Carolyn Van Wyck



DOTY JORDAN approves of two brushes, one for use, one for looks. The wide-backed brush with long, flexible bristles is marvelous for hair health and to preserve the decorative brushes for use on your dressing-table.



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GOOD grooming and beauty are inevitably linked. Verree Teasdale's chic veil adds glamour to eyes.



VERREE also finds this veil, with top and elastic to hold it in place, ideal for evening. Protects her wave.

Beauty Shop

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



THE short sleeve vogue requires smooth, lovely arms. Martha Sleeper finds that oil rubbed nightly into the skin, especially at elbows, keeps her arms beautifully soft and velvety.



"I USE nourishing cream generously and faithfully," advises Mary Duncan. "But I apply it in the morning, after a cream cleansing, let it remain on one hour, then remove."



If you shampoo yourself, try Phyllis Fraser's new stunt of using a brush. Either a hair brush or a special brush will do. It cleanses thoroughly, stimulates the scalp, eliminates tiresome finger work. Very well worth trying.



THE most beautiful back in Hollywood—Claudette Colbert's. Claudette's exercise for a smooth back follows: "Face a wall, arms raised with palms flat against it. Stretch up as far as possible, relax. Practice daily five or six times." Wonderful for developing a straight, unmuscular back.

Two Accommodating Coiffures



ONE FITS
THE NEW
HATS—
ONE IS
CHANGEABLE



HEDDA HOPPER had her hair arranged to show a coiffure that is chic, right for day or evening, good with small hats. The hair is swirled about the head in two rows of curls which partly cover the ears. A becoming style for all types.



MARY'S back is a medley of little waves and curls. Here a rather tumbled effect compromises charmingly with line and order, necessary with hats that expose the back head.



THE back hair curves in a soft, natural line. Whether you choose a shallow sailor, a tiny turban or one of the new straight hats, this hair line will be chic.

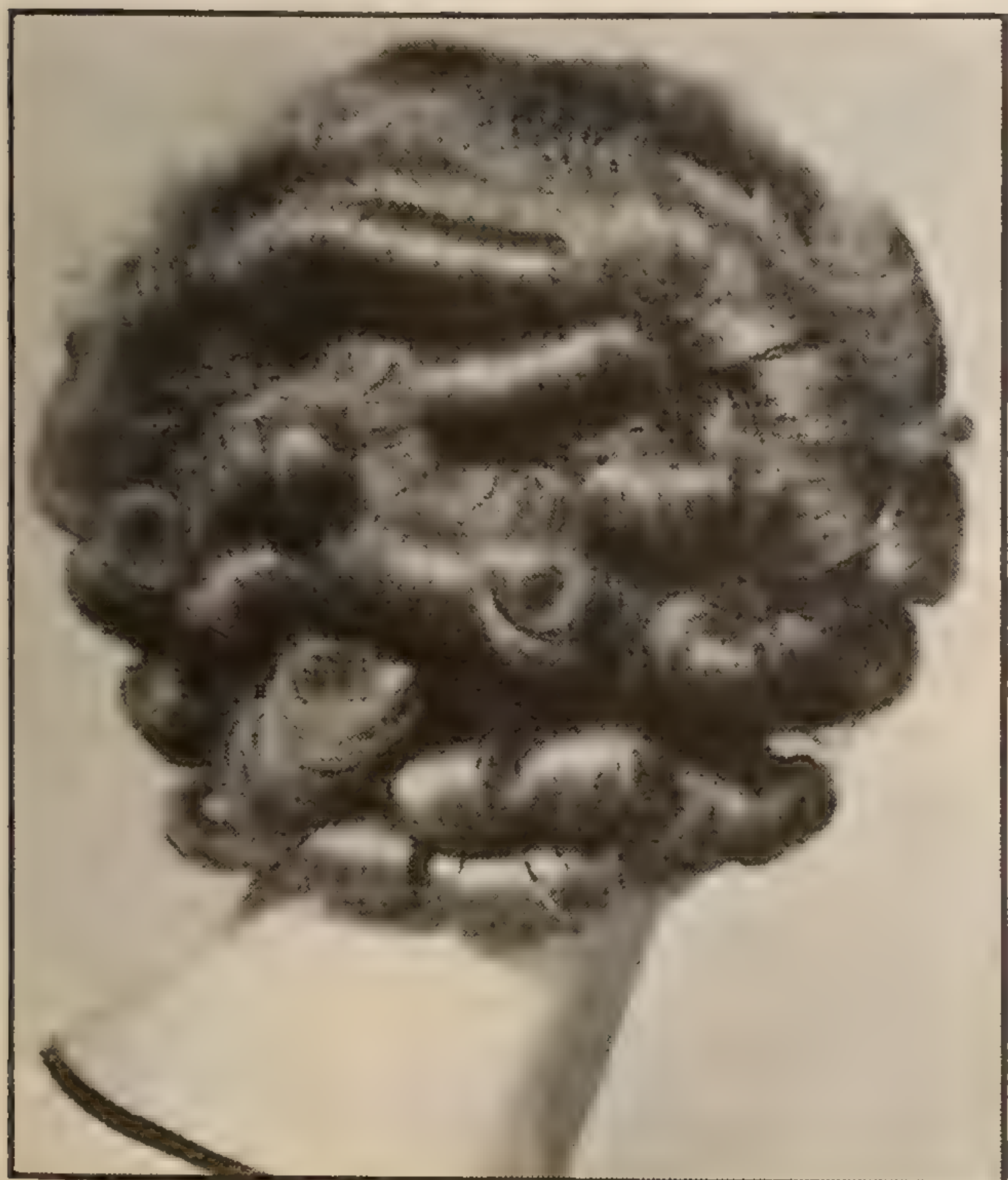
MARY MASON'S coiffure is very obliging, for it may be curled high or low, the forehead dips brought forward or brushed back.

Curls From "Laughter In Hell"

A SPECIAL
COIFFURE
FOR THE
CURLY
HEADS



MERNA KENNEDY is twice blessed so far as her hair is concerned. It is copper colored and naturally curly, so this lovely arrangement takes advantage of both points. Hair is parted slightly at center, drawn back in a cascade of full curls which fall low on her neck.



HAVE you ever seen a nicer back? If you have no curls of your own, a finger wave can contrive them for you, in which case have them smaller and tighter.

A WISP of a bang and side curls distinguish the front. If hair line and features are good, try this arrangement without face curls and drawn closer back.





Tricks That Pay High Dividends In Charm

MARY DUNCAN wears these lovely earrings and necklace for ornamentation and slenderizing purposes. Mary has a perfect figure, but she finds that a square neckline shortens the figure, and that pendant earrings and necklace add length.



SACHET powder dusted on the skin leaves a subtle, lasting fragrance. Martha Sleeper uses it in a scent harmonizing with her perfume.



If you wear your hair nice and straight like Bette Davis with the ends only slightly fluffed, have you ever tried eau de Cologne to make them curl? Bette finds it works beautifully when sprayed on.



HERE'S the trick of the little face curls that Dorothy Jordan likes. Hair is wet, twisted about the finger, held with pin until dry. Simple as that.

Here Is Beauty In Your Own Boudoir



DOESN'T Mary Carlisle look Victorian with her curl papers? First she dampens her hair with oil and water (or try a wave set lotion), rolls her hair in squares of tissue paper, ties the ends close to her head.

NEXT morning Mary's soft, blonde hair is gently curled like this. A baby's hair could be curled this way without harm. There are many lotions which leave your hair soft and lustrous.



TO prevent chapping and roughness, Mary Carlisle rubs oil on her face before retiring and before exposure. In the latter case, oil is wiped off, powder applied. Good for sensitive skin.



HEALTHY and wise is Ruth Selwyn who remembers her morning cocktail of hot water and lemon juice. Fine for clear skin and trim figure.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 88)

By
Mary
Temple



This is the famous scene from "A Bill of Divorcement," in which a member of the Royal Family of Broadway did the incredible — he turned away to give Katharine Hepburn the best shot

She Stole His Best Scenes

"MY lord, girl, turn toward that camera. Let them see you." That's what John Barrymore kept whispering in Katharine Hepburn's ear as they began their scenes in "A Bill of Divorcement."

Sounds funny, doesn't it, coming from a Barrymore? Especially John, that veteran scene-stealer. I wouldn't have believed it, if Katharine Hepburn herself hadn't told me. How, in those parts where he grips her shoulders and begs her to help him "go slow"—scenes that by every right belonged to him—he had deliberately and forcibly turned her towards the camera, so the audience would be conscious of *her*.

That audiences everywhere were acutely conscious of Katharine Hepburn as a dynamic new screen personality is now a matter of motion picture history. Never has PHOTOPLAY received more letters praising a first screen performance.

Katharine is the only one of her family who has had any contact with stage or screen. At eight years she wrote and produced her own version of "Beauty and the Beast," in which she played the *Beast* with more force than *finesse*. She had a puppet theater, too. But no one in the family took these early efforts seriously.

They sat up a little straighter, however, when while hardly more than a school-girl and without "pull," training or experience, she got a two-weeks engagement with a stock company in Baltimore. Then she secured the leading feminine rôle in the play, "The Big Pond." It went to Broadway after the try-out performance, but without Katharine. Perhaps they were afraid to trust a leading part to an unknown actress.

Arthur Hopkins, the producer, saw her in the try-out and offered her a small part in the Broadway production of "These Days." It lasted only seven days. Her next stage venture was in "Holiday," in which she had a small part and understudied Hope Williams in the leading rôle. Miss Williams' vitality never waned, so no golden opportunities for overnight fame came Katharine's way.

During this period she studied dancing with the famous Mordkin and diction and voice culture.

And it was John Barrymore who forced a newcomer to play this trick against himself

After a five-months real holiday in Europe, there was another holiday in her life—"Death Takes a Holiday." She played it out of town four weeks, getting good notices from the critics, but was dropped from the cast when it reached New York. Rose Hobart replaced her and made an instant hit. Maybe Katharine would have done the same. She'll never know.

She next played in a Theater Guild production, followed by "Art and Mrs. Bottle," with Jane Cowl. And then, the highly successful "The Warrior's Husband," starring Katharine Hepburn. After four years of hard work, flops and disappointments, she had "arrived" in the theater.

Radio Pictures signed her for "A Bill of Divorcement" and she embarked on her first trip to Hollywood with well-chosen, correct clothes to stock her closet and the comfortable and casually chosen clothes she enjoys wearing.

"IT'S no wonder the report got around that I have sixteen million dollars," she says. "They thought no new actress would dare go about Hollywood dressed as terribly as I was, without that backing. I like to sit and think what I could do with so much money. It whiled away the long evenings—those evenings when Hollywood left me to my own devices."

That's another funny story she tells on herself. She had decided she didn't want to go to premières or Hollywood parties. She was there to do a job, and she wondered how she could make the necessary social excuses.

The joke was certainly on her. Not one note of regret did she have to ponder over. Not once did her maid have to lie, "I'm sorry, but Miss Hepburn isn't in." She hadn't "arrived" in Hollywood and evidently they weren't expecting she would! She did spend an evening at Pickfair, but that was because the Fairbanks and she have mutual friends who arranged it.

Her funniest experiences happened on the day of her arrival. On the trip from New York a steel splinter became imbedded in her eye. The folks from the studio met her, red-eyed and squinting with discomfort, at the station. They took one look at her long, thick red hair, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Cordelia Biddle *today*...Cordelia Biddle *nine years ago.* Her skin lovely now as then —How does she care for it?



CORDELIA BIDDLE IN 1923, when she was pronounced one of the twelve most beautiful women in America. She cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.



CORDELIA BIDDLE TODAY, lovelier than ever! She says, "Pond's Two Creams completely care for my skin."

Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson,
the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just how she keeps her youthful freshness.

"I HAVE never stopped being interested in doing things! I swim and ride horseback and dash around as much today as when I first came out.

"And I have never lost interest in caring for my skin! I keep it fresh and vital by the same rules I followed years ago."

As she tells you gaily about her way of life—her way of caring for her skin, Cordelia Biddle looks amazingly like the very same lovely young thing who talked about keeping the skin "exquisite" with Pond's just nine years ago.

As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin *clean* . . . And *protecting* it.

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt.

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some *protective*.

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment . . . Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, *cleansing*—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissues; then *stimulating*—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then *protection and finishing*—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.



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Whichever star



—notice her marvelously

SCREEN STARS have such exquisite skin! They know their complexions *must* be lovely if they are to win—and *hold*—hearts by the thousand! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty," they declare. "We use Lux Toilet Soap!"

Whichever star you see tonight, notice how alluring her smooth skin is. Is *your* skin as lovely—as *tempting*? Why don't *you* try Hollywood's favorite beauty care—use the gentle, inexpensive soap that

keeps the stars' priceless complexions always youthful!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

For their convenience all the great film studios have made it their official soap for dressing rooms. Begin today to let this fragrant white soap work wonders for *your* complexion!

LUX Toilet Soap

you see tonight —



Youthful Complexion



Kay Francis, lovely Warner Brothers' star, has a complexion so velvety smooth it actually takes your breath away! "Lovely skin is the most endearing charm a girl can have," she says. "It's a charm she *must* have, if she wants to keep her fresh youthfulness. I'm certainly enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin always soft and smooth."

They Know the Secret of Keeping Youthful Charm



SIDNEY FOX



BETTE DAVIS
Warner Brothers



LORETTA YOUNG
Warner Brothers



ARLINE JUDGE
R. K. O.

Some New Dishes That Cost Next To Nothing

ANYONE can make tasty dishes by using a lot of expensive ingredients, but it takes real ingenuity to concoct something grand out of almost nothing! And better still, to have it cost amazingly little.

Gloria Stuart insists that competitive spirit plunged her into cooking. It seems that Gloria vacationed some time ago in the artists' colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea. She hadn't been there long when she discovered you weren't given much of a hand as a hostess unless you could offer hungry artists unusual dishes for a few paltry cents. The tastier and cheaper a meal was, the bigger success you were. So, not to be daunted, Gloria ceased looking at a stove strangely, and worked hard at the cooking idea—the results were beyond her wildest expectations. She became a cooking sensation.

With praise still ringing in her ears, Gloria returned from her vacation with a firm resolve to conquer Hollywood, gastronomically speaking! It seemed everyone was eager for a little kitchen economy in the movie colony as well as in the artists' colony, so Gloria's recipes have become a household word among the stars.

Try some of Gloria's successful and inexpensive dishes. Then start concocting some of your own from odds and ends or leftovers. It's twice as exciting and even more gratifying than to cook with little regard for the cost.

BEEF SOUP

Did you ever think of using beets for a delicious soup? It's a simple recipe and a good one. Here is how you go about it. Take two pounds of boiling beef and make a very strong stock. Peel five beets while still freshly cooked, put them in with the stock. Cut up one large onion and some parsley, add to the beef stock after the blood is all out of the beets and the soup is a dark red color. Strain, then season after it is strained.

Did you ever hear of using Marigold leaves to flavor your soup? Gloria says it is delicious in her beet soup. Just sprinkle them in the soup and remove just before the soup is ready to serve. Adding finely grated cheese also, adds a certain zest with the leaves.

ROLLED STEAK

Is the meat course your special problem? When you tire of all the regulars, try the famous Stuart *rolled steak*. Take a strip of round steak about six inches wide. Have your butcher



Just try to stump Gloria Stuart by dropping in for supper unexpectedly. She'll dash to the kitchen and concoct one of her economy specials!

pound it for you—then make this dressing: one pound of pork sausage, one cup of raw chopped spinach, one beaten egg, and one-half cup of bread crumbs. If you can't stand spinach, it can be eliminated without spoiling the taste. Mix this dressing together, roll it into the steak and tie it up at both ends and in the center.

Next take a large onion, cut into small pieces and saute with two coarsely grated carrots in a little butter. Then pour into this a small can of tomato sauce—just enough to surround the steak. Place the steak in this mixture and cook slowly for an hour or more. Do not remove until well done.

NOODLE SUPREME

This is Gloria's chafing dish suggestion for after theater or Sunday night supper guests. It's the filling sort of dish that men eat heartily and it has a tempting flavor. Boil noodles in salt water until quite tender. Take one can of tuna fish, one can of pimentos, two hard boiled eggs and one small can of mushrooms. Canned mushrooms are quite inexpensive, so they won't run you over your budget price on this dish! Mix all the ingredients together, after chopping the pimentos and eggs. Add a bit of chopped green pepper and a bit of parsley. Cover all with a smooth white sauce into

which has been stirred a cupful of grated cheese. Cook slowly for fifteen minutes and serve hot. This can be served on toast or in patty shells.

FROLIC

You couldn't possibly guess from the name what this dish is—but it's a dessert! It, like so many of Gloria's pet recipes, was thought up in an emergency. Guests but no dessert—you know the feeling. Well, if you keep a package of dates, a jar of honey and a box of graham crackers on hand, you can always make *Frolic*.

Line the bottom of a baking dish with dates in a layer. Break graham crackers, broken into bits but not crumbled, and sprinkle over the dates. Build a layer of dates, then a layer of crackers until the dish is full. Over this pour honey and bake in a slow oven for a half hour. Remove from the oven and chill. When ready to serve, slice and serve it with a topping of hard sauce or whipped cream. And these four cleverly concocted dishes won for Gloria the gold plated sauce pan of Hollywood!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Now in Smartest Stores: Hollywood Fashions!

READ about them in PHOTOPLAY (Pages 62-67); see them on the screen in motion pictures; then be thrilled by their charm and popular prices in a store that commands confidence—perhaps in your own city! (See Page 119.) If you do not know where to buy "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of smartest styles worn by stars in latest picture plays) write PHOTOPLAY, using the coupon printed for your convenience below.



Only three of the ten charming "Hollywood Fashions" for January, 1933! Smartest of motion picture styles, they were selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY, from costumes worn by featured players in pictures to be exhibited in local theaters during the Holiday season. Many style-right stores now offer true copies of these clever clothes.



Upper Left: You too may wear Myrna Loy's smart frock; see her in RKO's picture, "Animal Kingdom."

Center: For New Year's Eve! Nancy Carroll's lovely gown, as it is worn in Paramount's "Under Cover Man."

Below: What a Christmas gift! Sally Eiler's pajama, worn in the Fox production, "Second Hand Wife."



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Look for the "Hollywood Fashions" label, shown above, in your movie frock!

MR. DALE NORTON, DIRECTOR "HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of the smart frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures), but know of no store in my community where they can be purchased.

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A Few Practical Slants On Beauty

By
Carolyn
Van
Wyck



JUST to be sure the tones match, Fifi Dorsay makes her lipstick serve a double purpose.

IT'S been many a moon since we've seen hair like this. Isn't it gorgeous? But how could we possibly wear our Breton sailor hats? Aline McMahon can boast quality and quantity in this wonderful hair.



FRANCES DEE'S coiffure was inspired by the historical ladies in "The Sign of the Cross."

OFTEN in these columns I have preached the gospel of change. I have told you how the Hollywood stars find new charm, beauty, glamour and even personality through change. Change, that is, of costume, coiffure, make-up and, most important of all, mental attitude.

Karen Morley is a blonde this month, a brunette next, so far as her screen appearance is concerned. The truth is that Karen has fly-away hair, nice as hair goes, but impossible to manage for the camera. So she resorts to wigs and changes her hair more frequently than any other actress. And notice, you never tire of her. You always expect something different of Karen—and get it.

CHANGE is the very essence of life. A right change is the self-start toward all the good things of life. It means we are awake, alive, eager to try.

There is one respect, however, in which I would discourage change. And that is in the matter of your beauty care when you have discovered satisfactory preparations for your skin, hair, nails and so on. After all, we must experiment to find just the cream, the soap, the lotion, that is right for us, because the human body, like our appetites and tastes, differs in the individual.

So when you find a cleansing cream that leaves your skin soft, smooth, clear, adopt it for your very own.

When you have discovered a soap that is right for you, don't forsake it in the hope of finding another more fragrant or of a nicer color. And so on, with your basic preparations.

ALL reputable beauty preparations of to-day are manufactured with a high degree of skill and care. So if you find a cream too heavy, that leaves your face too creamy, don't condemn that cream as being no good. It is probably not right for your skin but ideal for another's. The selection of your basic preparations is largely a matter of personal taste.

Every girl with a fairly normal skin needs a good soap for face and bath, a cleansing cream, a lotion to refresh the skin and remove all cream, a feeding cream to use about the

eyes (even young eyes need this) and those curves about the mouth, and a hand cream or lotion. This is a typical group of basic preparations, the ones we would all do well to stick by when we have found them satisfactory.

Then there are, of course, many aids to good grooming and good looks—an eyelash grower, acne lotion for those occasional spots that will appear on the best of skins, special aids for other skin disorders, an effective deodorant and bath powder.

The matter of make-up, I repeat, is altogether different. Rouge, powder, lipstick, eye make-up constantly change for the better—better tones, better texture, better lasting qualities. By changing your make-up preparations often you will find many pleasant surprises—both in yourself and in them.

MARY DUNCAN tells me there is nothing like witch-hazel for renewing eye brilliance after a fagging day. Take small squares of absorbent cotton, saturate them with witch-hazel, eye tonic, eye lotion or ice water, if nothing else is available, press lightly over the eyes and lie quietly for fifteen minutes.

THE vogue for bright red nail polish grows. It is unusual to meet anyone from Hollywood without it. The "pale hands, pink-tipped" seem mostly in the discard. We have all been trained, I think, to consider our costume in relation to the choice of nail color, but most of us fail to consider the tone of red in relation to our skin. If you are a brunette you will find a warm red tone far more flattering to your hands than a cold tone, and the opposite applies, of course, to fair hands.

WOULD you like a list of preparations suitable for the basic purposes mentioned on this page, worked out in a practical budget form? I have it ready for you if you'll send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. And there are also our reducing booklet and leaflet on skin ailments. Inquiries on skin, hair, make-up and all phases of beauty will be answered personally. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

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"LUXURY APPEAL"



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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

BRUNETTES seemed to have been the preferred subjects of January, 1918. June Elvidge graced the cover and discoursed on clothes. The petite Marguerite Clark had her first screen interview and her picture, "Bab's Burglar," was reviewed. Richard Barthelmess was her new hero and we predicted he was "coming to the front rapidly."

In the gallery were the popular Doris Kenyon and Owen Moore, in company with Blanche Sweet, Mrs. Sidney Drew, Vivian Martin and the now mourned Bobby Harron.

We reviewed "The Woman God Forgot," with Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid; Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" and "Camille" and Billie Burke's "Arms and the Girl" with Thomas Meighan. Billie Burke then was the captivating comedienne, a far cry from her recent screen return as the woe-beset wife in "A Bill of Divorcement."

We said Theda Bara "makes *Camille* the



Marguerite
Clark

brazen hussy," a sharp contrast to Lillian Gish's spirituelle portrayal in the recent Broadway stage revival.

A picture page showed D. W. Griffith hobnobbing with English noble beauties and Premier David Lloyd George, on his journey abroad to get authentic war scenes and the sociological effect on Britons of the world holocaust for "Hearts of the World."

Bathing beauties of the day warmed this winter number.

Marie Prevost, Betty Compson and Ann Pennington were displayed in the then "daring and shocking" bathing attire. The merry Marie and the blonde Betty had not yet been elevated to feature rôles demanding more in modish apparel.

Mothers with famous film children were pictured, among them Alice Joyce and Norma Talmadge with their fond mamas.

Cal York item: Theodore Roberts married Florence Smythe, a DeMille actress.

10 Years Ago

RUDOLPH VALENTINO struck! In his signed defense the romantic Italian's expressed motives were quite different from the red-headed Jimmy Cagney's. Rudy wanted more money, too, but principally worth while stories. Offered \$7,000 a week (his salary had been \$1,250) Valentino was even willing to take the old figure if his demands were met.

In reviewing his last picture before his strike, "The Young Rajah," we called it his worst. Charles de Roche was imported to replace him.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks each scored with outstanding pictures, Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" and friend husband with "Robin Hood."

The other photoplays cited for distinction were "To Have and To Hold," with Betty Compson highly praised, "Oliver Twist" featuring Jackie Coogan, Wallace Reid's "Clarence" and "Enter Madame" starring Clara Kimball Young.



Clara Kimball
Young

The foreign invasion was on Pola Negri was pictured domestically ensconced in Hollywood. And there's a story on Emil Jannings "An American who can't speak English," as he was born in Brooklyn but taken to Germany while a child.

Alice Brady played mannequin for the latest styles. Lila Lee was an early reducing devotee, the camera showing her before and after.

Douglas Fairbanks smiled as *Robin Hood* from the cover. The

gallery embraced Marie Prevost, Mabel Normand, Agnes Ayres, Pauline Starke, Richard Barthelmess and James Kirkwood.

Pauline Garon became DeMille's first blonde heroine, tripping in the dainty footsteps of those beauteous brunettes, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Leatrice Joy.

Cal York items: The rumor-relayers predicted wedding bells for Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri, Constance Talmadge and Irving Berlin and Rod LaRocque and Mae Busch.

5 Years Ago

IN "What They Want Ten Years from Now" several stars wove their dreams. Norma Talmadge yearned for a Riviera villa, children and the stage. Adolphe Menjou dreamed of being a French country gentleman. Colleen Moore wanted two children, a sailing yacht and no extra pounds. Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert and Richard Dix would stay in pictures, but in the rôles of producers. Gloria Swanson had stage leanings. Douglas Fairbanks hankered for travel in the Orient. Ronald Colman hoped for a yacht, first editions and leisurely stage work. Mae Murray, then returning to the stage, wished for a new screen career in her own productions. Let's see if 1938 is Santa Claus to those still awaiting realization of their dreams.

The cover is enhanced by Eleanor Boardman and the gallery brightened by Greta Garbo, Kathryn Carver, then Adolphe Menjou's fiancée, now his ex-wife; Dorothy Mackaill, Myrna



Jeanne
Eagels

Loy, Maria Corda, Mary Nolan and Thelma Todd.

Pictures winning review laurels were Charlie Chaplin's "The Circus," "Sorrel and Son," with H. B. Warner and Anna Q. Nilsson; "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," presenting the foreign Maria Corda; Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho" with Lupe Velez as his new leading woman, and "Man, Woman and Sin," starring John Gilbert and bringing the famous Jeanne Eagels back to the screen.

The present dramatic—yea, tragic!—Joan Crawford lent the New Year's note, so flapperish under the mistletoe in a photograph. Quite a different girl, that Joan, from today's *Sadie Thompson* and *Letty Lynton*.

Cal York items: Leila Hyams married Phil Berg, casting agent; Elsie Janis deserts the stage to become a scenarist, and Nils Asther buys such a huge, made-to-order car he has to have a new garage built.

The Third Girl

AMID the gayety of preparations for the Christmas season won't you pause a moment to pity the "third girl"? Among all young women who die between the ages of 15 and 30 one out of three dies of tuberculosis—a human sacrifice to ignorance and indifference. Tuberculosis is preventable and curable. Turn your pity into action and buy Christmas Seals. Your pennies help spread the knowledge that will save lives.

THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE UNITED STATES



BUY
CHRISTMAS SEALS

Beauty Is Made Not Born

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

And here's a tip for your complexion. Don't ever dab on more powder and rouge with a dirty puff over your dirty face. Keep something in your desk to cleanse your skin before you put on extra powder and rouge. And if you can't find time to clean your face before powdering, then don't powder. It's better to go around with a shiny nose than to give yourself blackheads and whiteheads by powdering over a dirty face.

In short, girls, what I'm trying to tell you all is to lead normal, healthy, happy lives. Health and happiness reflect themselves upon your face. So think about your Aunt Sylvia and do what she tells you to do. And remember her list of "don't's."

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mold the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

AUGUST—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

SEPTEMBER—How to keep a good figure if you have one. How to take off the lump of fat from the back of the neck and how to get a firm chin. Also a grand exercise for reducing the stomach. How to tell when your figure needs toning up, and a figure-preserving diet.

OCTOBER—How to keep your hands young and beautiful. Care of the feet and special exercises for girls who stand all day. How to make the hands thin and the fingers tapering.

NOVEMBER—How to reduce the hips, bust, stomach, legs and arms by diet, exercise and massage. Especially helpful and simple instructions for massage. One of the most helpful and inclusive articles in this series, with particular attention to those difficult parts, bust and calf of leg.

DECEMBER—A straight-from-the-shoulder talk to thin girls, telling how sleep, food and exercise can give them lovely, symmetrical figures, renew their pep and energy, strengthen their nerves. Gives a breathing exercise that will enlarge the chest from two to four inches. Here is a complete, helpful article for every underweight girl.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.

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Ask The Answer Man

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Here is Constance Cummings, the girl they are all asking about. Her grand work has won her a host of followers



Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

And this is George Raft who is looking so intently at Connie. They appear together in Paramount's "Night After Night"

ANSWER MAN, you have been holding out on us," many little girls and boys have said in their letters this month. "Why haven't we been told about that cute little Constance Cummings who played in "Movie Crazy" and "Washington Merry-Go-Round"? Well, if you youngsters promise to sit tight and listen, I'll give you the low-down on Connie.

Her first baby cry was heard in the merry month of May, 1910, the 15th to be exact. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 117 pounds and has titian hair and blue eyes.

Although Seattle, Wash., her birthplace, is separated from California by only one state (do I know my geography?) Connie had to get into the movie colony via the New York stage. Samuel Goldwyn saw her on the stage and acclaimed her "a find," but Constance landed in Hollywood to find herself without a job. The part she was to have had in a Ronnie Colman picture had been rewritten and she didn't suit the new script. It called for a blonde and Connie wouldn't bleach her hair. Other studios took it for granted that she lost out because she didn't screen well, and they didn't call her for work. She was just about ready to return to New York when Columbia offered her the lead in "The Criminal Code," with Walter Huston. Connie proved her ability as an actress and won a five year contract.

Her real name is Constance Halverstadt, but she took Cummings, her mother's maiden name, for screen purposes. She has a little pup she calls "Snoopy," and I wouldn't mind following him around, that is, if he lives up to his name.

MAE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Jimmy Cagney is back before the Kliegs again, after playing hookey for awhile. He is making "Hard To Handle" a story about press-agents. Mary Brian is his leading lady and will probably be in line for a pair of good old Cagney socks. Bet he doesn't get away with that at home.

HARRIET MOORE, JAMAICA, L. I.—Sure, I'll give you a short biography on Herbert Mar-

shall. Herbert was born in London, England, on May 23, 1890. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He attended Harlow College in Essex, England. Was on the New York and London stages prior to entering pictures in 1928. His first picture was "The Letter" with the late Jeanne Eagels. After that he returned to the stage, but came back to pictures again in 1931 in "Secrets of a Secretary" with Claudette Colbert. He was married to Edna Best on November 26, 1928. She has appeared with him in several of his stage successes and also in two pictures that were made in England, namely "Michael and Mary" and "Bachelor's Folly." Herbert's latest picture is "Trouble in Paradise." Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins appear in it, too. You'll get a big kick out of this picture.

TOOTSIE, MIAMI, FLA.—That mop of fuzz that sits atop Harpo Marx's head is just a wig. And a red one at that. Did you know that Harpo was the first man to go aloft in an airplane to play a harp? Just getting a little practice for the hereafter. Can you imagine that lad with wings?

JOE FURNESS, WALLA WALLA, WASH.—Sure, Joe, I can give you the names of a few short subjects. Marion Byron and Barbara Kent, just 4 feet, 11 inches; Janet Gaynor, Sidney Fox and Helen Foster just reaching the five foot mark. Who said that shrimps are only in salad?

A. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Oh, yes, Fifi Dorsay has gone back into pictures after a successful vaudeville tour. Her latest picture is "The Girl from Calgary." It's the story of a girl from the wide open spaces, who, with the aid of a good press-agent, lands on the Great White Way. I won't tell you any more. See it for yourself. And does Fifi sing in it? Oo-la-la! How she puts over those tunes, "Misbehaving Feet," "Comme ca va" and "Maybe, Perhaps."

MONA, WASHINGTON, D. C.—"What ever happened to that little freckle faced boy Wesley Barry?" you ask. Well, believe it or not, he's waving a baton (leading an orchestra, in case you don't get me) in the New Kenmore Hotel in Albany. But don't forget, Wes isn't little any more. He's twenty-five years old now.

AL SHAPRE, ST. PAUL, MINN.—In the silent version of "Smilin' Through," Wyndham Standing played the part of *John Carteret*, which was played by Leslie Howard in the talkie version. *Kenneth Wayne* was played by Harrison Ford in silents and by Fredric March in talkies.

M. J., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Glad you wrote and told me you liked my page. Ah me! It makes a fellow feel like working harder. (But not too hard.) Myrna Loy is 27 years old. John Barrymore is 50 years old and Jimmy Durante was 39 at his last birthday party. And here are three little ladies who are just the height you mentioned. Anita Page, Sally Eilers and Frances Dee. They are each 5 feet, 3 inches tall. Anita tips the beam at 118, Sally Eilers at 110 and Frances stops short at 108.

MASUJI SAKAI, JAPAN.—If you will look elsewhere in this issue you will find the addresses of the stars you inquired about. Write me if you want any biographical information about your favorite stars.

HARRY CARTER, BALTIMORE, MD.—Billie Dove hasn't done anything in pictures since she finished "Blondie of the Follies" with Marion Davies.

M. E. R., ATLANTA, GA.—I'm warning you that you had better not let Jimmy Durante hear you say you don't believe his schnozzle is all his very own. He takes great pride in that nose of his and has followed it through many successful years of theatrical work. It is all his and there is no fake make-up about it.

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AN EASY WAY TO
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were Crosby, Kenker and Barris. Yes, our own Bing Crosby made his singing debut in that picture. What a long way he has come since then. Joan Crawford, James Murray, House Peters and Creighton Hale had the main leads in "Rose Marie."

JANE NELSON, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — Well, Jane, how did you like the story we had on your friend Bing Crosby last month? As long as you are so interested in him, here are his measurements. Weighs 165 pounds, is 5 feet, 9 inches tall and has light brown hair and pastel blue eyes. Studied law before he joined Paul Whiteman's outfit. His real name is Harry L. Crosby and he is married to Dixie Lee, blonde movie actress who has deserted the screen.

George Brent is a native of Dublin, Ireland. He was born there on March 15, 1905. Is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 165 and has black hair and hazel eyes. You guessed right about the eyes, Jane. He appeared on the stage for eight years prior to entering pictures in 1930. Was married to Ruth Chatterton on August 13, 1932. His first wife was Helen Campbell.

ALBERT WIGG, NEW YORK CITY.—You were a little twisted on the title, Al. The picture was called "Whirlwind of Youth." Lois Moran was the leading lady and the boys who supported her were Donald Keith, Larry Kent and Gareth Hughes. I am sure Barry Norton would be pleased to know the numbers of loyal followers who want to see him on the screen again.

BEULAH BOTHE, SAN ANTONIO, TEX. — Thelma Todd just used the name of Alison Lloyd in one picture. That was "Corsair," made in 1931. The Todd name was so well known to movie-goers that Thelma decided to stick to it. In private life, you know, she is Mrs. Pasquale de Cicco. She was married last July. Her latest picture is "Call Her Savage."

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After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

DID you know that Adolphe Menjou was once understudy and "stand-in" for John Barrymore, yeahs and yeahs ago? And Jobyna Ralston understudied the Fairbanks Twins, both of 'em, in "Two Little Girls in Blue" on Broadway around 1920?

WELL, well, well—we've heard a lot about Johnny Weissmuller's heart flutters. But this is the first time Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller (Bobbe Arnst) has started the gossip-tongues wagging.

He's Wally Reid's son. Fourteen years old, you know. He took Bobbe to the opening of his mother's play in his famous Ford, titled "Frozen Assets" and treated her to an ice-cream soda afterwards. And when Bobbe went to San Francisco on vaudeville, he telephoned her twice. What that cost his school-boy allowance! Incidentally, he says, "She ain't so much older and I'm a whole lot taller!"

DICK ARLEN is rebuilding his house at Toluca Lake by his own labor. He's the mayor, you know, and that makes his home the city hall or something—but maybe taxes aren't coming in as they should.

MRS. BOB MONTGOMERY recently deliberately turned down a trip to Honolulu with her famous husband to visit her sister in New York. She told Bob, who went over there with the "Pig Boats" company, that he would be working all day and she would be lonesome, so she picked shows and clothes instead of ukuleles and grass skirts.

NORMA SHEARER and Irving Thalberg have made it unanimous now.

Norma has always been an expert swimmer and diver, and the swimming pool at her home is both large and deep. So big and so deep that the little Thalberg baby couldn't even play in the shallow end of it. Now, beside the big pool, there is a little pool which was built especially for the baby, while the big one has been screened off with netting so that there can't be any mistake about which is which.

Some of the guests might make a mistake.

WHEN Joan Crawford wanted to give a party recently and desired a room redecorated in a theme to match, she naturally thought of Bill Haines, who has become Hollywood's most famous interior arranger. But Bill was over at Catalina Island, on location for "Fast Life." Did that stop him? It did not. He did the whole job by telephone, calling up the shops he used and specifying every detail so exactly that the result was just as perfect as though he'd been there himself.

JOAN BENNETT and baby Adrienne went to New York to join the gathering of the clan. Sister Barbara—Mrs. Morton Downey—is expecting a blessed event. So all the Bennetts had to be there to give their blessing. Joan returned to Hollywood and husband Gene Markey in time for a family turkey.

BEBE DANIELS wants to return to the good old antics of her Harold Lloyd days, and the sort of parts she did so well later at Paramount. Perhaps having a baby revives sense of humor.

BRAMWELL FLETCHER seems to be the only one taking Ann Harding places.

MERVYN LEROY to elderly woman: "What is your name?"
Elderly woman: "Anna Cohen—but I use Sarah Simpson as a stage name."

LeRoy: "What have you done on the stage?"

Elderly woman: "Oh, I've never been on the stage."

KAY FRANCIS wants to go blonde, of all things. Honestly, some girls are never satisfied.

The most luscious head of raven locks in all pictures, and she wants to dabble in peroxide.

It will have to be a suppressed desire, because First National says no, no, and finally no.

Seems they're almost fresh out of brunettes over there—down to their last three—and hanging on to those for dear life.

IN looking over a notebook, of less than a year ago, a reporter found this quotation she had jotted down from Jean Harlow: "I am too busy to think of getting married."

This was during the making of "Red-Headed Woman."

And by the time the small notebook was filled—Jean Harlow was a widow. How little—how very little—we can tell of the future.

SOME stills of "Night After Night" were mailed from the Paramount studios in Hollywood to their New York office and not knowing the name of a little girl in the background of one of the stills, they simply marked her Miss X. The stills were returned from New York with a note saying, "Who's this girl, Miss X? Everyone is interested in our new mysterious find."

So they began hunting around and discovered she was an extra who had been in Hollywood but a few months.

And Patricia Farley was handed a nice contract. So you see upon what trifles some screen careers hang.



The Follies alumnae grow and grow in Hollywood and one of the newest members is Susan Fleming. Look out, Marlene Dietrich—this girl looks like a real rival! Her latest picture is "He Learned About Women"

CLARK GABLE is one of Hollywood's prize pipe smokers but Clark won't have one about him that smells as pipes usually do smell. He never smokes the same pipe twice in succession and never smokes any pipe without cleaning it first. That's how fussy Clark is about his pipes, in case your pipe smoking boy friend is interested.

SWEDISH admirers of Greta Garbo urge that the actress be decorated with a medal as one of Sweden's foremost ambassadors.

Okay, Sweden, but who's going to get near Ambassador Garbo to pin it on?

That's what America wants to know.

ROMANCES bloom and fade in jolly old Hollywood but the romance of Lila Lee and George Hill, director, keeps right on blooming.

Matty Kemp and Shirley Grey also look as though they meant it.

Likewise Gavin Gordon and Janet MacLeod.

While that handsome Virginian, Randy Scott, and Vivian Gaye, lovely English secretary to Sari Maritza, are simply boiling over.

LIONEL BARRYMORE sneaked into a little theater in Beverly Hills to see a picture. He'd no more than gotten seated when he heard two women, sitting before him, gossiping about himself. He waited a moment, then leaned over and said, "Okay for sound"—and walked out.

SPEAKING of little Dorothy Wilson—we understand there are to be no more pretty secretaries hired on the Radio lot. After Dorothy's success every girl with one point of beauty wanted to turn from typing to acting.

YES, Frances Dee is still in love with Charles Boyer. There are long cables and letters and even transatlantic telephone calls, we understand.

Frank Perry, the champion tennis player, who was seen beaming Frances everywhere recently, was just a pal and escort. Took Frances' mind from the number of miles between Hollywood and Paris.

WELL sir, the Marx Brothers, every last four of them, have taken themselves a joint office on the Paramount lot and you never saw anyone as pleased as they are about this office. No one but Groucho is allowed to sit behind the desk. So Groucho sits majestically with no business at hand, while the rest lie about the floor on pillows.

IT was some months ago but is so typical of Hollywood, we tell it now.

Writer Bill Councilman had finished his scenario and took it to his supervisor. The supervisor went into rhapsodies. "This is great; it is colossal—" and all the other Hollywood adjectives. Together, they took it to the producer. The producer scanned through it, looked up.

"I think it's very bad," he announced.

"That's exactly how I felt about it," the supervisor said hurriedly. Bill swallowed.

NANCY CARROLL was spotted the other day wearing a blonde wig. A friend asked the reason Nancy's own lovely red hair was covered. "Well," said Nancy, "I went to a beauty parlor for a permanent wave and the operator scorched my hair badly.

"You see, it's just a small shop and the girls are trying hard to make good. It would hurt their business if I complained."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



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Muddy Complexion?
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Yeast Foam Tablets contain no drugs. They are pure, *pasteurized* yeast put into handy, easy-to-take form. Pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements that tone up the entire digestive and intestinal system, that nourish weakened, underfed nerves. Few people get enough of these vital elements for maximum health. Examination by a medical authority of the dietary histories of over 500 persons under his care revealed a remarkable

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]



Just a couple of girls, trying to get ahead. Mary Boland, who yearned to play *Juliet*, excelled in *Mrs. Malaprop* rôles on the stage and is now a first-class movie comedienne. After thirty years of stage trouping, Alison Skipworth brings her sly wink and rich comedy sense to motion pictures, to give us such grand characterizations as "Madame Racketeer"

BARBARA STANWYCK had to spend many extra hours learning her part for "Ladies They Talk About." Not because her memory had gone back on her, but because she had to learn to roll her own cigarettes.

And if you don't think that takes hours—just ask Barbara.

WARREN WILLIAM has bought himself an automatic fencer. And it's all due to Bebe Daniels. When he played with Bebe—or perhaps we should say when Bebe played with him since he is now a *star*—in "Honor of the Family," she taught Warren fencing in which she is an expert. Warren liked the game but it was difficult to find someone to play with him. So he got an iron man, one who strikes back and everything. Warren always wins, of course. Which makes this arrangement an *advantage*.

AND now they've got a Joe E. Brown *mug* out. No, not commercial. Just a gag in Joe's honor. And was he pleased! He didn't care that an entire mug was formed in imitation of his yawning mouth. And he insists upon drinking from the one sent to him. You see, his mouth and the mug just fit.

NOW that she has returned to Broadway and the stage, we can break down and tell. Those shouts of mirth emanating from Ethel Barrymore's dressing-room at M-G-M were from the select and exclusive audience, comprised mostly of John and Lionel, who were privileged to witness Ethel's imitations of Hollywood celebrities. The best one, so we have heard, was her Joan Crawford, who was right next door in the adjoining dressing-room.

THE day mama June Collyer and son were to leave the hospital, June did want daddy Stu Erwin on hand to carry their new son

across the threshold of their new home. But daddy was away making movies. And when they got home, Stuart was busy making "He Learned About Women," and left before the

baby was up, arriving home after it was asleep. And that's the life of a movie star-daddy.

JANET GAYNOR has been down at Palm Springs nursing that crop of bumps and bruises she got while making "Tess." Janet didn't use a double for those cliff scenes, and what they did to her while she climbed up 'em and down 'em was plenty.

IS Clarence Brown really going to marry at last? Our "most engaged" director (Dorothy Sebastian, Mona Maris, etc.) seems very serious about Alice Joyce, and friends tell us he is impatient that Alice's divorce from Mr. Regan become final.

WILL ROGERS blames it all on the flip of a coin.

His recent trip to South America brought out the story.

Once, years ago, he was in the Argentine, broke.

He debated whether he should go to Africa on a mule boat or try to work his way back home to Oklahoma.

He flipped a coin and the coin said "Africa."

Once there, he joined a traveling circus and so entered the show business.

WHILE he is trying to make up his mind whether to make a talking picture, in which he will play the part of *Napoleon*, or merely another picture similar to "City Lights," in which he will have sound but no



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Helen Hayes and husband Charlie MacArthur are ardent amateur photographers. In fact, Charlie took that natural, unposed picture of little Mary MacArthur on another page of this issue. Here Helen is at work in their laboratory, the cares of an important picture career entirely forgotten

dialogue, Charlie Chaplin may re-issue "Gold Rush."

That one, he says, is the most popular of all his silent pictures. Rejuvenated, it would have sound and musical score, but no dialogue.

THE two broken ribs Tom Mix suffered when Tony rolled on him at Lone Pine bring his total number of fractures to forty-five. Incidentally, the most enduring Western hero of them all has been shot twelve times.

THE director wanted Rita LaRoy to tear off her shirtwaist in Clara Bow's picture.

Rita would not, so out of the picture she went.

But Margaret Livingston snapped the part right up.

To a girl who tore one hundred pounds off Paul Whiteman taking off a mere shirtwaist is practically nothing at all.

MARIE PREVOST and Louise Fazenda, those two graduates of the Mack Sennett seminary, just go around trading places with each other.

Marie was in the hospital.

Louise was in a picture.

Marie left the hospital.

Louise went to the hospital.

Marie took Louise's place in the picture.

ONE thing you never knew till now:

Joel McCrea lives at home with his folks and pays so much a week "board and room."

MOLLY O'DAY has changed her name to Suzanne, which is what it was before she ever thought of motion pictures.

JACKIE COOGAN, now seventeen and a freshman at Santa Clara, is reported dancing with a blonde at the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco.

AMO INGRAM showed up at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, wearing upon the third finger of her left hand a ring made up of four huge diamonds.

"An engagement ring," she explained to Stanley Rauh.

"That's poor taste," remonstrated Rauh, "wearing a dinner ring as an engagement ring."

"But it's a dinner engagement," explained Amo, sweetly.

THAT Frank Ross, New York realtor to whom Jean Arthur is reported engaged (and maybe married by this time) is the same Frank Ross who was under contract to Paramount a few years ago.

Questing for young leading men, Jesse L. Lasky discovered Ross in New York, gave him a contract and shipped him to Hollywood.

FREDRIC MARCH and his wife, Florence Eldridge, say they are not going to have their newly adopted daughter photographed for a long time.

They don't want the baby's real parents to appear at some time or other, maybe years from now, to claim her.

Penelope, as the Marches call her, was taken from a foundling home, presumably near Chicago.

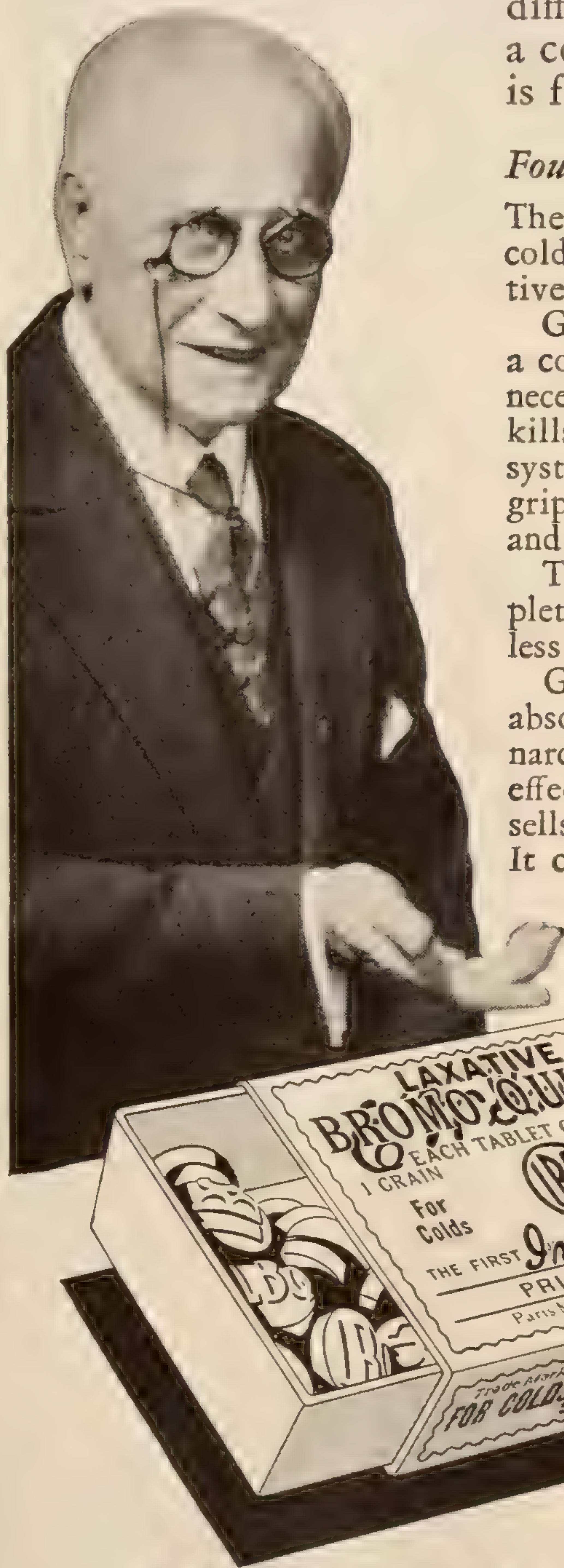
AMONG the things I never knew 'til Gwili Andre told me is that brown evening gloves are to be quite the thing this season.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

A COLD Passes Thru 3 Stages

*And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First
than in the Second or Third Stages!*

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.



Fourfold Effect for Immediate Relief

The wise thing to do when you feel a cold coming on is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine stops a cold quickly because it does the four necessary things. It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That is the treatment you want—complete, thorough and effective. Anything less is toying with a cold.

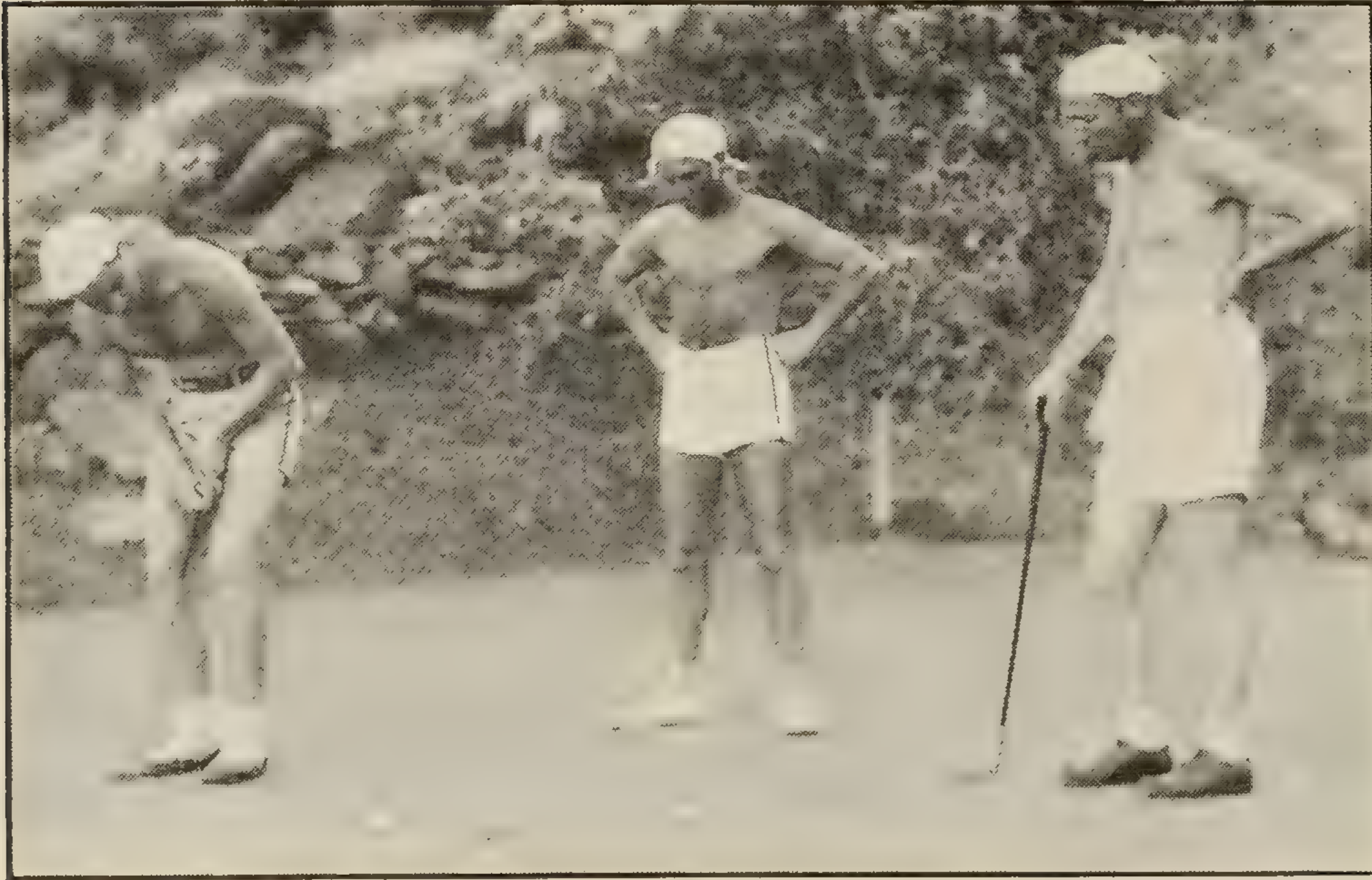
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is absolutely safe to take. It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It comes in a handy, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get a box today and keep it handy as the "stitch in time."

*"I Couldn't
Write a Better
Prescription
Myself!"*

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]



William Phillips

Now look what you started with your *Tarzan* costume, Johnny Weissmuller! Two of these manly forms belong to Zeppo and Harpo Marx, and that Adonis on the right is Bert Kalmar, the well-known song-writer

WHAT to do! What to do! The sound mixers at Universal studios are all a-dither about what to do with Andy Devine's voice. That two-toned voice of Andy's sounds like a wagon wheel badly in need of grease, the sound engineers say, or like a marble rolled over a washboard.

And, no matter how alert or nimble the "sound mixer" may be, he cannot keep up with the fluctuations in Andy's tone.

So they just let it go and hope the audience will understand.

AL JOLSON says Eddie Small, motion picture producer, was very much annoyed by a caddy at a local golf course who persisted in calling him "Shorty." Fearing it was a gag of some sort, Small endured the caddy's insolence for a while, but finally snapped:

"Listen here, young man, stop calling me 'Shorty.' To you, I'm Mr. Small."

And the caddy, who did not know Eddie's name, is now the one who is trying to figure it all out.

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE, who was Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady years ago, is trying a comeback by way of the stage.

Ethel Clayton is working in the same show, and another who is enjoying renewed success is Mae Busch.

RALPH and Frank Morgan, brothers, are so frequently confused by the public that they go about, half apologetically, saying:

"I'm Frank, the taller one, you know," or "I'm Ralph, the smaller one, you know."

A FRIEND telephoned Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay and told them of a beautiful baby whose mother could no longer support him. Depression. "Take the child," the friend pleaded.

Barbara and Frank went to see the mother, fell in love with the child. They are going to adopt more than one baby.

"Of course," the mother said, "when times get better we'll want him back. If you can just keep him—" What, take a child into their home and learn to love him as they have learned to love their first-adopted one and then lose him?

So Barbara and Frank gave the mother the money she needed instead.

DID you know that Myrna Loy and Ann Harding are practically of a height and width? They are so nearly alike in size that they share the services of the same stand-in (a stand-in being a young woman who proxies

for the actress while lights and cameras are adjusted). The girl just dons a blonde wig to take Ann's place and quickly removes it to rush into Myrna's footprints on the "Animal Kingdom" set.

JACKIE COOPER'S fondest dream has come true. In his new house he has a swimming-pool, a thing that he has always wanted and never had before. Now the only difficulty is getting him out of it to eat his meals.

Recently, too, Jackie spent a week-end at the Tom Mix ranch, where Will Rogers was also a guest. Jackie, who has a cowboy suit, took it along. "If I can't learn to be a cow-puncher from those two guys," he said, "I guess I'll have to turn gigolo."

MARIE DRESSLER has chosen the world's most hectic scene in which to rest—New York City. She is occupying a suite in a hotel and says that she actually is getting a good rest, because the atmosphere is so different from Hollywood.

THERE was a double-header party on the "Son Daughter" set the other day—Ramon Novarro celebrated his eleventh anniversary with M-G-M and Louise Closser Hale her sixtieth birthday. Big-hearted Director Clarence Brown gave retakes for favors.

UP in Alaska the thermometer registers 60 below and Director Van Dyck and his "Eskimo" company are frozen in solid among the ice-floes. In a radiogram to the studio, Van Dyke says that he intends to drift aboard the picture-ship all winter, photographing the Aurora Borealis and whatever comes along. Meanwhile, about the company's only amusement will be telling bed-time stories to the polar bears.



He doesn't know he's being immortalized, but this wild stallion gives his best for some special scenes in "Wild Horse Mesa." Blankets are spread over the rocks below, to protect him from injury in case he should slip

GEORGE ARLISS is the only actor in pictures who insists upon a full rehearsal before each of his productions. For ten days before a single scene is shot, the company assembles each morning and rehearses through the entire day—and nothing interferes. Mr. Arliss is fundamentally a stage actor, who brings the best traditions of the stage to the screen. And you may have noticed that the Arliss pictures give evidence of this careful preparation.

JOE E. BROWN and the missus anticipate another blessed event soon. So Joe wanted to bring home something different in the way of presents from his recent trip to New York.

He got off the train lugging a huge turtle named Elmer the Great, which Joe says is a highly intelligent turtle and will be doing tricks in no time, once he puts his mind to it.

He has encountered a little difficulty in the fact that every time he begins a lesson, Elmer pulls his head in and closes up shop. Now Joe wants to know how you can tell when a turtle is paying attention.

HA! Thought there was a catch in it when Bill Wellman started directing Ruth Chatterton with his hair combed.

Bill has been sailing around for years with a coiffure that looked as if it had been arranged with an egg-beater. If he owned a hat he kept it a dark secret, and his shirts apparently were made with no top button.

Then he went to work on the Chatterton epic, and la Chatterton influence extended to Wellman's hair—and his top button. He proved that he had a necktie and a comb . . . for the first week. It took just that long for Mr. Wellman and Miss Chatterton to become buddies, and the Wellman pompadour to return to its own. His neck is out in the air again. . . . But it took a Chatterton to get it buttoned up, even for a week.

FOR the first time in the history of the movies, stunt men are going to be given screen credit in "Heroes for Hire," which is as it should be.

About the only time the name of a stunt man gets into print is when his obituary is read in the papers.

But now, all that's to be changed. And the boys with the iron nerves and do-or-die spirits, are going to get their names right along with the stars.

SOMEONE asked Nils Asther if he played golf.

"Well, it is practically the same thing. Only I play it on a horse," Nils answered with all seriousness.

GIRLS, I believe it's a grand scheme, this one of Gwili Andre's. You see, Gwili's life is a busy one and she really hasn't the time to spend in a gymnasium that she should to keep that figure, so what do you think the luscious Gwili does? Once a month she gets a phonograph record from her physical instructor with all her exercises on it. Each morning, for fifteen minutes, she follows instructions on the record and at the end of the month, has a new one made, with new exercises. Not bad, eh?

JACKIE COOPER came into a M-G-M publicity office the other day, where several writers were gathered and Jackie was inclined to be just a bit show-offy and unnatural. After saying goodbye, he came tearing back into the office, asked to be excused while he whispered something into the publicity woman's ear.

After he'd left again, the publicity woman explained that Jackie whispered he realized he'd been a bit smart and he was very sorry and to please explain how badly he felt. So you see, there's not much danger of Master Cooper going haywire for many a day.

WAS Director Leo McCarey embarrassed? It seems he was giving instructions to a large group of extras on "The Kid From Spain" set.

"Now don't clap as the bull comes in—" he began.

"Mr. McCarey," an extra shouted from the back row.

"Keep quiet until I'm through," the director said and went on with elaborate instructions.

"Mr. McCarey," the extra called again.

"Listen," the director said. "Will you keep quiet until I'm through?"

And for ten minutes more he explained what he wanted in the scene.

Then turning to the extra in the back row, called:

"Now, what was so important that you had to keep interrupting me?"

"Oh, nothing much," the extra called back. "I just wanted to tell you we couldn't hear a word you said, back here."

A CERTAIN actress had gone to New York for a visit and left her attractive husband behind. Becoming a bit uneasy, she phoned the butler (the one she had hired) and asked casually, "How's everything, Jeffers?"

"Oh splendid, miss, splendid," he replied.

"Any—er—parties, Jeffers?"

"Well, I have noticed several glasses scattered about," Jeffers said, "but madam, I examined all the cigarettes and none had lip rouge on, so it's all right."

REMEMBER "Poor Pauline"? You're soon to see her again. For, believing that serials are packing more and more of a thrill at the box-office, Carl Laemmle, Jr., has just bought "The Exploits of Elaine" and "The Perils of Pauline" to be remade into talkies.

Now he's looking for a serial queen to become the modern Pearl White and, among other specifications, her shoulder-blades have to fit the railroad tracks.

WHO said Hollywood is entirely selfish?

There is plenty of proof to the opposite and young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has proved it. Doug has had the same stand-in for several years. Lately the boy's eyes became affected by the lights and his sight was threatened. Immediately young Doug rushed him to the hospital, secured the best doctors, and not only footed all the bills but stayed with the lad all night until every danger was passed. And this, if you please, is Hollywood.

FREDRIC MARCH had his hair marcelled every day for his rôle in "The Sign of the Cross." They kept a marceller constantly on the set because Freddie's hair doesn't stay in curl very well.

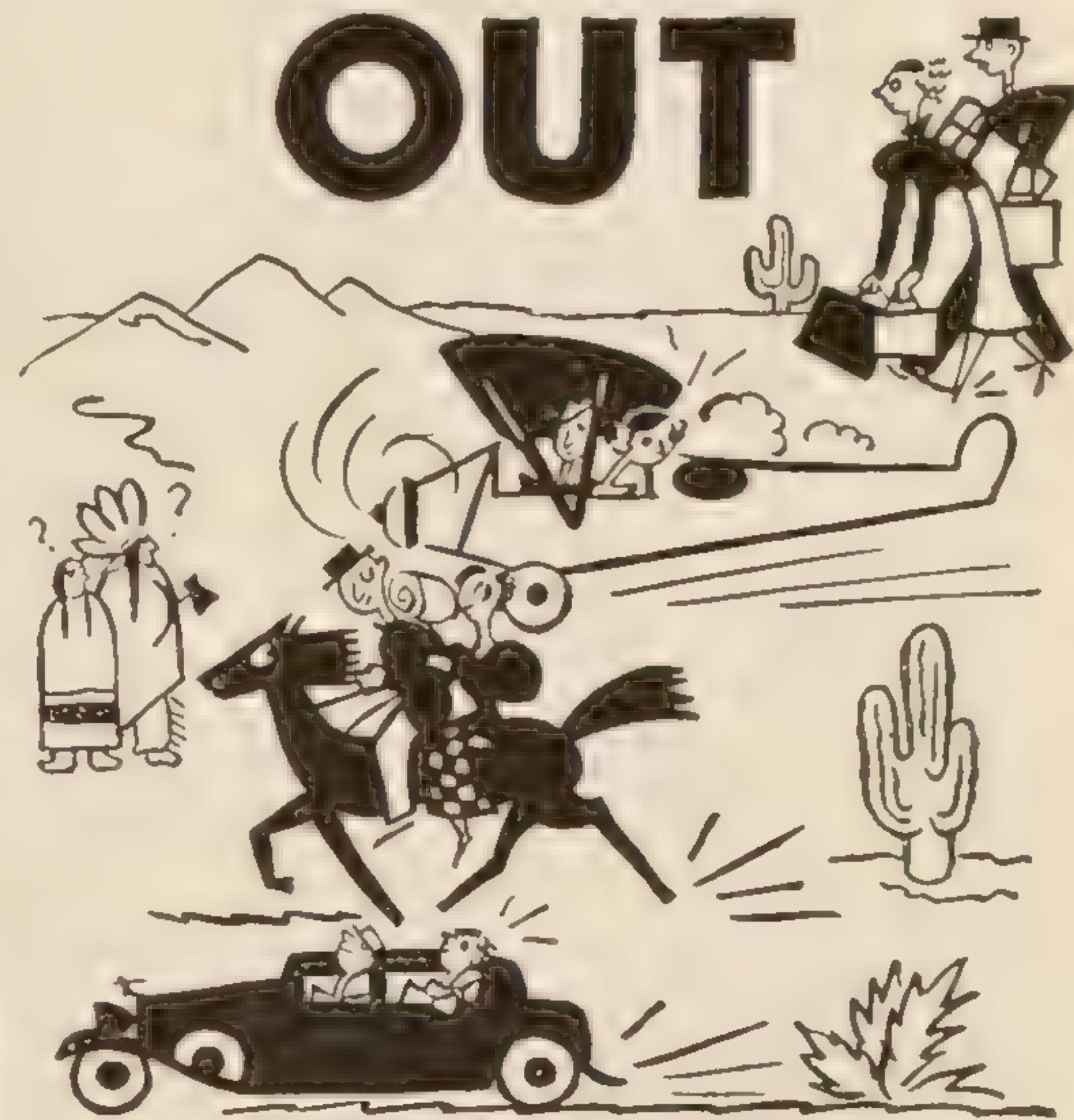
Elissa Landi didn't like it.

Claudette Colbert thought it looked grand. And Freddie thought, "That's women for you."

ANOTHER author is to spring from among us. Mae Clarke is writing a book entitled, "I Disappeared for Months." It's a description of a nervous breakdown based upon her own recent one.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Just one way OUT



You can go out to CALIFORNIA . . . and back . . . by varied and various ways and means, of course. But there's really only **ONE** way out, if you know what we mean! **THE CHIEF!** The fastest, finest, most exclusive train to CALIFORNIA . . . the train that has packed more pleasure into travel . . . and deeper, richer meaning into service. Ask any exacting, experienced globe-trotter.

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Muscling In

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

recommendations for native pictures herself, and what Joel and Katharine will be together may be something to look forward to.

Paramount has tested every young man of athletic proportions and prowess in Hollywood for the *Lion Man* in "The King of the Jungle," and the final choice falls on Buster Crabbe, a member of the Olympic swimming teams of 1928 and 1932.

HE is no runner-up, this lad. Holds five world swimming records and some thirty odd national. Hails from the University of Southern California.

Already he knows the real danger of working in wild animal pictures. His first day's labor with the full-maned king of the jungle drew blood—Crabbe's. The gong sounded, they gave that round to the lion and sent Buster to the hospital to fix up a partly chewed leg, as well as innumerable scratches and bruises.

But I understand he was able to report for further adventure shortly after.

An animal trainer explains that these animals are not accustomed to working with unclothed people, and that this fact makes them very dangerous.

With Weissmuller starting a sequel to "Tarzan," with Georges Carpentier, France's gift to the ringside, being treated daily for voice and vigor, with the cast of Paramount's "Island of Lost Souls" boasting enough Greek wrestlers to support the Doric columns of the Parthenon, we're in for plenty of primitive thrills during the spring of 1933.

I am not considering here "The Big Cage," which Universal is making with Clyde Beatty, the finest animal trainer I've seen since I stole my first quarter to get inside a circus. I imagine this will be more of a "big top" picture with less of the jungle quality, for while Beatty is a clean-cut, nice-looking fellow, he doesn't seem particularly adaptable to the back-to-nature idea.

I heard a couple of youngsters discussing "Animal Kingdom" the other day. RKO-Radio has just completed this story of marital unhappiness with Ann Harding and Leslie Howard.

"Gee, won't Ann Harding be swell in the jungle with that long hair of hers hanging down?" asked one of them.

To which the other replied, "Yeah, but I don't think Leslie Howard is big enough to fight the animals, do you?"

Let this be a fair warning to RKO-Radio that they had better change that title. With the present craze for animal pictures being what it is.

EVERYTHING travels in cycles, and that is no less true in entertainment than wearing apparel.

We've had gangster pictures until every child beyond his decrepit age of six years can rattle off the argot of the racketeer like waifs from "Hell's Kitchen," and we've had super-sophisticated-hot-house-dramas, heavy with exaggerated sex, until we know all there is to know about life, love and consequences, so a primeval romance, chuck full of thrills, action and outdoor beauty like "Tarzan," caught us on the rebound and we toppled like ten pins.

All the other studios will now be accused of walking in sheep tracks again by turning out their quota of jungle operas and hoping to reap the harvest that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did with "Tarzan," but why not?

When a certain type of picture is an overwhelming success it is an indication of which way the public wind is blowing. Not that a good story, well made, is not a success at any stage of the evolution. It will always win

favor, but if it happens to be released at the exact psychological moment, as we scientists say, so much the better.

I doubt that "Tarzan" would have been the hit in 1927 or '28 that it was in 1932.

Back then we were palpitating over "Dancing Daughters," close-shingled hair, skirt lengths above the knee, and what not.

Our heroes were exponents of incendiary romances and cellophane passion, which was fine while it lasted, but if the tastes of the public have swung around to adventure, Victorian love-making and thrills, let them have it until they are ready for something else.

I have sat through a dozen arguments over luncheon tables as to whether the picture "Tarzan" would have been just as much a success with any one of a number of other young actors in the Weissmuller part. Certainly it would have been, provided we had not previously seen him on the screen and provided he fitted the requirements physically. Only a newcomer could have been the slightest bit



Lon Chaney's big boy, Creighton, caught signing his famous surname to the register at the N. V. A. benefit. Creighton is going to work on a new picture called "Heroes for Hire," glorifying the daredevil stuntmen

convincing in that half-dumb, half-human part.

But the fact that Johnny made a personal hit in it is something to his credit. M-G-M didn't expect him to, nor did he. The picture was all that counted while it was being made, but his magnificently proportioned physique and naive freshness caught on.

From time to time, several well-known male stars of the screen have disclosed bodily structures that while not always approaching perfection got by very well indeed. Oh, yes, indeed.

Ramon Novarro comes to mind at the moment. Through many years of acrobatic

dancing he has developed a perfectly superb body with muscles like flexible steel, but Ramon stopped growing just short a few inches of an ideal height, otherwise he would head the class.

MOST of the leading men look grand in clothes. It's one of the requisites of a screen career, like eating peas with your fork, but it's quite another matter to toss away your civilized garb without throwing overboard a single illusion.

Malibu Beach proves that, where with nothing but running trunks of the postage stamp variety between them and a cruel world, male forms stalk up and down.

Cast your eye about. Those who look most perfect in coat and trousers are slightly thin for the beach. (That goes for the ladies, too.) A few are becoming pachydermatous from overdevelopment, others show tendency to bow-legs from too much horseback riding—all look bronzed and healthy but not so many Apollos but that a good specimen stands out.

Let's pass the laurel leaf to one who earned it. Douglas Fairbanks was the original knight of the breech-cloth.

For many years, Doug, with scarcely more on his person than a garland for his brow, rescued maidens in distress. Scaling walls, leaping from roof to roof, charging through impenetrable forests, with the fair one clinging to his unbelievably slim waist.

But now Doug seems weary of the chase. After all, you can't keep enthusiasm at fever heat indefinitely. Repetition dulls the most ecstatic emotion, and so Doug is casting slightly tired eyes far afield, toward cities unexplored and paths less worn, where he can record his travel experiences with a camera without continuing the strenuous physical activities of his earlier years.

Strangely enough, very few famous specialized athletes have ever gotten to first base in motion pictures.

Thinking back, there were Charlie Paddock, Red Grange, Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Duke Kahanamoku; all took a stab at Hollywood but with indifferent success.

Weissmuller, following closely on Kahanamoku's swift heels in 1928 as a world champion swimmer, cast yearning eyes toward the land of promise in California, but no one gave him a tumble.

A few football players have done fairly well, playing small parts here and there, the most notable exception being Johnny Mack Brown from Alabama. Johnny got off to a whirlwind start but has slowed up a bit during the past year.

One reason why many noted athletes have failed to ring the gong in pictures is that the public is not interested in them as actors but only as record-breakers. Unless the young man has an unusual personality an audience sits back, bored with his acting, and waiting for him to do the stunt that made him famous and usually when that feat is accomplished, finis is written to his screen career.

ON the other hand, very few athletes are natural born actors. You'd think that being in the public eye would develop the poise, ego, or what have you, necessary for camera deportment, but not at all.

Most of them are as self-conscious before the "mike" as an 1860 bride.

I've heard a lot of discussion about these fellows who become sensational front page copy overnight and what becomes of them after the high flush of victory has worn off.

They spend years of training to build a perfect physical machine for one sport or another—swimming, football, track—and usually at

the neglect of other faculties. It's a whole time job becoming a headliner in anything these days, and in athletics it lasts such a little while.

There's always some young and eager lad fast on your heels who next year makes the headlines.

And for every one who has a profession to turn to when he can no longer crack records there are a half dozen who do not.

You can only cash in on a body machine when it's brand new.

Second-hand value on athletes is lower than on an early vintage Ford.

THIS year for the first time that I can recall a lot of famous names from last year's headlines were drafted into politics. Albie Booth, Red Cagle, Eddie Mays, John (Shipwreck) Kelly, as well as Gene Tunney.

I never heard any of these young men speak, and maybe they surprised everybody, including themselves, but remembering this last political controversy it seems we need some new blood in that field about as badly as anywhere I can think of, so perhaps that's a solution for some of the fellows.

Weissmuller has yet to prove himself as an actor. He was fortunate in "Tarzan" that there were no demands made on him that he was unequal to.

At this writing, Crabbe and the others are not far enough into their pictures to form an opinion of their possibilities.

Joel McCrea had won his spurs before they started disrobing him, so he didn't muscle in, but I hear tell that his fan mail has increased prodigiously since "Bird of Paradise" was released.

BUT if these juveniles with their beauty of physique can demonstrate that they can also make sense, there is a definite place for them on the screen.

Johnny Weissmuller has played safe so far; that is, concerning his career. He has declared that he is not now and never will be an actor.

Well, that's making sense. If he maintains that spirit of humility, is willing to take direction and has native intelligence, (I never met the young man, so I do not know) he ought to make the grade.

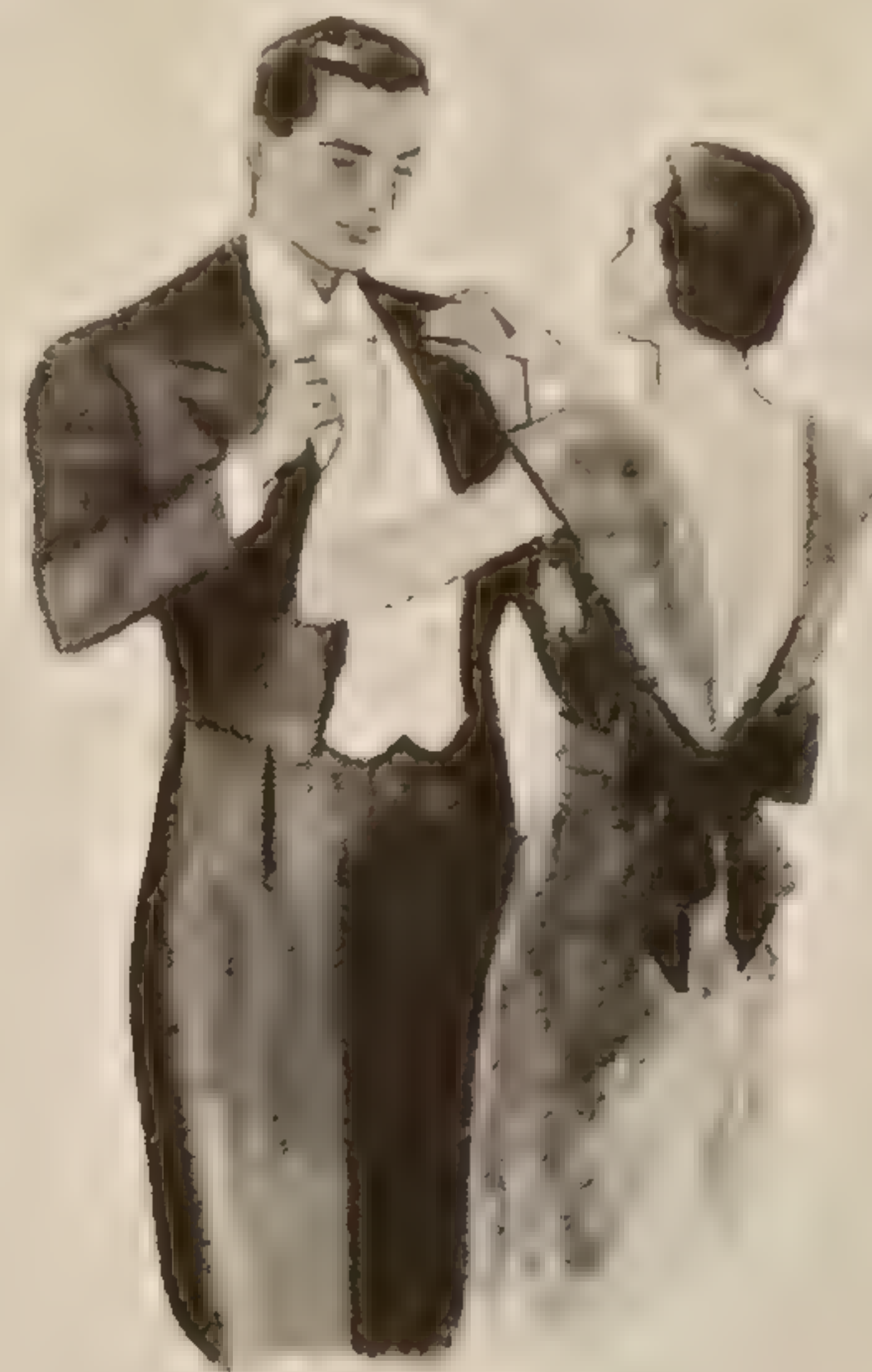


Ernest A. Bachrach

Set off by a pretty girl like Dorothy Wilson, this black and white braided wool cap and scarf set is both stunning and cozy. The scarf is in the style of the new "polo throw" that all Hollywood is using with sports coats



NICE FABRICS • "When I bought gay colored linens for our cottage, the sales-girl told me to wash them in Ivory. They have worn wonderfully, and kept bright as new. Now that the price of Ivory is reduced, I am using Ivory Flakes even for dishes and housework. It is such a comfort to my hands." Mrs. W. I. R., Oakland, Calif.



TO PROTECT HANDS • "With all the washing I have to do, Ivory leaves my hands in perfect condition," says Mrs. E. S., Toronto, Canada, who is using Ivory now for cleaning, for shampooing, for bathing her baby and washing his clothes.

BATH • "My husband's a big man and likes a man's-sized piece of soap. Besides, Ivory floats!" Mrs. A. C. W., W. Warwick, R. I., tells us. She says now she also finds Ivory "the best soap for white woodwork, linoleum and painted walls, because it takes off the dirt, but not the paint."



BABY'S SKIN • "I use Ivory to bathe my most cherished possession—my lovely baby son," Mrs. R. D. S., Chevy Chase, Md., writes. "Today," she continues, "I used Ivory for the first time for a shampoo and my blond hair looks so glossy and bright that even my unobservant husband noticed its improvement."

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The High Price of Screen Love-Making

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

kind, loving mate and swear to yourself that such days had made no impression on you!

Certain actors have reputations for falling in love with each of their leading ladies. PHOTOPLAY has already told you how many of Greta Garbo's leading men fell under her spell. You know the allure Garbo inspires from the screen.

What must she do in person? Ask almost any one of her leading men and watch their eyes as their lips frame some quick but unconvincing answer to you!

We all knew, in Hollywood, that the home of Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes was not quite the love-nest that young couples dream of.

AND then George Brent was cast as Ruth's leading man. Have you ever seen George Brent in person? I don't blame Ruth. He radiates, as a man, what Garbo does as a woman.

I remember I had luncheon with George soon after he commenced that picture. He had been through one matrimonial experience and was afraid of marriage. "The next woman must be intelligent. She must have lived enough to have wisdom; be kind; understand—"

When he had finished a lengthy description, I said, "Look out, George. You are describing Ruth Chatterton."

He looked startled. I do not believe he had realized of whom he was talking until I jolted him into realization. But he had been making love to Ruth Chatterton on the screen and had unconsciously described her as his dream woman.

Although directors are not so closely in contact with the women they direct, even they have been known to fall under the spell of some highly fascinating star.

There's a star in Hollywood, right now, who is recovering from the effect of too much director-proximity. The director's wife hurried him to Europe. She's a wise woman. She understood.

She knew she could not change the natural results of the proximity but she could remove the proximity.

Jack Gilbert got Greta Garbo as far as the Santa Ana courthouse. They were in the midst of their screen love-making. But as love-inspiring and inspired as Garbo can become, she never entirely loses the natural shrewdness of her Nordic nature.

She had sense enough to know that marriage or love could not change that nature within her and that it would never completely melt with Jack's volatile, erratic one.

The man who paid the price for the results of this screen romance was, I believe, Mauritz Stiller. It may have helped to break his heart.

But could Garbo and Gilbert help it because they found their hearts attuned in their necessary screen love-making?

DO you remember the days when Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman startled the then more prudish world by their marriage? Beverly and Francis were doing screen love-making. They liked it. They made the mistake of trying to perpetrate what could not be perpetrated.

How well I remember the night Lupe Velez heard a rumor that Gary Cooper and his leading lady were interested in each other. Lupe went to location. And Lupe can hold her man against any competition when she is among those present.

Gary didn't have another chance to remember whether the lips he was kissing for the screen were those of a live girl or a mummy.

He was thinking of Lupe.

BUT how few wives can go on the set with their husbands? Lupe wasn't a wife. If she had been, well—"Afraid to trust her husband, eh? Follows him everywhere like a pet poodle."

How many times I have heard remarks like that made of a woman who drops in only casually to see her actor husband.

There were rumors that some one was "interested" in Clark Gable. Mrs. Gable proved what a wise little woman she is. She went to New York and remained until those rumors had subsided. Perhaps they had no basis in fact, but she was not taking any chances. And these rumors were all started because of screen love-making.

The price is high. No husband or wife of an actress or actor can rest assured of a mate's continued loyalty.

Being a Hollywood mate requires infinite patience and almost super-human understanding.

Which explains why there are so many Hollywood divorces. Just old-fashioned human nature, the kind which cannot be written in or out of a script.

The Boy Who Won't Act

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

his uncle's restaurant on 56th Street in New York. He was the dishwasher. No, not play dishwasher—the absolutely real thing!

They stood him on a stool—he was far too short to reach the sink—and tied a huge apron about his neck. And he washed! Hour after hour! Hour after hour!

He remembers that, by standing on tip-toe and wiping the steam from the little kitchen window, he could see the boys at play in the next alley.

And many a time he felt the sting of a switch across his little legs from too much alley-gazing.

But Saturday night was a festive occasion. After the restaurant closed, his uncle gathered up all the pastries that were left, packed them in a pasteboard box and gave them to Eric. Dear me! was there excitement in the little attic rooms of the Lindens when Eric arrived bearing glad tidings in the shape of left-over pastries.

THE mother was companion to an old lady.

She had to wait until the grande dame was tucked in bed for the night, all her needs attended to, before she could hurry home to the little flock awaiting her. Often the gas would run out while they waited for their mother and there was no quarter to drop into the meter. And there they would sit, huddled together in the cold and dark, little hand touching hand, terror growing upon them, stronger every minute. The ghastly, sickening fear of childhood! The eldest boy, as the protector of the brood, sat clutching a bread knife to combat the ogre that might



It must be a dreamy waltz Dolores Del Rio is dancing with Charlie Farrell. Or maybe they just slowed up to help our photographer get a good shot. That's Johnny Weissmuller in the background. Wonder if his partner deliberately ducked her head behind their clasped hands! Heigho!

spring out of the darkness. Waiting—listening—how the seconds dragged! Never was a mother so welcome!

THE wee lad went from job to job. He swept out a millinery shop and delivered ladies' hats, after school. On and off busses, subways, "L's" and street cars, with a hat box in each hand. Then he became a telegraph messenger.

When he was about ten, he was an actor in a real tragedy that made a terrible impression on the lad. And it undoubtedly helped immeasurably in making Eric Linden the actor he is.

He and his younger brother were playing in the street in front of the house. Suddenly little brother laughed, tagged Eric and ran into the street right in front of a truck. There was just one scream!

And there little brother lay! Dead before Eric's eyes!

He stood there and thought, "I've got to tell Mom. There's no one to tell her but me. I've got to tell her."

He remembers climbing the stairs and opening the door. His mother was sewing by the window, and he told her. He experienced the strangest, emptiest feeling—as if all the things he had ever longed for—that ball, glove, game—were pitifully unimportant now. He was face to face with stark reality and it left its mark.

But there were pleasant times to remember, too. On summer Sundays his mother would pack their lunches in shoe boxes and off they'd go, all of them, to the beach. Eric says they



Jay Irving

"Not *the* Mrs. Martin Johnson?!!"

didn't have many friends, but they really didn't need them as the family was bound so closely together in the struggle for mere existence.

It is easy to sense from Eric Linden that the family had gentleness, fineness and sensitiveness. They took life like rare good sports, but the wounds left their mark. Especially on the sensitive Eric.

ANOTHER lovely memory is his Sunday job. He loved it because it brought him the only real beauty he had. He was a choir boy, and the soft music, the spiritual atmosphere, the peace were the kind of beauty this lad's artistic soul yearned for.

His elder brother and sister were working their way through Columbia, so Eric got himself a job at the university filing intelligence tests. He was in high school then. As the work paid by the hour, he often filed away until midnight. Then, after several more drab and colorless jobs, he decided to be an usher—at the Roxy. Here now was the job that filled all his boyish craving for life and glamour and color. He felt grand in his gorgeously gay uniform, standing under a blazing spotlight. Was he something!

Alas! One night his English teacher spied him! Good-bye, resplendent uniform, gay trapping, colorful job! The idea of an honor pupil in English a mere usher! So Eric parted with his uniform and went on to the less spectacular job of runner for a Wall Street bond house.

But he did not aspire to be a "captain of finance." The stage soon claimed him. Life was beginning to treat him more kindly. He was in the company playing "The Road to Rome" and the engagement took him to England.

The scene in "Life Begins," where he gets the tragic news about his wife's death in

childbirth, had its counterpart in his life. Eric's elder brother and his wife lived with the Lindens and the young bride was expecting her first baby. Eric was about fifteen then and he remembers sitting by his brother's side. Hour after hour, hour after hour! Some unknown fear seemed to grow with every tick of the clock. There were no pacing, no hand wringing, no hysterics! Just a quiet, tense waiting!

To the boy of fifteen it seemed the end and the beginning of everything horrible. So, when it came time for Eric to play such a scene, there it was—alive in his memory—waiting to be plucked out again.

During the production of "Life Begins" he kept to himself. He wanted solitude to regain and re-live those poignant moments so he could transfer them truly to the screen.

Eric lives with his mother in a modest, hill-side home. He has a garden, the realization of a youthful longing. Once, when his mother was a parish housekeeper, he tried to do something about the dark little patch of garden behind the parish house, but it was hopeless. Now that he has a real garden he indulges himself in his hobby to the full.

HE seldom mingles with people. Not that he is cold, but rather that his experiences did not encourage intimacies or the gregarious spirit. Love affairs? He says he hasn't found the right girl yet.

Strange as it may seem, acting isn't what Eric Linden really has his heart set on. He feels that it, too, is a stepping stone to the ultimate goal, in his case, writing. If having lived in the real sense of the word is the basis of a writer's success, Eric Linden seems entirely logical in his choice of permanent life work. Literature may gain but the screen will surely lose if Eric Linden deserts acting for writing.

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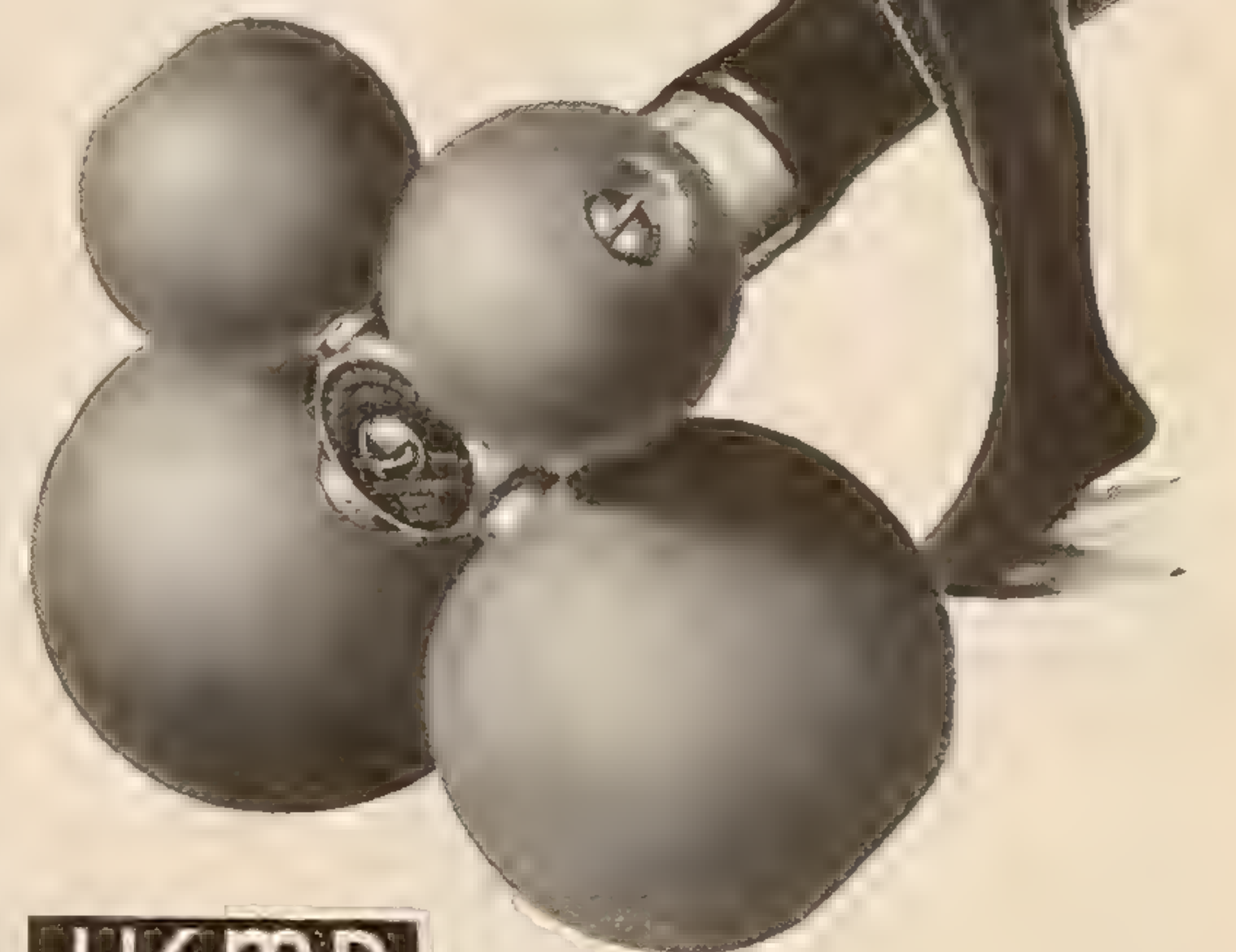
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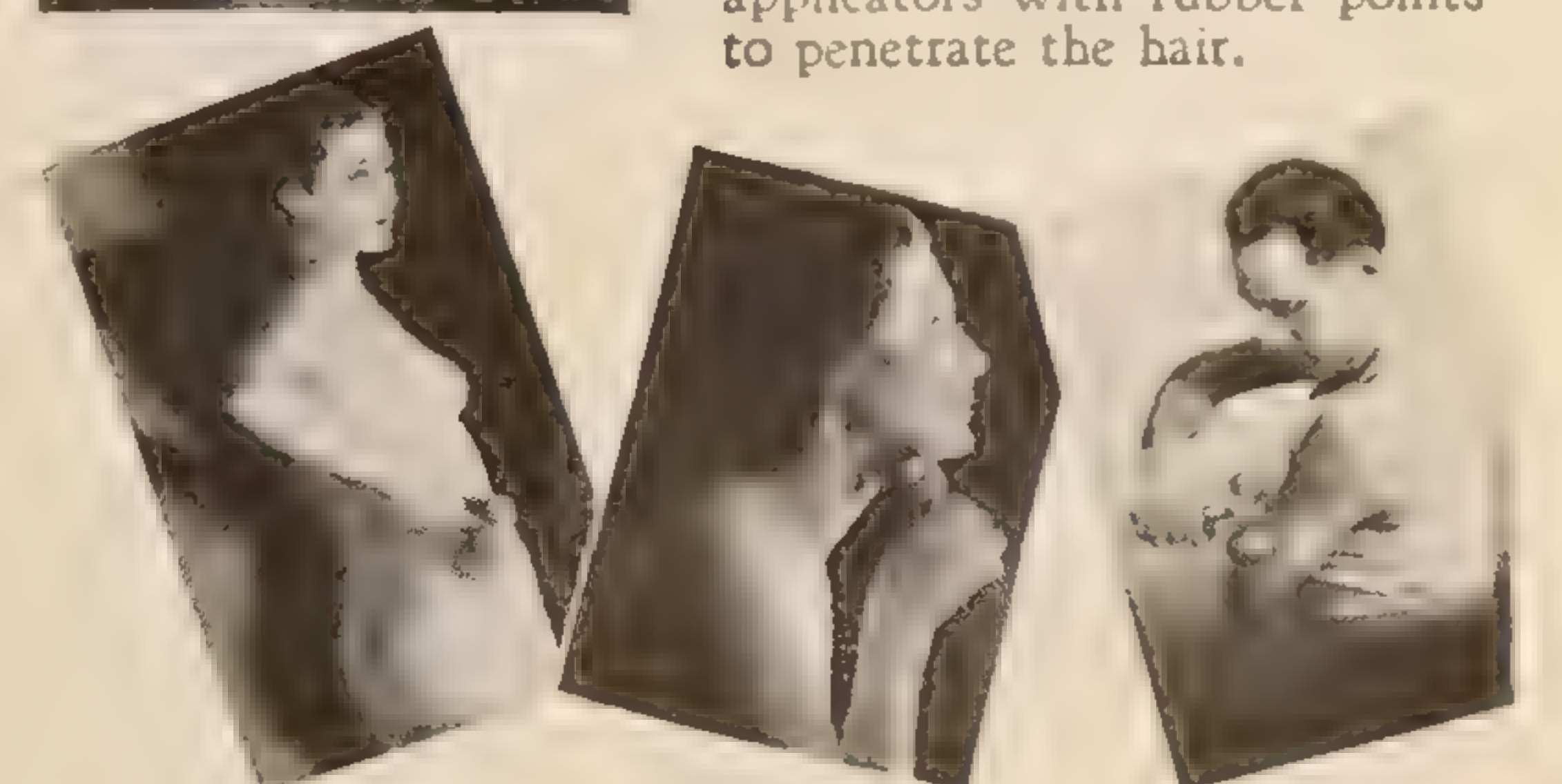


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Tony Goes to Green Pastures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

little boxes on legs and some bright lights. Tom would tell me very quietly just what I was to do, and somehow—don't ask me how—I knew exactly what he meant and why. We were doing those things so that the little box on legs could make a picture of us. I was an actor!

IN the evenings we went back to our little place in Newhall. Tom had built a little one-room shack with a lean-to for me. Sometimes there would be nothing to eat when we got home. "Tony," Tom would say, "I know you are tired and hungry, but you just rest here a minute, old fellow, and I'll be back with something." And when he came back, maybe hours later, so tired he could hardly drag his feet, his watch would be gone but he had oats and hay for me. And I've seen him, many a time, pull in his belt and grin—and I knew he had gone to bed hungry.

Then we would sell the picture we'd been working on (two-reel Westerns, they called them), and then we'd have a few dollars to spare. But most of the money would go right back into another picture.

And then Tom fell in love. Every Sunday he'd ride me down to her home. Her name was Victoria Forde and her mother kept the boarding house where Tom had once lived.

Tom had been saving and scrimping to buy Victoria a Christmas present. At last he had saved enough money, so he rode me down to the city. Tom showed me the present when he came out of the store, and I've never seen anything like it before or since. It was a bright pink celluloid comb and brush, in the brightest red plush box I have ever seen. It was really the box that took our eye. Tom had it all wrapped up fancy and early Christmas morning we set out for her house.

She liked the present, especially the box. It wasn't long until we all went down into Mexico and were married. Tom brought her out to live with us in our little one-room shack, and we were very happy. Hungry at times, maybe, but happy. I didn't know it then, but now that I look back over so much I realize how happy we were.

Times got better, too. Tom bought twelve acres of land out in Edendale for a ranch, and he and Mrs. Tom moved into Hollywood.

Everyone was anxious to see Tom Mix and Tony on the screen now and times got better and better.

I GOT to be a better actor, too, never hesitating to do anything Tom asked me. "Walk down to that tree, Tony, then stop and look back," he'd say, showing me just how he wanted it done. And I'd do it. Why, we thought nothing of leaping into burning buildings, down dangerous chasms or jumping off the pier into the ocean.

Once they timed an explosion in the road so that it would blow up just after Tom and I passed over it. But something went wrong and just as Tom and I reached the spot, the explosion occurred, knocking us both far into the air.

I came to, first, and got to my feet. I saw Tom lying very still on his face and I was frightened. I went to him and rolled him over with my nose. He opened his eyes slowly and smiled at me. He was hurt, I knew, and my whole side was torn and bleeding. They picked pebbles out of both of us for a week but, shucks, that was nothing to what we have since come through together.

They never tried to force me when I refused to take a leap or jump. They'd hunt around until they discovered the loosened boulder or cracked earth that would have meant our death had we gone on. How I knew these

things before they did is something I've often wondered about but could never reason out.

I learned how to look my best before a camera and when to stop acting. "Will you look at that horse?" a visitor on location once remarked in my hearing, "how he struts and acts before the camera, and the minute he's out of camera range he's right back to eating grass as nonchalantly as you please."

Huh, I thought to myself, why not? I'm not one of those actors that can't stop acting, even when there's no camera around!

But as soon as the sun reached a certain spot in the sky, I knew enough work had been done that day even if the men didn't. Just plain horse sense, I guess.

Anyway, at five I quit. And they knew it was no use to argue with me.

So they would load me into my truck and take me back to my stable. How I loved to go fast in my truck. I'd paw loudly with my foot to go faster and often my driver would

yell back at me, "For heavens' sake, Tony, I can't go any faster here or the cops will get us."

I had a weakness for fancy saddles and bright plaid blankets, and Tom knew it and understood. He liked bright, gay things himself. So once, when a strange groom placed a drab old blanket on my back, I was hopping mad. Do you think I'd budge? No sir. The groom couldn't understand it until finally someone who knew me spotted that blanket and replaced it with a nice plaid one, and then I went.

TOM decided to go to Europe. They slung me up in a hoist onto the ship and it was work, as I weighed ten hundred and fifty pounds and stood fourteen hands high. I was exercised around the deck of the ship every morning and really enjoyed it.

In England I was at a very fashionable stable, and never shall I forget the horse in the stall next to me. He was English, of course, and if ever I saw style and class he had it. And was he snooty? He looked me up and down several times and gave one big sniff. But when he saw me making my own bed that night—I always arranged the hay with my foot to suit myself—I thought he would break out in spavins. But I didn't care. Tom was probably dunking his cake in his coffee at one of those big mansions I'd seen and not giving a picayune.

The next morning a young fellow was ushered into my stall. He reached out a hand to pat me and, suddenly, withdrew it. He sensed I wouldn't like it and that made a big hit with me. Here was a man who understood horses. When he left he placed his hand very gently on my head as if he were just shaking hands.

"Who was that?" I asked Mr. Highhat in the next stall.

"That," he answered, and I noticed a new note of respect in his voice, "is His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales."

We traveled all over Europe with lords and dukes and ladies all eager to greet us. Just plain Tom Mix and me. It seemed strange.

Home again, we made personal appearances in twenty-five big cities. Children were sometimes disappointed when they saw me, for on the screen they imagined me black instead of sorrel. But they'd soon recognize me by my white feet and white face.

By the time we got back to Hollywood, Tom was a very rich man. He began building his big new mansion in a place called Beverly Hills. I was happy about the place, but inside me was a dreadful fear. Tom might not need me or want me any more with a grand new house and new friends. But I never let on. One day he came out to the ranch and said, "Hi, Tony, how's the boy?" I nodded. "Come on, I want to show you something," he said.

SOON we were passing beautiful homes on lovely, quiet streets and I knew we were in Beverly Hills. Suddenly, there it was—his grand new house. I knew it by the initials, T. M., on the gate. Tom was always one for putting initials on everything. I glimpsed a swimming pool and a tennis court. "Know what this is, Tony?" Tom asked. "Step up here and give a look." It was a beautiful building right near the gate and was as grand, almost, as the house. I looked in. "You're home, old boy," Tom said.

It's strange the way things go in life. People can be so happy with nothing and so unhappy with everything. And I could see with one eye how things were with Tom and Mrs. Tom.

They soon parted, she taking little Thomasina. Tom and I went on to the circus and you should have seen me in that parade. Did I show them something? "Well," one of those fancy riding horses once sneered, "you'd



Irving Lippman

A forward looking girl is Eleanor Holm. She's taking no chance of being stranded after a tiff with the boy friend. The shirred satin lining in her slipper is really a pocket in which she can keep her "mad" money. But an Olympic champion winner like Eleanor could easily swim home

think he were a trained horse or something the way he struts." And did I put that madam in her place. I told her about the blazing buildings, the yawning chasms, the daily chances with death that Tom and I took together. Trained horse, indeed.

"Besides," I said, "I want you to know I'm a movie star, known by thousands. And who are you?"

And that knocked the pink ribbon off her tail.

And then we came back to movie acting. Tom married another girl. This one was from the circus and performed high up in the air. I liked her very much.

We've made our best pictures, I believe,

since our return from the circus. Tom was sick and nearly died, but outside of that we've been happier than we've been for a long time. Until my accident. And the realization that I couldn't go on much longer.

And now it's over, Tom tells me. For me, at least. All the thrills, the travel and excitement are done. No more crowds. No more movies.

Somehow, I can't be sorry. I guess I'm tired. I've reached the ripe old age of twenty-three years, twenty-one of them spent with Tom. We've seen more and been more places than most people.

I am alone again—but happy—in green pastures.

'Twas a Great Year for Divorces

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

his clipped, precise speech the news that he and Miss Chatterton shortly would be man and wife.

After that things happened in a rush. Ruth no sooner docked in New York than she put in a telephone call to California for "Rafe."

"Hello, darling. Everything is topping," he assured her. "It's all right for you to go ahead and marry George." And that's all there was to that. Unless you count the kiss with which she and Brent startled the justice of the peace in Westchester County when he declared them one. He said he'd never seen anything like it off the screen. Now that they're back in Hollywood they have dinner with Ralph once a week, and for his birthday they gave him a super, super sort of radio.

ANN HARDING'S parting from Harry Bannister was almost amicable. They didn't want to wait until they reached the point where they began to bicker. So, to save the fragments of their love, they let the judge undo the knot the minister had so carefully tied.

It was a painless, almost pleasant operation the way they did it. Amid fond kisses and best wishes they said good-bye.

The Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello divorce offers emphasis by contrast to these congenial dissolutions. Lowell for once lost his urbanity. Oh, my yes! He and Helene had verbal skirmishes in the courtroom and he accused her of reading such naughty books. All very turbulent and noisy. Hardly in the 1932 manner!

Winnie Lightner and George Holtrey were another couple who refused to say it with flowers.

There was hurt there and heartache when they told it to His Honor.

It was really ZaSu Pitts who started the split-ups of the year when she filed suit against Tom Gallery last January. Up to that time they had been looked upon as a most loving couple.

They had the two children—one of them was Barbara LaMarr's son whom they adopted.

But even ZaSu's delightful sense of humor couldn't scare away the divorce specter.

You remember Dorothy Lee, of course—that dashing half-pint who capered on the screen with Wheeler and Woolsey. I have a vivid recollection of her coming into my office, perching on the edge of my desk, and inquiring—"Do you know a Jimmy Fidler? He saw me at the Brown Derby yesterday at luncheon and wrote me a note. This morning a wire came from him asking me to dine with him—he gave you as a reference."

Well, that was the beginning. Within six months they were married—and in a year divorced. Dorothy smiled sweetly at the judge, pouted prettily at Jimmy and that was all there was to it. Now they're holding hands again and some say if the young man had his

way she would be Mrs. Fidler once more. Dorothy hasn't said "yes" and she hasn't said "no." But she admits it's kind of nice to keep Jimmy around.

Bert Wheeler, her former partner, followed her example and did a fancy step over to the courtroom where his life contract with Bernice Speer was duly dissolved. Nothing distressing about it.

"We simply have outgrown each other," Bernice explained, and pinned a gardenia on Bert's lapel.

There's a great deal of guessing going on as to the cause of Vivian Duncan's separation from Nils Asther. Their romance was distinctly of the whirlwind variety. It would subside for a time, then they'd meet at a party and it would flame up again. Finally they decided to strike a more even tempo by marrying.

Came a small daughter—born in Berlin—and Poppa Nils made a grand fuss when she and Mamma Vivian returned. He had been detained by picture work so that he couldn't accompany his wife abroad. But, as the months rolled by, it became evident that bubbling Little Eva was unsuited temperamentally to the Nordic Nils. So they shook hands, said it had been wonderful while it lasted. The final decree has just been granted.

A few of the others carrying banners in the Hollywood divorce parade are Edna Murphy and Mervyn LeRoy, Lina Basquette and Teddy Hayes, George Jessel and Florence Jessel. All very friendly. Although little Bobbe Arnst *did* shed a few tears when she gave up Johnny Weissmuller. But what's a poor girl to do when her hubby prefers to "go out with the boys" than with her? And so they parted. But that didn't prevent Johnny from taking Bobbe along when he made tests for his new picture.

THE easiest kind of divorce is had through the mails. All you have to do is look through a neat little catalogue, choose the best looking Mexican judge, and forthwith apply to be severed from your spouse. Miriam Hopkins indulged in this kind when she and Austin Parker decided they were not pulling so well together in double harness.

It was a matter of just a few days—and all was over. They were free to continue their pleasant *camaraderie* without having to face each other across the breakfast table every morning.

And the plans they're making for the baby's Christmas! Miriam's son, you know. Austin has gone paternal in a big way, although just what relation an ex-husband bears to one's adopted boy is a bit vague.

Hollywood's divorce cavalcade has passed steadily through the courts in 1932, with scarcely a pause between partings. When love has flown—or is about to fly—the stars have learned to give it the most civilized of leave-takings.



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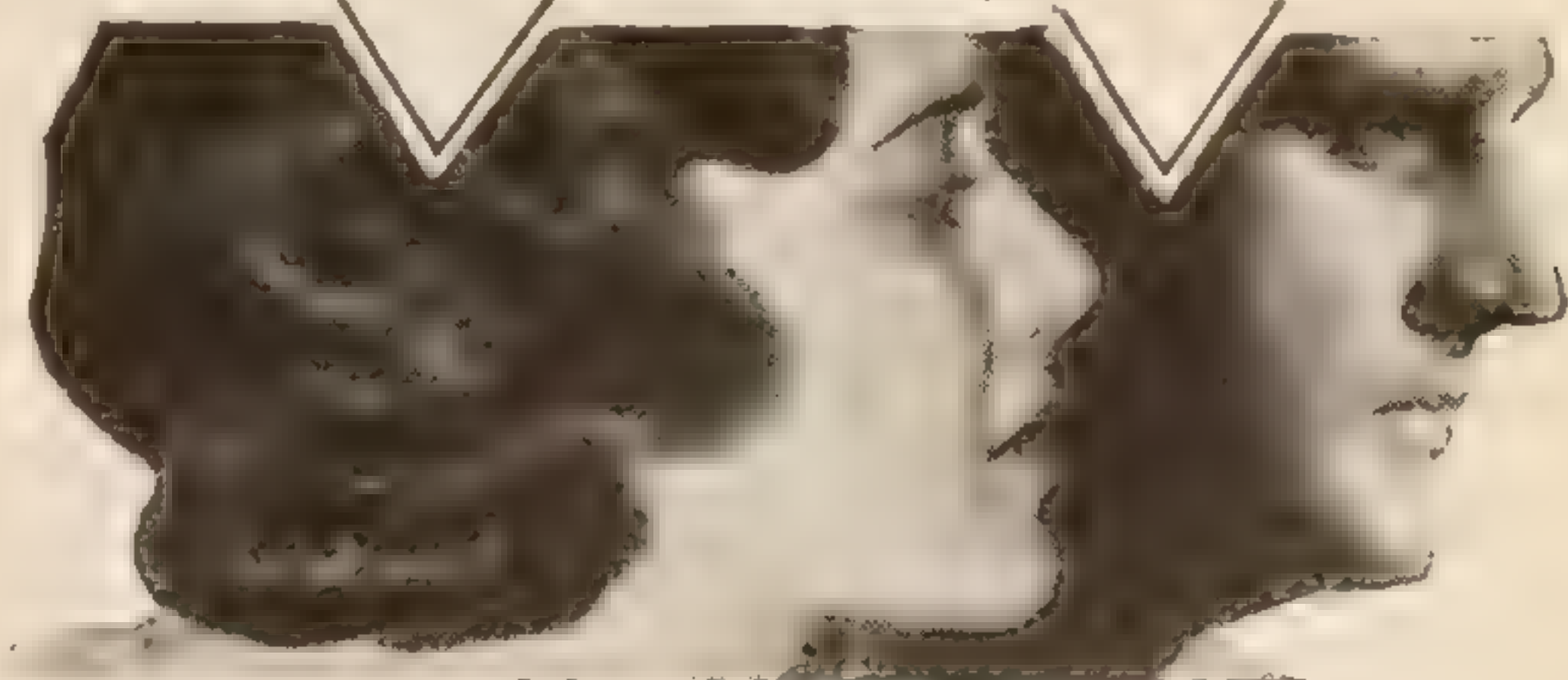
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Look Out! Here's Mae West!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

younger generation of the metropolis. The youngsters of that day did not learn about Life and Life's Problems from the birds and the flowers, but from the pen of our heroine.

UNFORTUNATELY, the hounds of purity were on the trail. One dour day the police descended upon "Sex" and the paddy-wagon backed up to the stage door. In due time, Mae faced Justice (?) on the Bench, and thereafter served ten days in the hoosegow in New York in the name of theatrical freedom. (Pictures of Mae with a broom and a dustpan were amusing publicity of the hour.)

Nothing daunted, Mae launched a couple of other high-g geared entertainments from her pen. One didn't approach Broadway—the other received instant attention from the gendarmes, and was closed.

But Mae and her play, "Diamond Lil," did the trick—made her the darling of the town.

It was a jolly, whole-souled story of gay times on the old Bowery, with Mae playing one of her big-hearted naughty ladies who gave all for an honest, beautiful love—the party of the second part being a seven-foot officer of the Salvation Army. New York loved its second act, set in an old time Bowery pot-house, with waiters singing heart ballads, drunks and snow-birds battling happily, and top-hatted slummers from uptown sniffing and shrieking at the scene.

The show ran out the season, and established

our Mae as a Broadway institution. From that day to this she's been our bouncing baby-doll, our "Diamond Lil"!

And off-stage?

What a woman!

In spite of the fact that she's a footlight veteran, Mae is young. It wasn't long ago that she turned thirty like a hand spring. Moreover, she's practically beautiful, in her opulent way. Luscious complexion, fine head of hair, and eyes that fairly knock your hat off. Though generously built, she jiggles the beam at under a hundred and twenty. Believe me, you look three times as Mae West passes by! She's spectacular on and off.

Girls always bombard and besiege her at the stage door. I used to have to fight my way through a mass of admirers when I went back to say howdy. She has the glitter that is more precious than rubies.

LIKE most ladies who play glamorous bad girls, Mae is almost oppressively good. True, she has a taste for the rococo in furnishings, being especially fond of splendurgeous four-poster golden beds that rest on platforms and are covered with a canopy. But that, as Dickens said, is an amiable weakness.

And while snooty and sniffish ladies of the stage have been caught red-handed in all sorts of peccadilloes, not the faintest breath of scandal has ever brushed the damask cheek of Mae.

All her whoop-di-doo is right out in public on the stage and screen—to amuse and divert the folks who pay to see her!

Mae doesn't write her stuff—she builds it. Seized with a central character, bit by bit she erects around it a good loud show. She keeps a dictaphone handy at all times. Her knowledge of the theater is profound.

MORE, what is little realized, in the face of Mae's spectacular qualities, is the fact that she is a brilliant actress. She has one of the finest senses of timing I have ever seen, and nobody in the world can milk the last ounce of value from a line like wild and wilful Mae.

And there's a rapid pen sketch of Mae West! You're going to see a lot more of this giddy girl, and you're going to love it. She'll bring countless howls into movie evenings that were growing too doggone decorous and restrained!

Here's a hot tip, gleaned from "Night After Night." What a team Skipworth and West will make for a few sizzling pictures. The disheveled refinement of Skippy and the dazzling loudness of Mae—hot dog, what a brilliant chance for good, loud fun! Get busy, you script-makers!

No more welcome or amusing recruit has ever hit the screen than slithering, slinking "Diamond Lil"!

Hi, Mae, way out thar in Hollywood! Regards from your old admirer! "Hello, honey—whatta yuh doin' tonight?"

Her Tongue in Her Cheek

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

money for anyone. I understood that. But I believe that a person must either push forward or go backwards. The movement may be imperceptible, but it is there. You can never stand still.

"I HAD worked hard. I had been given fine opportunities. When the studio didn't want to give me my raise, I felt as though I had come to that point where I would either slip back or step forward. I had only intended to make one picture in Hollywood. The stage was my love. I thought that to go back, to do something good on Broadway would mean progress. Change so often does. I wouldn't get as much money there, you know—so it wasn't really money."

With the trunks packed and her ambitious eyes already on her next step forward, she answered a telephone call from Joseph Schenck. She had no agent for pictures—only one for the stage. Producer Schenck wanted to talk business. She represented herself at the conference. And when she left, she had a contract in her pocket to play the lead with Al Jolson in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." A six weeks' guarantee at twelve hundred dollars a week. The picture to start June first. It was now May.

Madge collected eight weeks' pay before that production even started. Eight times twelve hundred is ninety-six hundred dollars. And all that time, Hollywood was shaking its head and saying, "Poor Madge Evans. She wanted to free-lance and look what happened to her. She can't even get a job."

Madge never felt so far from *poor* in her life.

But she did miss the magazine stories, and the daily papers never mentioned her name except in connection with her boy-friend, Tom Gallery. And she did miss that hectic, fantastic but encouraging atmosphere of studio

fairyland. She missed the voices which had said, "You were grand in your last picture, Madge. You're going a long way little girl. We're going to do big things for you."

I doubt if Madge realizes this yet. When an ego has once become accustomed to Hollywood's encouragement—it drops from the heights to the depths without it. When you are under contract and being "pushed" by a big studio, head-waiter Nick even gives you a more prominent booth at the Brown Derby. Hollywood always honors those whom it knows are *up*, and forgets those whom it thinks are *down* or on the way down.

Even when Madge began work on the Al Jolson picture, she felt something like an unwanted step-daughter. Publicity departments push their own players. Madge was accustomed to spending all the days when she was not working, for example, in taking fashion, beauty or portrait pictures in the Metro galleries. But United Artists didn't waste money taking beauty and fashion and portrait pictures of a girl who was to be there for only one picture. Not one writer offered to interview her. And Madge had formerly had luncheon appointments with writers almost daily.

She stuck her tongue into her cheek, tucked the twelve hundred a week into her pretty silk stocking and was seen more and more often in public with Tom Gallery. Of course, there was not even an agent's commission to come out of the money.

Then she had legal trouble with the Madge Evans Hat Company. They stopped making hats. Depression! Metro heard about the lawyer she hired for this and telephoned him. Would Madge come back?

To go home! To be in the whirl once more. To make pictures which would build her. They wanted her back. That meant progress. She

was going ahead. She signed a seven year contract. Her salary began at eight hundred fifty dollars. Seven years from now—if all options are taken up—she will be drawing around two thousand.

But Madge soon learned a lesson that all Hollywood folk must learn sooner or later. It's a sad little lesson. One never "comes back" in Hollywood where one left off. Never.

SHE might have been a stranger. She was on the lot two months before they cast her in a picture, then it was in "Fast Life," with comedian Bill Haines. A simple little rôle such as they would give to any beginner.

And on the day she was being fitted for clothes for the part, they were still testing other girls for it. Martha Sleeper was being considered to replace *her*—Madge Evans. Also, Alice White.

When this is written, she has not been invited into the gallery *once*. She has not been invited for a fashion or a beauty picture. No interviewers have been rushed to talk with her.

And people in speaking to her—they all speak beautifully, because they like her personally—forget to say, "Your last picture was grand, Madge. You're going a long way, dear. We are going to do big things for you."

She has a hundred dollars more a week than they offered originally, but she's lost something for which she has to fight again as though she had never had it. And she's fighting. She's giving the best that's in her. She's studying and practicing. And—she feels she's progressing. There's no idea of going back now. She's got to prove, all over again, her capabilities. Which means fight. And life isn't worthwhile to Madge unless she can feel that fight-fight spirit which means, "Here's a long hill to climb and I've got to make it!"

Smart Mayfair Costumes

Here is a word picture of what the social élite of Hollywood are shown wearing on page 30

[Follow the row on that page from left to right]

JOAN BENNETT chooses white with a wide boa of brown coque feathers tied in the back with long narrow brown velvet ribbons.

Irene Ware, a discovery recently arrived from Broadway, wears a smart black and white zebra print trimmed with black fox. The frock under the little jacket is cut in a deep square in the back. The belt fastens in back with jeweled buckle.

A quaint sable cape buttoning in the back tops Lilian Bond's dark green satin gown. Miss Bond wears a corsage of gardenias and lilies-of-the-valley tucked into the belt of

Burgundy gown of pebble satin with its slim, fitted lines dramatize her without benefit of jewels save for the clip and bracelets on the left arm. Her handbag is gold. The back of the gown is cut square and low. Over the gown she wears a waistlength cape of sable.

Dolores Del Rio is encased in a long wrap of emerald green velvet with great wheels of white fox about the arms, and a collar of the fur. Notice that giant jeweled hook and eye that fastens the coat. She wears twin rings on the little finger and ring finger of the left hand



Mr. and Mrs. "Proud Parents" Stuart Erwin and June Collyer (right) and Mary Brian with Dick Powell (left) arriving for a party at the Mayfair. Mary and Dick are great pals, but since Buddy Rogers arrived back in Hollywood he's been taking a lot of Mary's time, too. Remember that old romance, interrupted when Buddy went East to be a band-leader?

her frock. Note the length of the brown gloves.

Joan Blondell gay and youthful, is in white pebble crepe with sable collar and epaulets, brown suede gloves and brown pumps.

Genevieve Tobin brought this gold-cloth tailored jacket and golden brown bagheera gown back with her from London. Look at those big buttons down the side of the skirt. Very swank.

Marian Nixon striking in black and white. The black velvet jacket has huge sleeves of ermine, and look at that little bunch of ermine tails on the shoulder.

Over Joan Crawford's slim, graceful gown of heavy black velvet she wears a postilion cape of ermine. And notice that coy muff. Under the cape the shoulders of the velvet frock are fringed with ermine tails. Black pumps and a small black satin handbag complete the ensemble.

Mrs. Gable wears a black Lyons velvet ensemble.

Norma Shearer lets the lovely color of her

—a clever jewelry idea. Square-cut emeralds, by the way.

Helen Hayes in "The Edwardians" frock and coat of taffeta, so-named by the Hollywood designer who created them. Coral earrings, coral handbag and pumps complete an ensemble that matches in quaintness the bangs and curls of the coiffure.

June Clyde carries a large ermine muff to match the shoulder cape which fastens with a large ermine button in back. The gown is white satin.

Ginger Rogers wears soft green chiffon with a corsage of rose and violet.

Trust Lilyan Tashman to find something new and dramatic! The Pierrot collar of sapphire blue velvet is matched by velvet gloves and small handbag. The wheel muff and short jacket are of ermine. That collar is part of the white pebble crepe frock which has narrow shoulder straps of the blue velvet. A jeweled clip of blue and white stones fastens back those blonde curls at the right, just above the temple.



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Is Dietrich Through?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

from my family's money what I can draw from this."

The sweep of her arm included the entire Paramount studio.

"But money is not important. To be happy is what is important."

Ah, Europe, could you but teach this to your neighbor!

"I DO not know as I can make you understand. My vocabulary is still so limited. If I am not happy when I work, I am not satisfied. I am happy with Mr. Von Sternberg because I trust him. How do I know what another director could do with me?"

"I was not the big sensation in Europe that publicity stories have stated. Europe knows that. I had made a picture. I was not very good in pictures. When I met him in Europe and he asked me to make, 'The Blue Angel,' I said, 'You had better not take me, I am terrible in pictures. No!'"

"The studio did not want me, too. They told him I was terrible."

"He said, 'I will have to take a test to show you that you are not terrible and to show UFA, too. You are all stupid.'"

"And I was not a great actress on the stage, either. Not a star, as has been said. In Europe no young girl is a star. I had played leads, but that is far from being a star. It is impossible for a young woman to be a star in Europe. It takes a very long time before Europe makes one a star."

"He took a test. He made 'The Blue Angel' with me."

She did not need to tell that "The Blue Angel" was the sensation of Europe and that

she became a sensation with it. She did not need to paint the picture of how she proved the exception to that rule that no *young woman* can become a star on the Continent. She was one by popular acclamation.

And she did not need to tell me—although she did—that Josef Von Sternberg, through his direction, had done it. What no other director has been able to accomplish, he had done. He had transmitted her natural beauty and ability across the film chasm.

And now that she was a sensation in her own land where she had formally been only a modest beseecher, they wanted her to go to America. She said, "No." Why should she desert glory and success in the hand for possibilities in the bush? No one in America knew her. It would be beginning all over again. It would mean a new language, even. Why should she leave her family for something uncertain when she had a certain Europe at her feet?

BUT when Von Sternberg asked her again and said, "Come over and make pictures for me. Not for Paramount, but with me—"

There was no uncertainty there. She knew what he could do with her and for her. He had done it in Europe. He could do it in America. Whether any other man could bridge that film chasm (no other *had*) was a huge question mark. He was the bird in the hand. She came to America to make pictures *with him*.

She is leaving America because she will make pictures with no one except him. The only possible chance of her returning is for the same reason that she came to us originally.

"This is not because of any *Svengali* and *Trilby* influence, but because he is the best friend I ever had in the world. People have said he casts a spell over me. That is ridiculous. I am devoted, but I made the devotion myself because my brain told me to. It is only common sense to me."

"Can you think of any one casting a spell over me? I hate any one wanting to clamp a hand down on me. I would never make a contract for longer than six months because I hate the idea of being nailed down. I resent it terribly."

"But when I *devote myself* to some one, no one can undo it."

"PEOPLE should be able to understand that. If you meet a great person, you become devoted. If they knew him—he has no way of talking with stupid people. He has no patience with me while I am stupid. Which I understand. Why should he waste his time—"

But to change! To work with any one else! It is actually beyond her comprehension. She gave an example which she is afraid our people will not understand. I am going to risk it.

"Before I had my child, I stopped and looked at every child in the street. I was so crazy about all children. But now—when I have my own. That is perfection. Why should I look at others? I have the best, all children for me—right at home. I feel that way about directors. I have the best. Why should I look at others?"

I am a bit afraid, even as is Marlene herself, that America will not understand her. She is leaving us in February, for always—unless Von Sternberg, who is definitely "sick and tired of pictures" (his own expression), should change his mind. She will have made only five pictures in her three and a half years among us, but with those five she has chiselled a niche on the portals of fame, comparable only to the one of Garbo.

It is comprehensible why she should wish to be understood "just once" before her departure.

Her American life has not been happy. Her first year—Mrs. Von Sternberg's suit for alienation of affections. The suit was understandable from an wholly American viewpoint.—it was completely a puzzle from Marlene's European one. She had a husband. He understood. Why should not Mr. Von Sternberg's wife do the same? she reasoned. Incidentally, I have known both Marlene and Von Sternberg since she first came and I have always said both in print and in person that Marlene's devotion has always been as she now explains it.

A mental and, to her, common sense one.

Then—the fight on "Blonde Venus." Von Sternberg did not want to direct it. The studio wished to make the story saccharine. He bolted. Richard Wallace was assigned as director. *She* bolted. You now know why. Von Sternberg really went back and directed that picture for the sake of Marlene. He hated it then—he hates it now. And no man can do a truly great picture with a story which he hates.

AND then—the kidnapping threats for her baby. Any description of her suffering would sound like an exaggeration. That Marlene Dietrich has a mother complex, no American would question. To her, the extent of her love is only as natural as her refusal to be directed by any man other than the one who bridged the screen chasm for her. The letters she received were made up of words clipped from newspapers to avoid trace of handwriting. People said it was a joke.



"Hollywood gossip overlooks that I am married and am not divorcing my husband," says Marlene Dietrich. "He is coming for Christmas and then we'll be happy." This picture shows the way Marlene and little Maria greeted papa Sieber the last time he arrived in Hollywood from abroad

They continued for six weeks. Each new letter showed a new knowledge of her movements. Why had she hired detectives? Why had she taken her child to such and such a place the day before? Marlene Dietrich was close to a mad woman. Neither she nor her child even now stir in the open today without armed guards.

The bars on the windows of her home are inches thick.

During the thick of the daily threats, she received word from the department of immigration that the two German maids should return home. She wrote a letter that she was employing eleven Americans—nine of whom were made necessary by the dangers of this country.

Must she send away the two Germans, the only ones whom she could truly trust with her child?—The American government let them remain.

Then—the Chevalier gossip. Marlene and Maurice are friends. But—she laughs. "They forget I am married and I am not divorcing my husband. He is coming for Christmas and then we shall be really happy and gay."

Her husband has had many clothes made for Marlene at her tailors in Paris. He sent these clothes back to Marlene with Maurice Chevalier! Again, perhaps only Europeans could fully understand friendships like these.

I do not believe Marlene will cry when she sails to sing in the theaters of Paris and Berlin.

"My child will be safe over there—" A throb in her voice when she says it. "Not no more troubles. We all have them. But less troubles and not so much silly talk."

"But I am happy I am able to give so many Americans work in protecting me from these strange customs. Some good has come—"

Her eyes twinkle.

I think they will twinkle when she waves goodbye to the Statue of Liberty which has not meant all liberty for her.

Impossible, perhaps, for an American to vision happiness at waving goodbye to that statue!

Impossible, perhaps, also, for a European like Marlene, to vision happiness at waving it a second welcome!

Cary versus Gary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

M-G-M has learned, with its Shearer-Garbo-Crawford tangle!

What on earth can Paramount do with Cary and Gary under the roof of the same sound-stages? One of them must go! One must be eliminated. Everybody knows that. But nobody knows how the elimination is to be done, nor who of the two will be eliminated.

PUT it up to the public? The studio, deliberately opposing the two men, made "Devil and the Deep." That was putting Cary and Gary into the same ring, with a vengeance! Gary had the lead. Cary had a supporting part. Gary was good. So was Cary. Nothing was settled. Nothing happened at all, indeed—except that the public went home from the show mumbling, "But then who was that *other* tall fellow? Was that—? No. Which was which?" The only result was an increase in the general confusion, a heightening of the realization that one of the two, Cary or Gary must go. They are too much alike! Round four, "Devil and the Deep" was a draw, with honors even.

The sad part of it is that both Gary and Cary know what is happening. They know that they're pitted against each other, and that when the final gong sounds, one of them will be on the floor. It's rather a shame. Both of them are such regular guys! They admire, like, and respect each other. Neither of them will win without regrets for the man he has vanquished. Life should be softer, gentler; there ought to be a way in which both men could win. But life isn't that way. For every winner there must be a loser.

Round five is going on right now. And just as in a real prize ring, the glaring lights overhead bring the straining torsos of the boxers into sharp relief, so the present state of affairs is bringing into clear sight the strong points and the weak points on either side. What we are really watching is a battle between a slugger and a boxer.

Grant is the boxer. You'd know that, just to look at him. He's suave, distinguished, graceful in every move he makes before the camera. The word "polished" fits him as closely as one of his own well-fitting gloves. And it's no wonder. His grandfather was an actor—the stage is in his blood. He's been connected with the theater since he was twelve years old, when he ran away from home, in England, to join up with a vagabond troupe of acrobat-comedians.

He's been in vaudeville, he's been in stock companies, he has played the lead in a dozen operettas for the St. Louis Repertoire Company. He was in musical comedy for the Shuberts. He made a Broadway success in "The Street Singer." The theater has been his life. He knows everything there is to know about it. From the tip of his glossy shoes to the last curl of his equally glossy black hair, he's an actor.

Gary Cooper came to Hollywood, not from the theater, but from a cattle ranch. He never acted in anything else besides the movies. He's an ex-cow-puncher, ex-commercial artist. He lacks, as an actor, "finesse." He doesn't know how to walk, doesn't know how to talk, doesn't know how to put over a scene with gestures and tricks of expression, the way a trained actor does. And yet Gary has something that transcends finish, technique. He has one thing which may prove stronger than all of Grant's polish!

Gary Cooper has personality!

YOU can learn technique, but you have to be born with personality. Gary was! Why, as a matter of fact, he got his original contract without so much as a screen-test! He merely walked into the office, and they took one look at him and grabbed for a pen. And the public has confirmed that verdict! Gary has been tremendously popular, and he still is. He is not adept, he is not trained, he is not really an actor at all—but when he stands up before that camera, mama and grandma fall off their seats, and pa and the boys swell out their chests! That's personality!

And that's the set-up for the championship bout that's going on. It would be a very smart gambler who could lay odds. At present, true, Cary Grant seems to have the edge. But don't forget that, time and time again, the public has overwhelmingly shouted, "To heck with the fine points. Give us personality!" Nobody knows how it's going to end. Who will win, the boxer or the slugger?

It's a fair fight. No cleaner pair of scrappers has ever stood on the blood-stained canvas of the Hollywood ring. All blows will be clean, and all breaks will be clean. There will be no fouls.

And, when the fight ends, no one will be swifter to shake the winner's hand than the man on the canvas. But, the fight *must* end—soon! Only one can win.

Round six . . . GONG.

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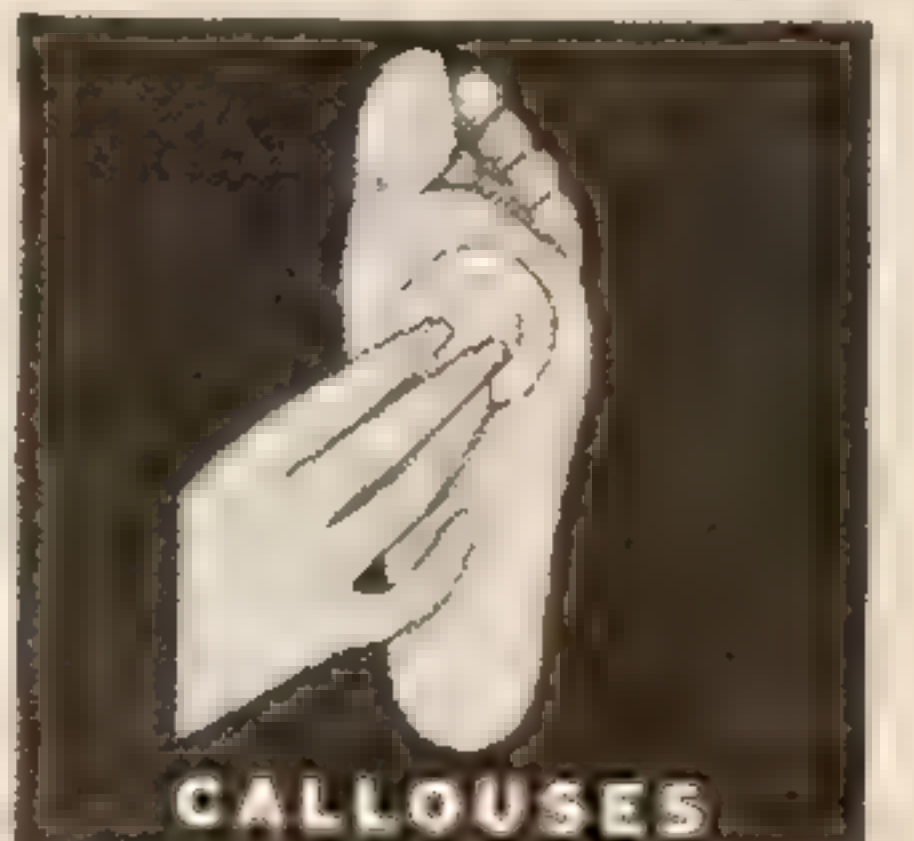
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Everyone Had a Finger in the Pie

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

have 'em—couldn't have rooms with unbroken lines. They weren't "smart." He won—the nooks nicked me only another four hundred seventy-eight dollars and forty-five cents. Later, when Lew Cody came with a lady, I discovered the why of nooks. And they added a new word to the Summerville vocabulary. If I can't find my hat, Mrs. Summerville will probably suggest, "It may be over in the 'Cody.'" A cozy corner may be a nook to some people, but it's a "Cody" to us.

JANET Gaynor said it wouldn't do to panel the master bedroom with redwood. Knotty pine was the only thing. I had always supposed a knotty pine board had no value except in the fence of a ball park.

But I found out you pay these days for knotty pine at so much per knot.

Jimmy Gleason and Jimmie Dunn, also knotty pine nuts, held out for it in the living-room, too. California doesn't grow knotty pine wide enough for the living-room panels. But it could be ordered specially from a lumber mill in Vancouver, B. C.!

Gary Cooper—he got building experience helping his father put up a ranch barn once—suggested a second story. Just back from

Africa, he said the best people there were no longer building one-story houses. He sold us the idea. (I've since learned they have two-story houses in Africa on account of snakes.) Gary's idea meant merely strengthening the foundations—again—lengthening the east wall four feet and raising the sills on the north side.

It was now late in July. And we had expected to move in in April!

ZaSu Pitts discovered another terrible "bull." Our bedroom faced the ocean—beautiful view but that was the damp side! A fond mother of two swell kids, she painted with her fluttering hands and face full of maternal concern, terrifying pictures of babies with colds, croup and other complaints caused by damp breezes.

So, for the child's sake (yes, we have a baby) the bedroom location was changed. More plans!

The architect went ZaSu one better. He beat someone to it by finding some unused space—and a use for it, a sleeping porch for the baby. This glass-enclosed addition was fourteen by eighteen feet! Sally Eilers and her husband, Hoot Gibson, consoled by pointing out what a chance it would give the baby to grow!

Will Rogers declared the place had to have a barbecue. But the architect, always the boy with big ideas, must have thought I was going to feed the American Legion or the bonus army—I got a barbecue so big it takes three men to turn the roasting crank.

CLARK Gable, with his mechanical genius, contributed an electrical annunciator system. It's great. Push a button, anywhere, and every bell in the house rings. The houseboy, hearing the jingle, starts at the rear door and works forward. In due course, he is bound to admit the caller.

But I made one slick contract. During the early building stages, a man looked through the first blue prints and agreed to clean all the windows in the completed house for thirty dollars. This bright young man and a helper took a week to do their job. The finished house has one hundred seven windows!

What did the place cost? Honestly, I don't know. I checked twenty-seven thousand dollars out of the bank before I went into a huddle with the bank officials. How much was spent on the house after that, I haven't the slightest idea and I'm not trying to find out. The bank will tell me—soon enough!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount

SUPERB horsemanship and an exciting wild horse stampede distinguish this Western. The hero is very heroic, the heroine is very pure, the villain is very dastardly, and the story is slow in spots. But that Randolph Scott rides like a Cossack. The kids will love it.

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists

THE star of this English-made musical film is Jack Buchanan, who did such fine work with Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo" that we cannot hold this one against him. Besides his being miscast, the plot is artificial and the direction clumsy.

VIRTUE—Columbia

CAROLE LOMBARD, a "shady lady," marries taxi driver Pat O'Brien without telling him about her past. When he learns the truth he forgives her, but nevertheless is haunted by suspicion. His suspicions reach a climax when his wife is involved in a murder. Carole is beautiful as the poor little misunderstood Mae and Pat is excellent as the husband.

THE MAN FROM ARIZONA—Monogram

FILLED with incongruities and improbabilities, this picture's biggest dramatic moment is spoiled by poor dialogue. Neoma Judge is the vamp and Nat Carr and James Marcus are also in the cast.

THE IRONMASTER—Allied

THE millhand who becomes a millionaire—it could have been a powerful, gripping picture, but it lacks the necessary polish, and you never quite believe in Reginald Denny with dirt on his hands. Lila Lee doesn't quite put over her rôle, either.

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal

A DOLPHE MENJOU is his usual smooth, suave self in a British-made film of two gentlemen jewel thieves who are quite successful until the supposedly woman-proof Menjou is neatly double-crossed by a clever girl crook.



"Lipstick, lipstick, who's got the lipstick?" Why, Anita Page, of course—and right in the dashing silver ornament that trims her hat. After an ice cream soda, Anita just reaches up, pulls out the center of the ornament, and there's a lipstick all ready to repair any damage that's been done

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio

THIS picture is thrilling, if not convincing. Gwili Andre, a Parisian flower girl hypnotized into posing as a Russian princess; Frank Morgan, John Warburton and Gregory Ratoff play the principal rôles. A number of murders have been committed and the trail taken by the French police is interesting to watch, though sometimes unbelievable.

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia

CAROLE LOMBARD with a story and dialogue that fit like her clothes—which is some fit. Another rich girl who falls for a poor lad and chases him shamelessly, but the treatment is fresh and smart, and the production has lots of swank. Lyle Talbot gives an excellent performance, and so does Louise Closser Hale. The rest of the cast is good. A well-directed picture.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram

THIS is melodrama, but more apt to bring laughs than tears. It's all about a girl who is convicted of murder, sent to prison and through a girl pal is freed. Then she gets involved with gangsters, and a lot of other things happen. Cast includes Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas.

RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.

MERNA KENNEDY innocently becomes the accomplice of a beer racketeer. Only after he kills a man does she find out who her boss is. She deserts him, but later he finds her, and in attempting to blackmail her he is killed. The murder is traced to Merna but here the story takes a trick turn and all ends well. Theodore Von Eltz makes a grand racketeer and Grant Withers does well in a small rôle.

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio

A MILD little picture that compares the trials of the pioneers and their struggles with the Indians to the present-day invasion of the gangster. We'll take Indians. Chic Sale as old *Smoky Joe* adds a bit of color. Hero Bill Boyd saves the day and Dorothy Wilson is the girl. Ralph Ince makes a grand villain.

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.

FRENCH, with English sub-titles. The brilliant acting of Harry Baur as *David Golder* makes it worth seeing. With great wealth amassed, *Golder* finds himself with a faithless wife, a scheming daughter and false business partners. Not a happy story, but well done.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME—UFA

WERNER KRAUSS, well-known German actor, has the rôle of a soldier who having lost his memory as a result of the war recovers it suddenly after a period of seventeen years, with many resulting complications. The film is interesting but the direction is lagging.

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film

A GERMAN talking picture handsomely mounted and well presented. Lil Dagover, recently seen in the American picture, "The Woman From Monte Carlo," plays a fiery ballerina of the Berlin Opera House with such glamour that one wonders if our own Hollywood did right by her.

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners

TO the thrills of a Western picture, this one adds a dash of spookiness. Sliding panels and secret entrances and a long-abandoned mine in a ghost town, make an unusual background for John Wayne and his horse, Duke. Sheila Terry alternately gets captured and rescued.

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.

A FASCINATING realistic German film that shows graphically what happens when men are trapped inside a blazing coal mine. It also shows how true brotherliness and self-sacrifice are brought out by such tragedies. An impressive film.

ME AND MY GAL—Fox

IF you like rowdy wisecracks, seasoned with slapstick and a dash of melodrama, you'll probably love this. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as the cop are good. George Walsh is an excellent villain (it's nice to see him back on the screen) and brother Raoul Walsh did the directing. Marion Burns, J. Farrell MacDonald and Henry B. Walthall give good support.

Heart Throb

I have been almost totally paralyzed since an infant, and so I am deprived of most of the pleasures girls love. The thing which appeals most is the shadow stage. I am able to attend the movies only about six times a year.

I saw "Blessed Event" and I have never enjoyed anything as much as Lee Tracy's superb impersonation.

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or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district

Let's Talk About 'Em

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

Frank laughed. "Let's forget it," he said, and went to Warner Brothers where he became a big shot.

He was a Hollywood somebody in the big money!

Remember "Show of Shows"; "Under A Texas Moon" and those other Fay pictures? In the meantime, Barbara had finished her picture.

Disaster! There are not enough desolate adjectives to describe it.

Barbara also told United Artists, "Let's forget it."

FRANK was not anxious for Barbara to work. He had money. She could stay home.

But his devoted, husband-sharpened eye saw that beneath her carefully prepared I-don't-care manner, she was suffering from humiliation.

Her pride was injured and he knew there is no greater injury to woman.

Perhaps, if she could make just one good picture—

So Mr. on-the-top Frank Fay set out to secure Miss down-at-the-bottom Barbara Stanwyck an opportunity to make another picture.

The task seemed utterly impossible with "The Locked Door" against her.

"It was as though she had leprosy and everyone was afraid to even see her," he explains it.

Barbara still bites her sensitive lower lip when she talks about it.

"When you are up in Hollywood, you are accepted; when you are down, it is as though you did not exist."

When the two attended Hollywood parties, Barbara would be overlooked as though she were a gate-crasher.

Hollywood has an entirely local and, from the viewpoint of other localities, rude custom. When folk arrive at a party, men crowd into one room; women into another.

This is, of course, to allow the exchange of gossip without any restraint from the "other-sex" presence.

Three years ago this New Year's eve, Barbara attended a cocktail party preceding the Mayfair celebration. She slipped into the room where the one hundred women were segregated. There was a French clock on the mantel.

Out of curiosity, she timed her loneliness. It was exactly forty-five minutes before one woman spoke to her. And then it was the wife of a jeweler—not one of Hollywood's professionally famous.

Frank doubled his efforts to prove to Hollywood the capabilities of his wife!

He propositioned Harry Cohn of Columbia studios.

"I will pay half of the production costs if you will put my wife in a picture. Only you must promise not to tell her."

Barbara did not learn of this until a year and a half later!

She made "Mexicali Rose."

Another sad affair. She was to play "Ladies of Leisure," but when Director Frank Capra saw these first two Stanwyck productions, he felt justified in asking for another leading lady.

FRANK FAY made a dash for Warner Brothers studio where she had made one of her numerous tests.

"May I borrow Barbara's test?" he asked Jack Warner. He rushed it to Columbia and showed it at nine o'clock that evening to Capra and Cohn.

It was a scene from "The Noose," which she had done on the stage, and proved her an actress.

You know what "Ladies of Leisure" did for Barbara Stanwyck Fay. The profits were among the largest of any "talkie" to date. She was a sensation. She had received eight thousand dollars for making it. They gave her ten thousand for "Ten Cents a Dance." The latter made even more money than did "Ladies of Leisure."

And then Barbara was infected by one of Hollywood's earliest diseases. Folk whispered in her ear that Ann Harding was making seven thousand five hundred a week, Connie Bennett thirty thousand, etc. Her producers whispered that the profits from her picture had to be carried in truck loads.

Why shouldn't she get her fair share?

She demanded fifty thousand dollars for "Forbidden," her next picture, despite the



From dancing in George White's "Scandals" to "Walking Down Broadway"—that's the story of Boots Mallory's career. Her real name is Patricia, and some day we'll ask her how she got that funny little nickname

fact that she was under contract to make it for ten thousand.

Columbia carried the matter into court—and won.

On the evening of the court battle, Barbara telephoned them. "What if you did win. You can't make me work. What are you going to do about it?"

What they did—Everyone got together. Frank said to producer Harry Cohn, "You two had better shake hands." They shook; made the picture.

When it was completed, Barbara received a whopping-big bonus.

But in the meantime, Frank had left Warners. Frank's pictures had made a profit—but the amount would not build a new studio.

Frank felt they were miscasting him. The studio insisted upon his interpreting foreigners. Mexicans in his first productions; Frenchmen thereafter.

He was to be the handsome hero designed to knock love-yearning ladies unconscious. His tousled red hair changed to sleek, oily blackness.

Only Frank didn't want to be a foreign-type lover.

He wanted to be himself—a red-headed, red-blooded, Irish American.

One word led to a volume. Frank was out—and how! Hollywood cattily said, "Now I guess Frank will have to look to Barbara—and how!"

IHAVE said, "At last the Barbara-Frank house is in order." In truth it will never be in order.

Both are too Irishly tempestuous to let it remain that way. When people become solidly stationary, they do not progress.

Barbara and Frank will always be progressing or catapulting backwards—for the fun of climbing back to the *beyond*, the point from which they tumbled.

I doubt if Barbara will ever make a story over which she and producer Darryl Zanuck do not battle.

The other day, Mr. Zanuck sent her a note from an important Eastern personage severely criticizing Warner Brothers for producing such an inferior picture as "The Purchase Price."

"I chose that picture. How I fought for it. I just *knew* it would make a good picture. There is no one to blame but me," admits Barbara.

Which shows why no argument with Barbara is destructive or permanent. When she is wrong, she admits it.

But to think of these two maintaining an in-order house—forever!

Not even the baby can do it. They adopted him because they love children. Barbara was an orphan in the days when orphans were treated more cruelly than lost puppies are today.

She would like to adopt all orphans and surround them with the happiness of which she was herself deprived. She is going to adopt more.

Many more.

Yet, I repeat, even children will not standardize her life—or Frank's.

Listen to Frank and Barbara explain it. Frank says:

"I like pictures better than any business in the world because it is like a crap game. Continual excitement and action.

"You can never foretell tomorrow. You may take a trip to Palm Springs. The butler will ask for your name at your own door when you return. Whenever you leave Hollywood, you are forgotten. You return to start all over."

BARBARA interrupted. "Just like this house. We've completed everything exactly as we want it. Spanish. But any bright morning, Frank may wake up and say, 'What I really wanted was an English house.' By noon, there will be seventy-five workmen swarming over the place."

"Sure, it will give us something to do."

"See?" Barbara's laugh floated out over the Spanish balcony to the Spanish swimming pool, bungalow dressing-rooms and gymnasium. "I just knew it was coming. Then, I might want Italian—"

"Then, we'd do it again, darling."

"We'll probably end by starving."

"But we'll starve in a nice house, honey."

Which explains, of course, why Hollywood is always talking about them. They are magnetically, robustly, topsy-turvy vital and interesting.

Who ever wastes time gossiping about *dull* people?

And it also explains why they are the happiest married couple I know in Hollywood. They are never dull to each other.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander
Adrianne Allen
Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Marguerite Churchill
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Bing Crosby
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Susan Fleming
Norman Foster
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Miriam Hopkins

Bobby Jones
Roscoe Karns
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Jeanette MacDonald
Florine McKinney
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Mae West
Gordon Westcott

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Elissa Landi

Edmund Lowe
Patricia "Boots" Mal-
lory
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Nell O'Day
William Pawley
Arthur Pierson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Spencer Tracy
Irene Ware

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre
Rosco Ates
Leslie Banks
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Phyllis Fraser
Betty Furness
William Gargan
John Halliday
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Julie Haydon
Katharine Hepburn

Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Edna May Oliver
Laurence Olivier
Vivienne Osborne
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
Helen Twelvetrees
John Warburton
Dorothy Wilson
Fay Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry
Florence Britton
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Lili Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove

Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Ruth Hall
Weldon Heyburn
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford
Eddie Buzzell
Walter Connolly
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Evalyn Knapp
Tim McCoy

Adolphe Menjou
Mayo Methot
Lillian Miles
Pat O'Brien
Barbara Stanwyck
Ruthelma Stevens
Lee Tracy
Barbara Weeks
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue
Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Nora Gregor
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Hedda Hopper

Walter Huston
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Myrna Loy
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Kane Richmond
Helen Robinson
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Diane Sinclair
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Verree Teasdale
Franchot Tone
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson
Lew Ayres
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
June Clyde
Dorothea Cunningham
Andy Devine
Arletta Duncan
Sidney Fox

James Gleason
Russell Hopton
Boris Karloff
Paul Lukas
Tom Mix
Zasu Pitts
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Eleanor Holm
Harold Huber

Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Edward McNamara
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
John Wayne
Alice White
Warren William
John Wray
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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| ☐ Constance Bennett | ☐ Wallace Beery |
| ☐ Norma Shearer | ☐ Lionel Barrymore |
| ☐ Greta Garbo | ☐ Joan Crawford |
| ☐ Ann Harding | ☐ Marie Dressler |
| ☐ Ramon Novarro | ☐ Barbara Stanwyck |
| ☐ Maurice Chevalier | ☐ Jean Harlow |
| ☐ Clark Gable | ☐ Janet Gaynor |
| ☐ Ronald Colman | ☐ Helen Hayes |

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Address.....



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CHICAGO

She Stole His Best Scenes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

knotted in a huge piece at the back, and rushed her to the barber.

Not since her childhood, when as a freckle-faced tomboy she had re-named herself "James" and persuaded one of her brothers to take her to the barber shop for a boy's hair cut, had a scissors touched her hair. She had passed safely through that hysterical era when, "My dear, you must cut your hair," was on every tongue, only to have it off without even a chance for argument, the first hour in Hollywood.

LATE that evening, she timidly asked if she could go to a doctor to have the splinter removed from her eye.

An hour later Miss Katharine Hepburn, bright star of the Broadway stage, found herself, shorn and with a big black patch protecting one eye, alone and deserted on Hollywood's doorstep.

She became quickly acclimated to the studio, but in the breakfast scene of "A Bill of Divorcement" she had considerable dialogue and stage "business" and she wasn't doing it right.

She talked too fast for recording; she moved too quickly.

She could never quite manage to walk around and land back in the chalk marks the director had designated as the spot for the action to climax.

It was all too new to an actress accustomed only to the wide sweep of a stage. She protested she was too tall (she's five foot, five and a half) to catch a glimpse of those chalk marks without deliberately looking down!

They took that scene exactly twenty-five times, not counting rehearsals.

Twenty-five times that morning Miss Hepburn ate her portion of scrambled eggs, and couldn't even bear to look at an egg for months after.

But no one scolded. Not even the commissary department!

With a friend she saw the first "rushes" of her scenes.

Turning to the girl she said, "Frankly, I'm bored. I think they're pretty bad." "So am I and so do I," the friend just as frankly admitted.

They left the projection room without waiting for more.

The picture finished, she left for a vacation in Europe.

Friends cabled her about the brilliant New York opening but neglected to send her the critics' notices.

No one told her she had been hailed as a sensation.

So it wasn't until Radio Pictures cabled her to hurry back for "Three Came Unarmed," that she knew she was good enough to go on in movies.

She returned from Europe as a first-class passenger because she thought newspaper and cameramen might think it a pose if she followed her usual custom of traveling steerage. No, not third-class, but *steerage*. That's the way she went over. That's the way she has crossed eight times.

I TRAVELED steerage because I was always seasick and didn't get any fun out of the voyage. The food isn't so good, but I couldn't eat, anyhow. I'm afraid the spell is broken now. I didn't know what comfort I was missing until I came back first-class."

People are comparing her to Greta Garbo, because she is like her photographically. Garbo, too, is tall and thin—Miss Hepburn weighs only 107 pounds. Garbo has the same broad brow and high cheekbones, the same delicate yet square face, the same full mouth and heavy-lidded eyes.

Miss Hepburn says, "Garbo's eyes are di-



A new starring team. Katharine Hepburn and Joel McCrea are making "Three Came Unarmed." It's Katharine's second screen adventure, following her interesting portrayal of Sydney in "A Bill of Divorcement"



Georgie Raft's name is coupled with a different girl every week, but when this was snapped at the Frolics, Edith Roarke seemed to be getting his undivided attention. Edith is a fascinating dancer in "The Kid From Spain"

vine. They are beautiful and large. That's where we differ greatly."

It's a funny thing about those Hepburn eyes. Light in color—a turquoise blue—not specially large or provocative. Yet on the screen they seem liquid and dark, the lids heavier, the pupils larger.

SHE is a real Garbo fan herself and shies away from comparisons. "Because we are not really alike at all," she says. "Garbo has that Dusé quality, that deep under-current of tragedy, the beautiful repose and repression that belong to her race. I'm just an average sort of American girl who likes to talk too much and who moves quickly and energetically."

Katharine Hepburn's ancestry is Scotch and so is her appearance.

Her face is covered with light freckles; her teeth are white and perfect; and she could challenge Dietrich's title to the most beautiful legs in Hollywood.

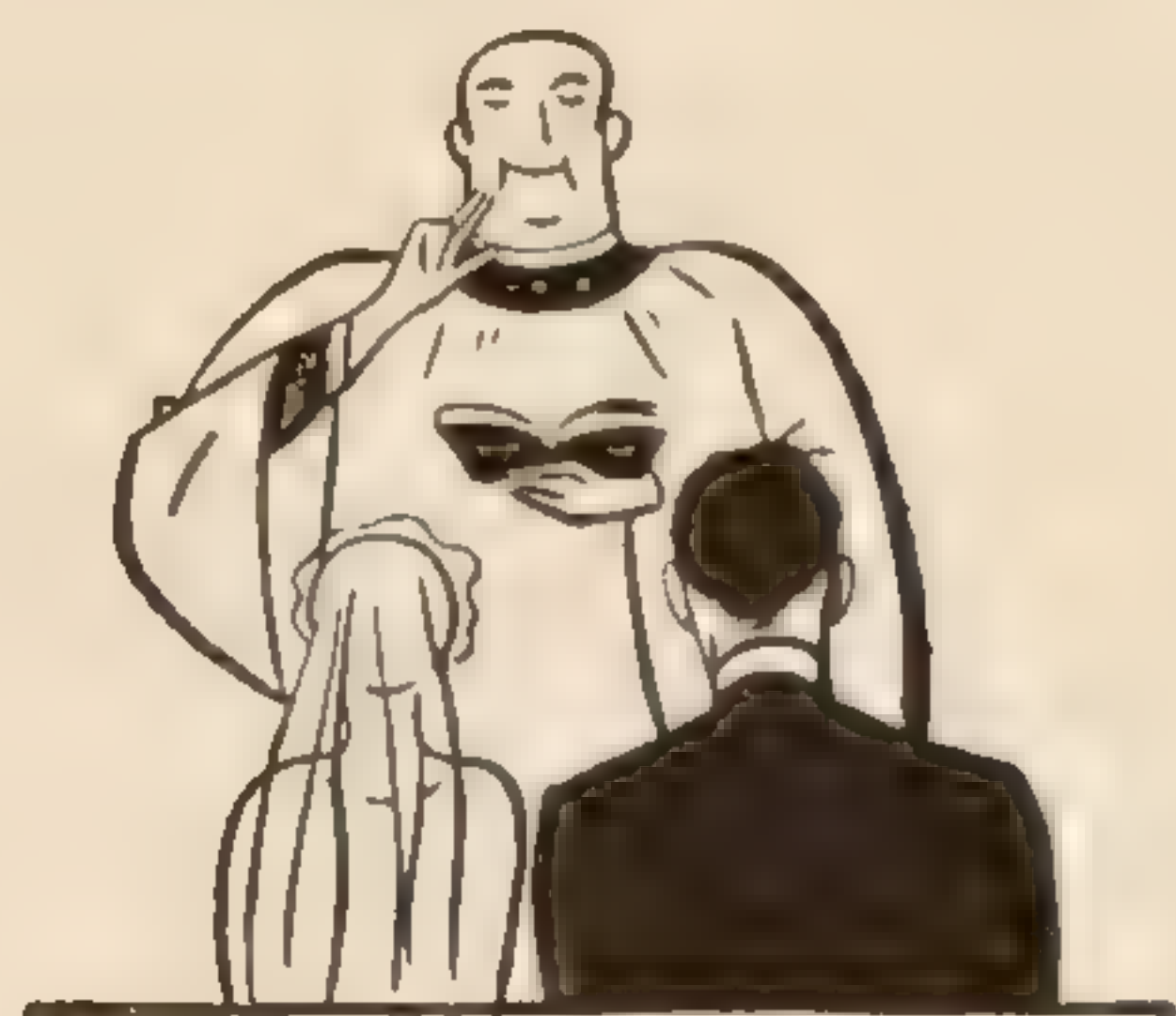
Her father is a surgeon in their home city of Hartford, Conn., and she has three older brothers and two younger sisters.

She is in her early twenties; athletic—the runner-up in a Connecticut golf tournament some years ago.

She is being criticized for keeping her personal life in the background and accused of imitating Garbo in her reticence to discuss it. She won't deny or admit her marriage of several years ago to Ludlow O. Smith. So far as the picture world is concerned; Mr. Smith appears to be a shadowy figure engaged in the insurance business—the scion of an old Philadelphia family.

BUT what you'll be interested in knowing at this moment is that she will make two pictures a year for a period of five years. During the winter she will go back to the stage, but her summers will be spent at the Radio Pictures studios.

And that's the really important news about an actress like Katharine Hepburn.



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Meet the Monster!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

Most of us by then would have had a heart that growled!

Another theatrical job. Again another company went broke.

The tantalizing aromas wafted from restaurants, the trunk held by a hotel manager, have inspired many an artist to forsake his ideal and sell short to dull methodical routine.

Not Karloff! Repeated adversity served only to sharpen his determination. He could not stoop to bribe his ambition with any little victory, any half-measure, with its inevitable result—efficient mediocrity.

He had pried in the opening wedge and he was going on.

By gradual stages, he achieved Hollywood and success. But it took exactly fourteen years.

THE story of those fourteen years is a document of human endurance tried to the breaking point. Of determination and desperation seldom equalled in the history of any career in any field.

This man had a background of rich experience. Nine years in stock is as fine an apprenticeship as any actor can serve. He had been in every conceivable situation demanding resourcefulness, intelligence, and ability. He had worked at persecuting, sordid labor, with the physical tension unrelieved for months at a time. It never broke his spirit, never swerved him a fraction from the central path toward his goal.

He thought all this preparation would mean something in Hollywood. But Karloff knew very little about the Village of Diminishing Averages.

He had to fight even for extra work. A few months of that, and he advanced tortuously out of that rank of forgotten men by sheer force of dynamic personality. They couldn't ignore him.

He was too stirring, too vivid, with his mysterious swarthy face, his deep, burning mag-

netic eyes, his long eloquent hands. He was "color" made articulate.

At last elevated to his first "bit" part, he clung to that meagre foothold. He determined that he would not slip back into "extra" obscurity.

It was an aching temptation to take the five dollars a day, when calls went out for mob-stuff and he had been a long time "between pictures"—and meals. But he knew it meant losing that precious stride forward, and he clung to it with unflinching singleness of purpose.

In the face of desperate need, actual hunger, he held out grimly.

Once reduced to crowd work again, he might never emerge. He had seen that happen to other men. Had seen it take the hope out of them, like taking away a soldier's stripes, and ambition dwindled steadily until the man was finally defeated by the imperative necessity of maintaining life. At the cost of his once fine pride and vaulting ambition.

If he went back, Karloff knew he might be just another extra for the rest of his life.

KARLOFF located a job driving a truck. The job started the following Monday, and in the meantime, he had to learn how to drive. Monday came. He drove the seventeen-ton truck. He loaded, unloaded, and piloted this juggernaut for one year.

The manager understood his situation and let him off for the necessary few days whenever picture work came up.

But when one picture lasted ten days, they finally had to give the trucking job to another man.

Around this time, Karloff met and married his first wife, Polly.

The introspective, analytical, serious man—and Polly, the blonde Fanchon-Marco dancing girl.

Frivolity wedded to the Three Fates. . . . Red heels in a cathedral.

The contrast obviously was marked for disaster from the first. After a time, Polly simply went to Panama as a cafe entertainer. Divorce followed.

One night, Karloff saw a picture called "The Penalty." Lon Chaney's brilliant artistry made such a vivid impression upon him that he wandered around for days like a man under a spell of enchantment, hypnotized.

His ambition given added impulse by Chaney's performance, Karloff made a fresh round of the studios. Someone called to him from a passing car. At first Karloff did not recognize the man, his ideal, who remembered an insignificant bit Karloff had done in one of his pictures.

Chaney, an extraordinarily gracious and kindly man, gave him a lift. They drove around for an hour.

Chaney was interested in Karloff's reactions to his "Penalty" performance and in his intelligent comments. They took the picture scene by scene, analyzed it together.

THE discussion was inspiring to the unknown actor. He did not know that he was one day fated to occupy the position left vacant when Chaney died.

He never strolled idly down the boulevard again. Chaney told him a man needed to be alone, that idle chatter was disorganizing. So Karloff roamed the hills back of Hollywood, avoiding the discouraging complaints of boulevard loafers.

The turning point came when he went to the Actor's Equity office one day for his English mail. At the foot of the stairs he paused and thought how futile it was to climb the long flight. He had been there the previous day.

He debated whether to inquire or go on for his walk. Something urged him up the stairs. There was no mail—but the girl at the desk told him that a downtown theater was casting a play called, "The Criminal Code."

He landed an important part and played it superbly. Later, a picture version was made and he was cast in the same part. Things began to move.

SHORTLY after, Carl Laemmle, Jr., decided he was the man for "Frankenstein." Karloff ignited the imagination of a great public with that astounding performance. In it, he arrived.

You know the rest.

He fought a long time for his break. He endured more than the average person can comprehend, and there are chapters in his life he does not dwell upon. His is a saga of suffering, of hard-earned recognition. He survived years of famine, thwarted ambition, thankless devotion; he does not know what invisible force stimulated him—but even he would not do it again.

And with it all, his most astonishing personal characteristic is the fact that he is a man without a grievance. It seems that the people who work hardest for their success harbor the fewest grudges.

Karloff has learned there is nothing in life worth growing bitter about.

Now he has been married for three years to a charming, cultured girl who was a librarian in the city schools. They are ideally happy.

He has earned the repose and serenity of his lovely quiet home on Toluca Lake. He has suffered none of the usual symptoms of picture success. He drives a battered old Ford coupe, and his friends are the same ones he made fourteen years ago when he arrived in Hollywood.

Boris Karloff set a mark for himself, and he made it.

But what a price he paid!



So Jimmy Durante "ups" to Viola Dana and Shirley Mason and reads them the funny papers! But they don't seem to be laughing very hard. Oh, how mortifyin'! Jimmy's next picture is "Pig Boats," which is a pet name for submarines, we're told



Bachrach

Maybe you've never seen his face, but radio fans the world over know Roxy's voice. His real name is S. L. Rothafel and he's in the news right now because of his unique new motion picture theater, an imposing unit in Rockefeller Center, New York

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 62-67) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ALABAMA—

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,
BIRMINGHAM.

CONNECTICUT—

G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,
HARTFORD.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—

FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.,
WASHINGTON.

ILLINOIS—

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MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,
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LINN & SCRUGGS DRY GOODS Co.,
DECATUR.

CLARKE & COMPANY,
PEORIA.

OWENS, INCORPORATED,
ROCKFORD.

S. A. BARKER COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD.

INDIANA—

WOLF & DESSAUER,
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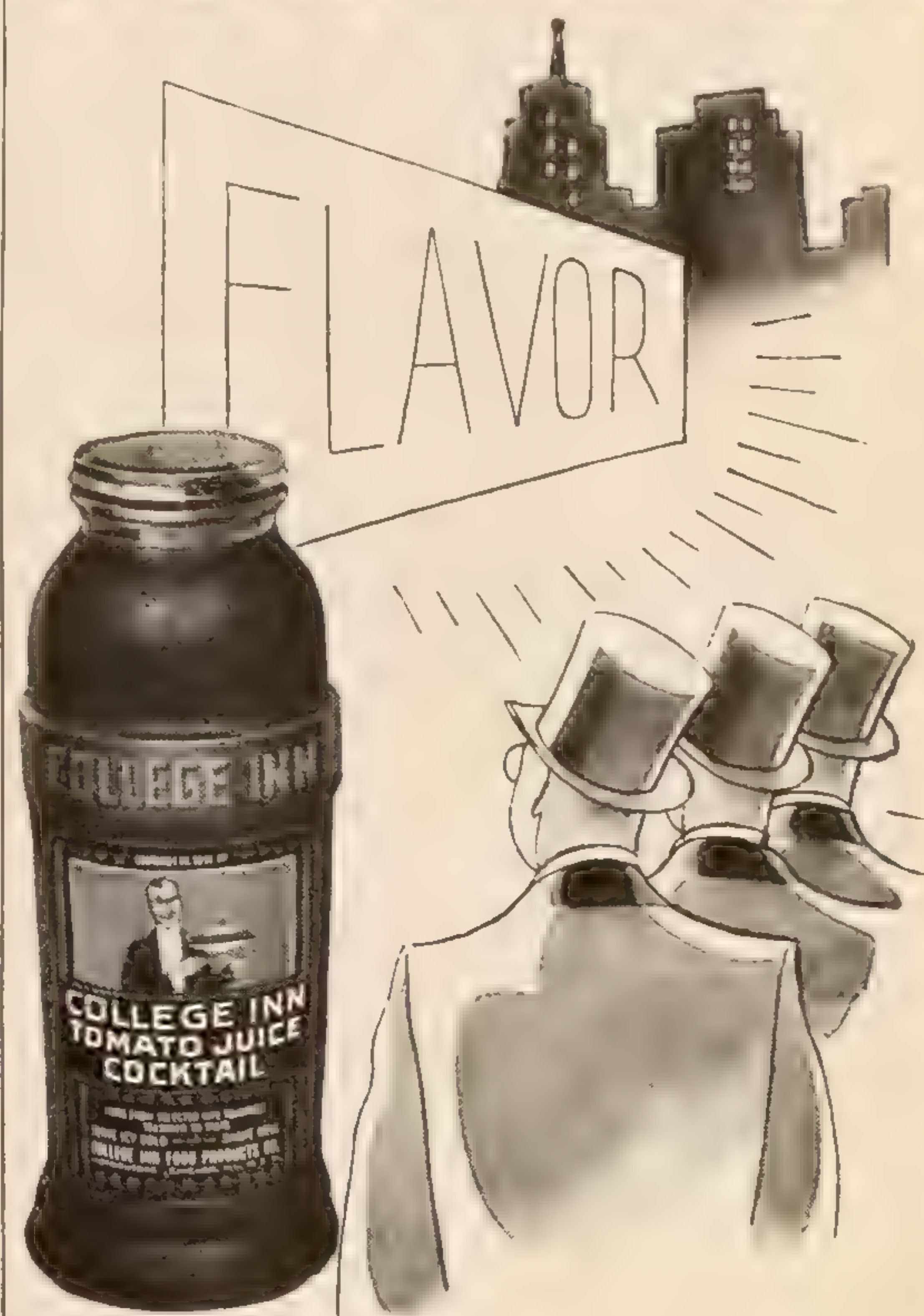
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Did Garbo Marry Stiller?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

An admirer of Stiller's? Unquestionably again. It was Stiller who guided her upwards, fought many of her battles for her. There is no reason to believe Garbo will ever forget that. Whether she has put aside all thoughts of marriage because of her memory of Stiller, or because she was at one time married to him, is another matter entirely.

HOW profound Garbo's impression of Stiller must have been, as the groundwork of her attitude toward him, is indicated nicely in a Swedish writer's account of her first meeting with the director. The quotes which the Swedish writer gives as those of Garbo may not be exact. I merely present them as they stand.

"I went up to find him after school," is the way the writer quotes Garbo. "I had never seen Stiller. I had only heard and read of him, but I had much respect for him and he was to me a great man.

"He wasn't in when I arrived and I sat down to wait. He came in finally with his big

dog. He struck me as so different from other men, so original. Without saying a word he looked at me a long time, surveying me from head to foot. A long time afterwards he told me exactly what I wore that day, even what kind of shoes and stockings. Black, low-heeled shoes and black stockings. Then he said something about the weather and other small topics. At times I thought he wasn't even looking at me.

"Then he said, suddenly, 'Can you take off your hat and coat?' I took them off, feeling that he was watching my every movement. Then he asked for my telephone number, and that was the end of the interview."

This, then, is the story of Stiller and Garbo, out of which has come the rumor of marriage. The facts are worthy of speculation, for it is possible that Garbo spent more time in the company of Stiller than with any one man before or since. And there are rumors that certain papers have been signed in Stockholm regarding Garbo's status as a Swedish subject and regarding her sojourn in America. The

papers may have something to do with Stiller and they may not. For the time being there is no way of telling. The burden of proof seems very much against it.

As I write this in Stockholm, a new rumor is afloat here. This time the story is that Prince Lennart, who married outside of royalty last spring and who is now known as Lennart Bernadotte, has written a special play in which Garbo will act at a small theater in Stockholm in which she is supposed to have a financial interest.

THE director of the theater, a woman, a friend of Garbo's, has denied knowledge of any such plans; has denied that Garbo has an interest in the theater.

It's much the same thing over again. Someone putting six and seven together and trying to make twelve. It may get to be twelve, but it isn't for the time being.

Did Garbo marry Stiller?

The several enterprising journalists may think so, but they can't prove it.

Three Ring Circus of '32

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

five thousand dollars and Radio Pictures buys it for Connie Bennett, whereupon Gloria is out cold for three days at the news. The Malibu season opens and the Malibu Follies begin.

Now the lights dim and the place is suddenly filled with terror. In two seconds the stage is cleared as an eerie, ghostly shadow creeps on.

Kidnappers threaten the town.

Windows are barred. Guards are placed and the menace slinks away.

From every corner comes the cry, "Is Garbo going? Is Garbo coming back?" while snoop sisters and scoop sisters run in and out writing down wrong names at right addresses.

Mary Pickford goes driving along the boulevard counting empty storerooms and wrecks the west end of the boulevard and the east end of Chico, Miriam Hopkins adopts a baby, buys a farm and divorces a husband all in one week, Ralph Forbes goes to Reno, his wife, Ruth Chatterton, goes to Spain and George Brent goes to vaudeville. Von Sternberg and Dietrich make faces at Paramount and Paramount makes faces right back. A blonde by the name of Venus is the cause.

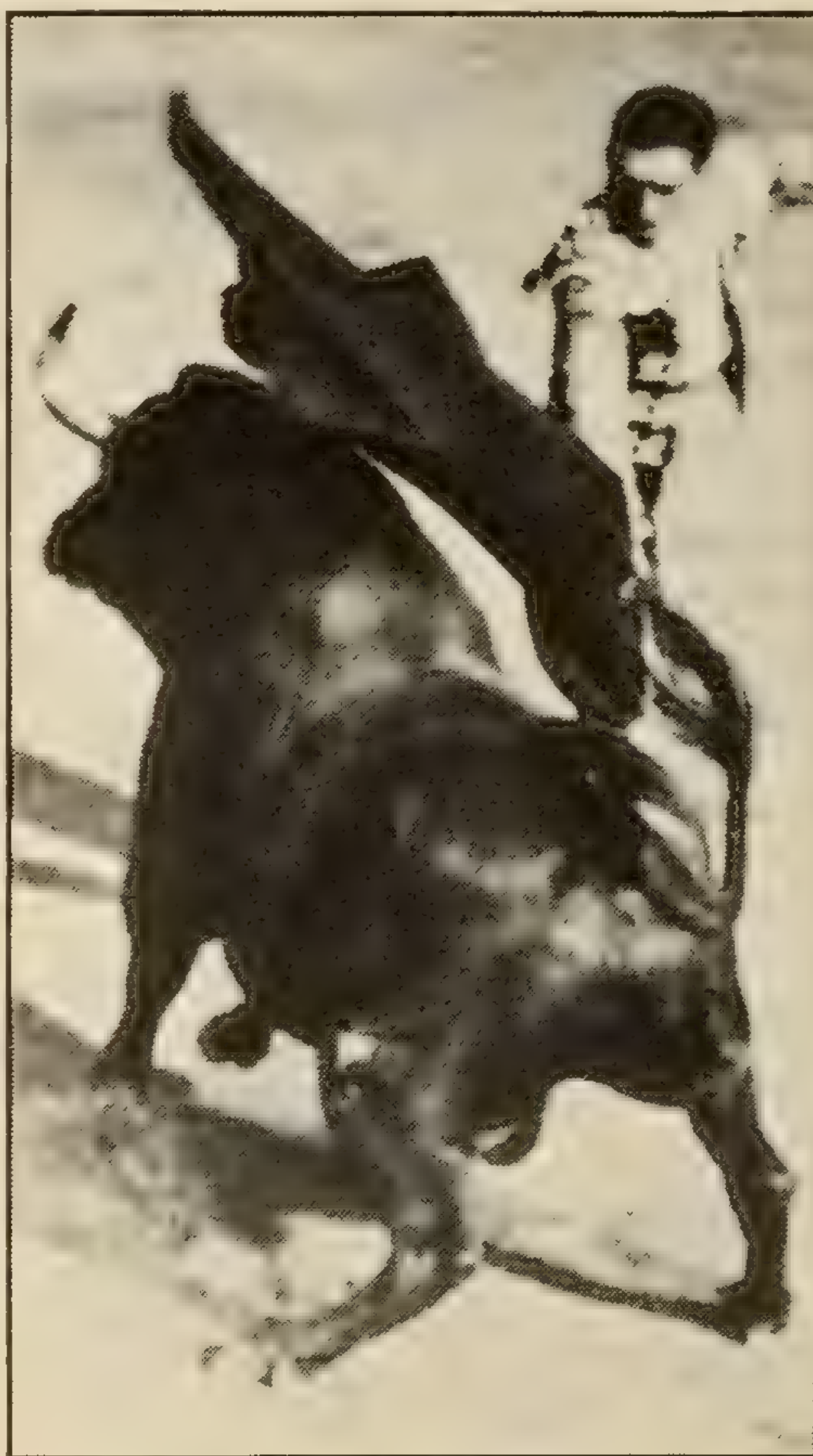
A COOL little egg flips a coin all through "Scarface" and finds himself in the front ring. Georgie Raft makes a hit. A quick flash back reveals the Barrymores still making "Rasputin" with not a Barrymore left on speaking terms. Out of nowhere a mysterious car glides up to the home of Irving Thalberg. A tall figure steals in. Garbo has come to sign that new contract.

Buster Keaton buys a yacht on wheels, two admiral suits and with Lew Cody goes driving about the country astonishing the natives into hysterics.

Pickford decides on "Secrets" after all, and Ann Dvorak leaves Hollywood flat. With Leslie Fenton. Connie Bennett refuses to see twenty-nine reporters, seven columnists, and twelve sob sisters, and loses eight pounds, while a strange mannish figure steals quietly out of the depot gates. Unnoticed, Garbo has gone.

The polo chorus, including Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and Spencer

Tracy, trot out in polo pants that would slay a potato-bug and do a quaint folk dance on horseback. They think, however, it's polo and practically nobody knows the difference. The Marx Brothers disrobe a producer in broad



That serious bull-fight scene in "The Kid From Spain" is the real McCoy. Sidney Franklin, one of the world's great bull-fighters, visited his friend Eddie Cantor in Hollywood and stayed to make a thrilling sequence in Eddie's uproarious new picture

daylight on his own lot, while Marlene and Von Sternberg quarrel and make up and Marlene paralyzes the diners by appearing in the studio dining-room in a nickel's worth of shorts with bare legs exposed. Even the Marx Brothers were carried out in a body.

The loud rasping sound proves to be Lionel Barrymore asleep and snoring on sister Ethel's lap on the "Rasputin" set that just goes on and on, and Mary Pickford decides to make "Shanty Town" after all.

THE hunting scene takes place. The stage is darkened and into the gloom steals Mary Pickford, Sam Katz from Paramount, Junior Laemmle from Universal and Irving Thalberg from M-G-M, Harpo Marx and Chic Sale all carrying lanterns, while in the distance comes the gay lilt of "A-hunting we will (gulp, whistle) go," sung by Bing Crosby who arrived on the afternoon train.

The hunters wave their lanterns and go chasing madly about. Mary Pickford hunts for a leading man for "Secrets," I mean "Shanty Town," no "Secrets," no—aw nuts, —Sam Katz hunts for a "Panther Woman" and a "Lion Man," Irving Thalberg for a Red-Headed Woman, Junior Laemmle for a Laughing (tee hee) Boy, Harpo Marx for a small house with a big swimming pool.

M-G-M mistakes a platinum blonde for a red-head, while Junior Laemmle gives up the "Laughing Boy" picture in disgust and runs home to make more horrors.

Constance Bennett's first "Rockabye" has to be re-made and Gloria Swanson rolls about on good old English soil in mirth. Heigh-ho, the dairy-o, the "Farmer's" in the dell!

As though by a bolt from above, the circus of Hollywood freezes to a standstill. Paul Bern has taken his life. His wife, the platinum-headed Jean Harlow, is laid low in grief. Hollywood weeps in sympathy.

Reporters and the everlasting sob sisters own crowd the gate of the depot. John Gilbert and his bride, Virginia Bruce, are off to Europe.

Chatterton comes home from Spain. Forbes from Reno and Brent from vaudeville. The cards have been shuffled. Chatterton is now Mrs. Brent and they all have tea to celebrate.

Then Brent goes broad "a," Forbes goes wild-cat hunting and Chatterton goes right on with her gum-chewing.

A quick flash reveals the Barrymores still disputin' over "Rasputin," and Jimmy Cagney comes home. Off in the distance a cow pony kicks up the dust as Clara Bow rides back from her desert home to make another picture just as Alice White arrives at the depot gate for the same purpose. Fox decides to co-star Will Rogers and Blue Boy, the prize hog. While Charlie Chaplin lets out a fatherly plea that keeps his boys from movies. After years of threatening, Joan Crawford makes for Europe with Doug, Jr., following "Rain."

DIETRICH puts on men's trousers, tie, shirts and shorts and steals Garbo's thunder. While Von Sternberg takes one look and sails for the South Seas to hunt a typhoon. And this with a town full of windstorms.

The sob sisters now all join hands and come skipping in singing, "We're the scoopa, boopa, doop sisters."

Claudette Colbert waves good morning to hubby Norman Foster, who lives on the next hill and Mary Pickford positively decides on "Shanty Town."

With a blasting of trumpets and crashing of cymbals, De Mille (with puttees) returns to the scene leading a chorus of twenty-seven yes men. They immediately go into a historical rumba with Cecil leading the intricate steps into the lion's den.

The rotund Charles Laughton, as *Nero*, wrapped in a sheet, goes flying about the Paramount lot on a bicycle. While Cecil sings, "Turn on the gas, turn on the gas, make it hot and snappy, but turn on the gas." For Rome, this time is burned with gas, while Claudette Colbert takes a milk bath that turns to cottage cheese in the heat. Off in the hills, two lanterns are seen bobbing about in the distance. Harpo Marx still hunts for a small house with a large swimming pool and Mary Pickford still searches for a leading man.

Ronnie Colman gets mad at Sammy Goldwyn and sues Sammy for all his dough. Sammy's that surprised you could knock him down with a feather. Jimmy Cagney goes back to work, tickled pink, Clark Gable has been chased through all three rings by every leading lady, for their pictures, and then Hollywood goes political.

"We want Hoover," screams Louie B. Mayer.

"We want Roosevelt," scream practically all of Mrs. Warner's little boys.

Then Roosevelt comes to town, the town (all but M-G-M) slings a parade and nobody wants anybody by the time it's over.

MARIE DRESSLER waves a hand from her seat in the front ring. The whole circus pauses a moment to gaze upon Marie whose steps falter just a little more, but whose smile is just as sweet.

Ethel Barrymore says, "That's all there is, there isn't any more," and goes back to New York, Rome goes right on being gassed, the English Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard arrive, setting the natives dizzy, while George Raft is the first man to take a bath on the screen.

Richard Bennett displays his hand-painted toe-nails, works jig-saw puzzles and razzes daughter Connie, all at the same party. The Stu Erwins and Helen Twelvetrees get themselves brand-new babies, when who comes to town with ears, neck and fingers blazing, but Mae West, good old *Diamond Lil* herself.

And then in the stillness of the night a new menace creeps on.

Thieves.

And when they depart, Zeppo Marx is stripped clean, and her monkey swallows the only diamond Mae West has left.

Night clubs open and night clubs close, the Palm Springs desert season is on again and once more Jimmy Durante is on his way to sit on a cactus. And just as the curtain is slowly lowering the scene flashes back to find Lionel Barrymore asleep on John's lap while "Rasputin" goes on and on and on.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER"—CAPITAL FILM.—From the story by Carlson and Behrend. Directed by Friedrich Zelnik. The cast: *Frederic II*, Otto Gebuehr; *Barberina Campanini*, Lil Dagover; *Her mother*, Rosa Valetti; *Baron Cocceji*, Hans Steuwe; *Baron Poellnitz*, Hans Junkermann; *Moeller*, Hans Brausewetter; *Eve*, *Barberina's maid*, Margot Walter; *Demoiselle Brigelli*, Iris Arlan; *Cagliostro*, Paul Otto.

"BLAME THE WOMAN"—PRINCIPAL.—From the story by Lord Castlerosse. Directed by Fred Niblo and Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Dan Macqueen*, Adolphe Menjou; *Joe Fragon*, Claude Allister; *Marda Blackett*, Benita Hume; *Reggie Dean*, Kenneth Kove; *Blackett*, Desmond Jeans; *Head Waiter*, G. D. Manetta; *Cloak Room Attendant*, Roland Gillette; *Miss Loftus*, Toni Bruce; *Spellman*, Shale Gardener; *Restaurant Manager*, Stanley Vilden; *Portiere*, Philip Strange.

"CALL HER SAVAGE"—FOX.—From the novel by Tiffany Thayer. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Nasa*, Clara Bow; *Lawrence Crosby*, Monroe Owsley; *Jay Randall*, Anthony Jowitt; *Moonglow*, Gilbert Roland; *Sunny DeLane*, Thelma Todd; *Clara Springer*, Estelle Taylor; *Peter Springer*, Willard Robertson; *Romasa*, Weldon Heyburn; *Attorney*, Arthur Hoyt; *Maid*, Katherine Perry; *Hank*, John Elliott; *Harris Randall*, Hale Hamilton. Prologue players: Russell Simpson, Fred Kohler, Margaret Livingston, Reginald Barlow, Dorothy Peterson.

"CENTRAL PARK"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ward Morehouse. Screen play by Ward Morehouse and Earl Baldwin. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Dot*, Joan Blondell; *Rick*, Wallace Ford; *Charlie*, Guy Kibbee; *Vivian*, Patricia Ellis; *Eby*, Henry B. Walthall; *Luke*, Charles Sellon; *Sgt. Riley*, Spencer Charters; *Nick*, Harold Huber; *Smiley*, John Wray; *Gangster*, Harry Seymour; *Chairman at Casino*, Holmes Herbert; *Lieutenant*, DeWitt Jennings; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Barney*, Wade Boteler; *Oscar*, Irving Bacon; *Hymie*, William Pawley; *Commissioner*, Frederick Burton; *Captain*, Harry Holman; *Spud*, George Pat Collins; *Second Commissioner*, Morgan Wallace.

"COMRADESHIP"—NERO PROD.—From the story by Karl Otten. Screen play by Ernst Vajda. Directed by G. W. Pabst. The cast: *Wilkopp*, a German miner, Ernst Busch; *His Wife*, Elisabeth Wendt; *Kasper*, Alexander Granach; *Wilderer*, Fritz Kampers; *Kaplan*, Gustav Puettjer; *Jean*, a French miner, Daniel Mendaille; *Emile*, his friend, George Chalia; *Francoise*, Emile's sister, Andree Ducret; *An old French miner*, Alex Bernard; *His Grandson*, Pierre Louis.

"CONQUERORS, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Howard Estabrook. Screen play by Robert Lord. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Roger Standish*, Richard Dix; *Caroline Ogden Standish*, Ann Harding; *Matilda Blake*, Edna May Oliver; *Dr. Daniel Blake*, Guy Kibbee; *Frances Standish*, Julie Haydon; *Warren Lennox*, Donald Cook; *Stubby*, Harry Holman; *Benson*, Skeets Gallagher; *Mr. Ogden*, Walter Walker; *One of twins*, Wally Albright; *One of twins*, Marilyn Knowlden; *Auctioneer*, Jed Prouty; *Downey*, Robert Greig.

"CYNARA"—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on novel "An Imperfect Lover" by Robert Gore-Brown. Stage play by H. M. Harwood and Robert Gore-Brown. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Jim Warlock*, Ronald Colman; *Clemency Warlock*, Kay Francis; *Doris Lea*, Phyllis Barry; *The Hon. John Tring*, Henry Stephenson; *Milly Miles*, Viva Tattersall; *Gorla*, Florine McKinney; *Onslo*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Joseph*, Paul Porcasi; *Mr. Bools*, George Kirby; *Henry*, Donald Stewart.

"DAVID GOLDER"—VANDAL-DELAC PROD.—From the novel by Irene Nemirovsky. Adapted by Julien Duvivier. Directed by Julien Duvivier. The cast: *David Golder*, Harry Baur; *Marcus*, Gretillat; *Soifer*, Franceschi; *Gloria*, Paule Andral; *Joyce*, Jackie Monnier; *Fischl*, Jean Coquelin; *Alec*, Jean Bradin; *Hoyes*, Gaston Jacquet; *Tubingen*, Camille Bert.

"EVENINGS FOR SALE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by I. A. R. Wylie. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Count Franz von Degenthal*, Herbert Marshall; *Jennie Kent*, Mary Boland; *Lela Fischer*, Sari Maritza; *Bimfel*, Charlie Ruggles; *Heinrich Fischer*, George Barbier; *Otto Volk*, Bert Roach; *Schwenk*, Lucien Littlefield; *Von Trask*, Clay Clement; *Richter*, Arnold Korff; *Von Zelling*, Freeman Wood; *Mr. Meyer*, Reginald Barlow; *Frau Meyer*, Lillian Elliott; *"Pink Elephant" (Lady)*, Grace Hayle; *Auctioneer*, Reginald Pasch; *"Pink Elephant" (Lady's Husband)*, Fred Sullivan; *French Custom's Man*, Jacques Jou-Jerville.

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Adapted by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Maizie*, Betty Compson; *Ruth Payne*, Claudia Dell; *Tony Halliday*, Tom Douglas; *John Halliday*, George

Irving; *Joe*, Wheeler Oakman; *Pete*, Luis Alberni; *Brennan*, Walter Percival; *Chief*, William B. Davidson; *Margaret Ryan*, Erin LaBrissoniere.

"HAUNTED GOLD"—WARNERS.—From the story by Adele Buffington. Directed by Mack V. Wright. The cast: *John Mason*, John Wayne; *Duke*, Duke; *Janel Carter*, Sheila Terry; *Benedict*, Erville Alderson; *Joe Ryan*, Harry Woods; *Simon*, Otto Hoffman; *Mrs. Herman*, Martha Mattox; *Clarence*, Blue Washington.

"HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lloyd Corrigan. Screen play by Harlan Thompson and Ray Harris. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Peter Potter Kendall*, II, Stuart Erwin; *Joan*, Susan Fleming; *Madame Vivienne Polidor*, Alison Skipworth; *Eddie Clifford*, Gordon Westcott; *Appleby*, Grant Mitchell; *Wilson*, Sidney Toler; *Angus*, Tom Ricketts; *Drake*, Claude King; *Suzelle*, Gertrude Norman.

"IF I HAD A MILLION"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Robert D. Andrews. Scenarists: Rob-



William Phillips

If there's truth in the rumor that all is not well between the Bill Powells, how come this nice little picture of Bill and Carole, snapped when they weren't expecting it? But—it's Hollywood, where anything can happen

ert D. Andrews, Claude Binyon, Whitney Bolton, Malcolm Stuart Boylan, John Bright, Sidney Buchman, Lester Cole, Isabel Dawn, Boyce DeGaw, Walter DeLeon, Oliver H. P. Garrett, Harvey Gates, Grover Jones, Ernst Lubitsch, Lawton Mackall, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, William Slavens McNutt, Seton I. Miller and Tiffany Thayer. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, Norman Taurag, Stephen Roberts, Norman McLeod, James Cruze, William A. Seiter and H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Gallagher*, Gary Cooper; *Violet*, Wynne Gibson; *Eddie Jackson*, George Raft; *The Clerk*, Charles Laughton; *John Glidden*, Richard Bennett; *Mulligan*, Jack Oakie; *Mary Wallace*, Frances Dee; *Henry Peabody*, Charlie Ruggles; *Emily*, Alison Skipworth; *Rollo*, W. C. Fields; *Mrs. Peabody*, Mary Boland; *O'Brien*, Roscoe Karns; *Mrs. Walker*, May Robson; *John Wallace*, Gene Raymond; *Zeb*, Lucien Littlefield.

"IRONMASTER, THE"—ALLIED.—From the story by Georges Ohnet. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Chester Franklin. The cast: *Reginald Denny*, Lila Lee, J. Farrell MacDonald, William Janney, Esther Howard, Virginia Sale, Richard Tucker, Freddy Fredericks, Astrid Allwyn, Ronny Cosbey, Otto Hoffman, Nola Luxford.

"KID FROM SPAIN, THE"—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by William Anthony McGuire, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Eddie*, Eddie Cantor; *Rosalie*, Lyda Roberti; *Ricardo*, Robert Young; *Anita*, Ruth Hall; *Pancho*, John Miljan; *Alonso Gomez*, Noah Beery; *Pedro*, J. Carroll Naish; *Crawford*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Jose*, Stanley Fields; *Gonzales*, Paul Porcasi; *Dalmores*, Julian Rivero; *Martha Oliver*,

Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Dean*, Walter Walker; *Red*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Sidney Franklin*, Sidney Franklin.

"MAGIC NIGHT"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Holt Marvell and George Posford. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: *Capt. Maximilian Schleloff*, Jack Buchanan; *Gen. Schleloff*, Clive Currie; *Ernst*, William Kendall; *Johann*, Herbert Carrick; *Max's Orderly*, Gibb McLaughlin; *Donelli*, Clifford Heatherley; *Theatre Manager*, O. B. Clarence; *Waiter*, Aubrey Fitzgerald; *Frieda*, Gina Malo; *Greta*, Peggy Cartwright; *Landlady*, Muriel Aked; *Countess Helga*, Joyce Bland; *Viki*, Anna Neagle.

"MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Harry Fraser. The cast: *Kent Rogers*, Rex Bell; *Lupita*, Neoma Judge; *Moe Ginsberg*, Nat Carr; *Jerry Sutton*, Lex Lindsay; *Judge McSweeney*, James Marcus; *Buck Gallagher*, Henry Sedley; *Collins*, Charles King; *Sheriff Hartman*, John Beck; *Mrs. Sutton*, Georgie Cooper; *Barlender*, Theodore Lorch; *Ed McSweeney*, Hank Bell.

"MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE"—UFA.—From the story by Robert Liebmann. Directed by Gustave Ucicky. The cast: *Heinrich Martin*, Werner Krauss; *Helene Martin*, Hertha Thiele; *Eva-Marie Sander*, Helene Thimig; *Dr. Alfred Sander*, Mathias Wiemann; *Julius Hanke*, Julius Falkenstein; *Grete Schulze*, Maria Bard.

"MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Sax Rohmer. Screen play by Irene Kuhn, Edgar Allan Woolf and John Willard. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Dr. Fu Manchu*, Boris Karloff; *Nayland Smith*, Lewis Stone; *Sheila*, Karen Morley; *Terrence Granville*, Charles Starrett; *Fah Lo See*, Myrna Loy; *Von Berg*, Jean Hersholt; *Sir Lionel Barton*, Lawrence Grant; *McLeod*, David Torrence.

"MATCH KING, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Einar Thorvaldson. Screen play by Houston Branch and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Paul Kroll*, Warren William; *Marta Molnar*, Lili Damita; *Babe*, Glenda Farrell; *Erik Borg*, Hardie Albright; *Sonia*, Juliette Compton; *Ilse Wagner*, Claire Dodd; *Oscar*, Spencer Charters; *Nyberg*, Murray Kinnell; *Scarlatti*, Harold Huber; *Foreman*, John Wray; *Borglund*, Alan Hale; *Hobo*, Harry Beresford; *Erickson*, George Meeker; *Uncle*, Alphonse Ethier; *Maid*, Greta Meyer; *Rodensky*, DeWitt Jennings; *Frau Necker*, Bodil Rosing.

"ME AND MY GAL"—FOX.—From the story by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Helen*, Joan Bennett; *Dan*, Spencer Tracy; *Kate*, Marion Burns; *Duke*, George Walsh; *Pop*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Baby Face*, Noel Madison; *Sarge*, Henry B. Walthall; *Jake*, Bert Hanlon; *Allen*, Adrian Morris; *Eddie*, George Chandler; *Hank*, Hank Mann; *Police Captain*, Emmett Corrigan; *Doctor*, Lemist Esler.

"MEN OF AMERICA"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty. Screen play by Samuel Ornitz and Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: *Jim Parker*, Bill Boyd; *Smoky Joe*, Charles "Chic" Sale; *Anne*, Dorothy Wilson; *Cicero*, Ralph Ince.

"NO MORE ORCHIDS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Grace Perkins. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Anne Holt*, Carole Lombard; *Tony*, Lyle Talbot; *Bill Holt*, Walter Connolly; *Gran Holt*, Louise Closser Hale; *Dick*, Allen Vincent; *Rita*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Cedric*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Serge*, Arthur Housman; *Burke-hart*, William V. Mong; *Merrivell*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Prince Carlos*, Jameson Thomas; *Captain of Ship*, Edward LeSaint; *Cannon*, William Worthington; *Benton (buller)*, Broderick O'Farrell; *Housekeeper*, Belle Johnstone; *Modiste*, Harold Minjir; *Holmes*, Sidney Bracy.

"PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by George Archambaud. The cast: *Hildegard Withers*, Edna May Oliver; *Inspector Piper*, James Gleason; *Gwen Parker*, Mae Clarke; *Barry Costello*, Robert Armstrong; *Philip Seymour*, Donald Cook; *Bertrand B. Hemingway*, Clarence Wilson; *Donovan*, Edgar Kennedy; *Secretary*, Mary Mason; *Telephone Operator*, Rochelle Hudson; *Gerald Parker*, Guy Usher; *Fink*, James Donlan; *Chicago Lew*, Joe Herman; *Macdonald*, William Le Maire; *Von Donnen*, Gustav von Seyffertitz.

"PROSPERITY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Screen play by Zelda Sears and Eve Greene. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Maggie Warren*, Marie Dressler; *Lizzie Praskins*, Polly Moran; *Helen*, Anita Page; *John Warren*, Norman Foster; *Holland*, John Miljan; *Cissy*, Jacquie Lyn; *Buster*, Jerry Tucker; *Mayor*, Charles Giblyn; *Ezra Higgins*, Frank Darien; *Barber*, Henry Armetta; *Knapf*, John Roche.

"RED-HAIRED ALIBI"—TOWER PROD.—From

the story by Wilson Collison. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Lynn Monih*, Merna Kennedy; *Trent Travers*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Bob Shellon*, Grant Withers; *Regan*, Purnell Pratt; *Kenie*, Huntly Gordon; *Corcoran*, Fred Kelsey; *Morgan*, John Vosburgh; *Bee Lee*, Marion Lessing; *Gloria*, Shirley Temple; *Margoli*, Paul Porcasi; *Henri*, Arthur Hoyt.

"ROCKABYE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the play by Lucia Bronger. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Kubec Glasmon. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Judy Carrol*, Constance Bennett; *De Sola*, Paul Lukas; *Jake Pell*, Joel McCrea; *Snooks*, Jobyna Howland; *District Attorney*, Charles Middleton; *Commissioner Howard*, Walter Pidgeon; *Lilly Bel*, June Filler; *Mrs. Pell*, Virginia Hammond; *Jimmie Dunn*, Walter Catlett; *Brida*, Clara Blandick.

"SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on "Secrets of Surete" by H. Ashton-Wolfe and "The Lost Empress" by Samuel Orntz. Screen play by Samuel Orntz and Robert Tasker. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Eugenie Dorain*, Gwili Andre; *Francois St. Cyr*, Frank Morgan; *General Han Moloff*, Gregory Ratoff; *Bertillon*, Murray Kinnell; *Leon Renault*, John Warburton; *Baron Fedor Lomzot*, Lucien Prival; *Madame Danton*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Rena*, Kendall Lee; *Anton Dorain*, Christian Rub; *The Grand Duke*, Arnold Korff.

"SILVER DOLLAR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by David Karsner. Screen play by Carl Erickson and Harvey Thew. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Yates Martin*, Edward G. Robinson; *Lily Owens*, Bebe Daniels; *Sarah Martin*, Aline MacMahon; *Mark Martin*, David Durand; *Senate bartender*, Edward McNamara; *President Arthur*, Berton Churchill; *Poker Annie*, Jobyna Howland; *The mine foreman*, DeWitt Jennings; *Adams*, Harry Holman; *Colonel Stanton*, Robert Warwick; *Hamlin*, Russell Simpson; *Mrs. Adams*, Marjorie Gateson; *Rische*, Lee Kohlmar; *Hook*, Christian Rub; *Secretary*, Leon Waycoff; *Jenkins*, Charles Middleton; *Mrs. Hamlin*, Theresa Conover; *First miner*, William LeMaire; *Second miner*, Walter Lang.

"TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY"—Fox.—From the novel by Grace Miller White and the dramatization by Rupert Hughes. Screen play by S. N. Behrman and Sonya Levien. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Tess Howland*, Janet Gaynor; *Frederick Garfield, Jr.*, Charles Farrell; *Captain Howland*, Dudley Digges; *Teola Garfield*, June Clyde; *Dan Taylor*, George Meeker; *Ben Letts*, Edward Pawley; *Frederick Garfield, Sr.*, Claude Gillingwater; *Dillon*, Matty Kemp; *Game Warden*, DeWitt Jennings;

Longman Sisters, Eleanor Hunt, Marjorie Peterson; *Mrs. Garfield*, Louise Carter; *Jim*, Bruce Warren; *Old Martha*, Sarah Padden; *Peppy (monkey)*, Himself.

"TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the book by Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Screen play by Courtenay Terratt and Robert Lord. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Tom Connors*, Spencer Tracy; *Fay*, Bette Davis; *Bud*, Lyle Talbot; *Billie*, Sheila Terry; *Chief of guard*, Edward McNamara; *Hype*, Warren Hymer; *Finn*, Louis Calhern; *Daniels*, Spencer Charters; *The Warden*, Mr. Long, Arthur Byron; *Reporter*, Roscoe Karns; *Dr. Meeker*, Grant Mitchell; *Warden Long's wife*, Nella Walker; *Tony*, Jack LaRue; *Black Jack*, William LeMaire; *Dr. Ames*, Arthur Hoyt; *Mike*, George Pat Collins.

"UPTOWN NEW YORK"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Screen play by Warren B. Duff. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Eddie*, Jack Oakie; *Pat*, Shirley Grey; *Max Silver*, Leon Waycoff; *Al*, George Cooper; *Papa Silver*, Alexander Carr; *Hotel Clerk*, Lee Moran; *Vending Machine Men*, Raymond Hatton, Henry Armetta.

"VIRTUE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ethel Hill. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Mae*, Carole Lombard; *Jimmy*, Pat O'Brien; *Frank*, Ward Bond; *MacKenzie*, Willard Robertson; *Gert*, Shirley Grey; *Magistrate*, Edward Le Saint.

"WILD HORSE MESA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Harold Shumate and Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Chane Weymer*, Randolph Scott; *Sandy Melberne*, Sally Blane; *Rawlins*, Fred Kohler; *Ma Melberne*, Lucille LaVerne; *Ben Weymer*, James Bush; *Sam Bass*, Charley Grapewin; *Horn*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Slack*, George F. Hayes; *Indian Chief*, Jim Thorpe; *Sheriff*, E. H. Calvert.

"YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by W. B. Dover. Screen play by Robert Lord and Bolton Mallory. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Joe Holt*, Joe E. Brown; *Alice Brandon*, Ginger Rogers; *Ed Dover*, Preston S. Foster; *Elliott*, Arthur Byron; *Cora*, Sheila Terry; *Manager*, Frank Hagney; *Armstrong*, Oscar Apfel; *Tom Brandon*, Walter Walker; *Dr. Vorse*, Edwin Maxwell; *Harris Daniels*, Harry Gribbon; *Armstrong's Secretary*, Mia Marvin; *Mr. Jones*, Selmer Jackson; *Colby*, William Burruss; *Announcer*, Harry Seymour; *Messenger*, James Eagle; *Bookkeeper*, Anthony Lord; *Office Manager*, Bert Morehouse; *The Real Holt*, Guinn Williams; *Sam*, Farina.



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Irving Lippman

"Make it sweet and snappy, Joe," yells the director, as Joe E. Brown gives Ginger Rogers a big kiss. It's all in the script for "You Said A Mouthful," in which Joe tries to be a swimming champion. Looks as though that script girl was ready for a little swimming, too, don't you think?

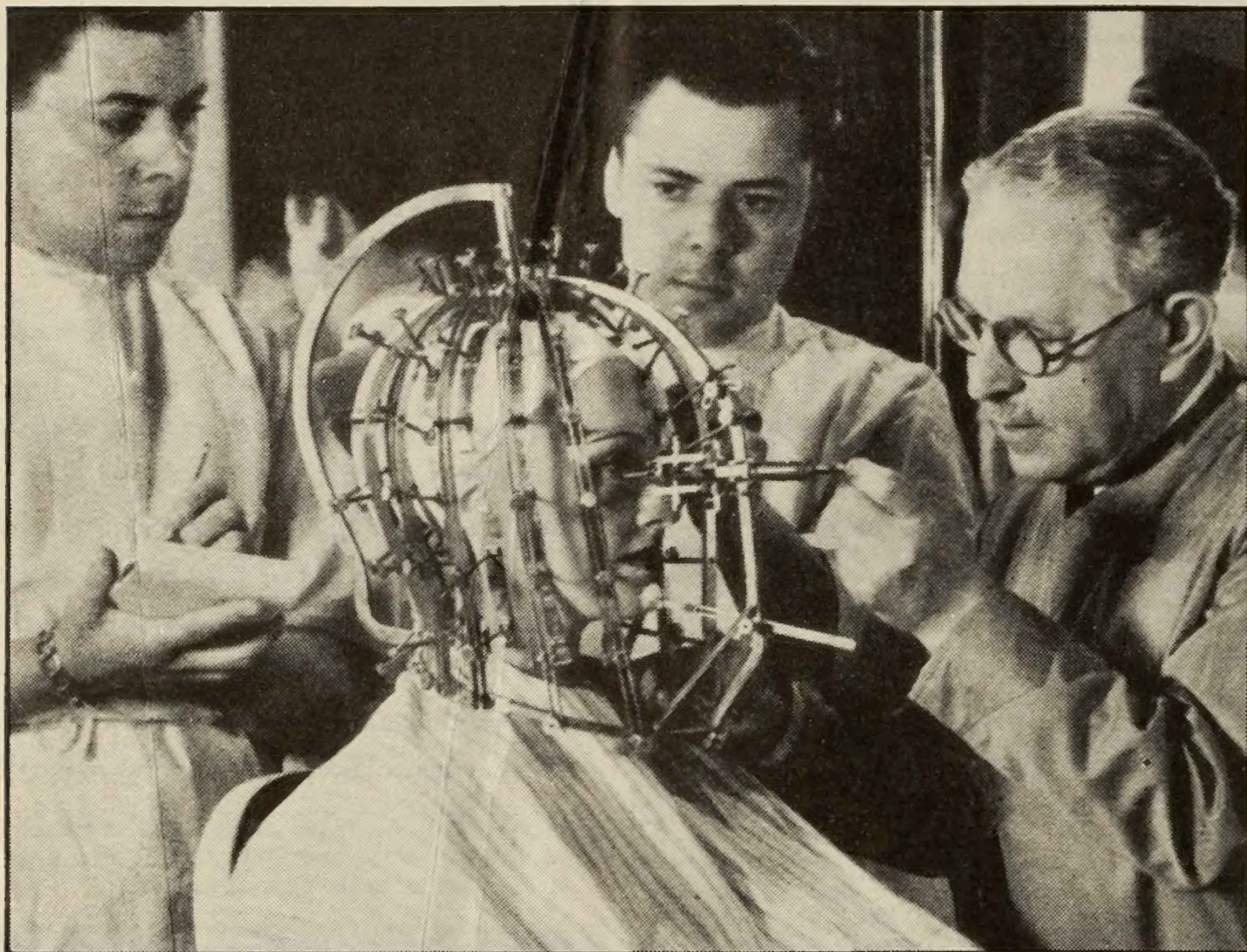
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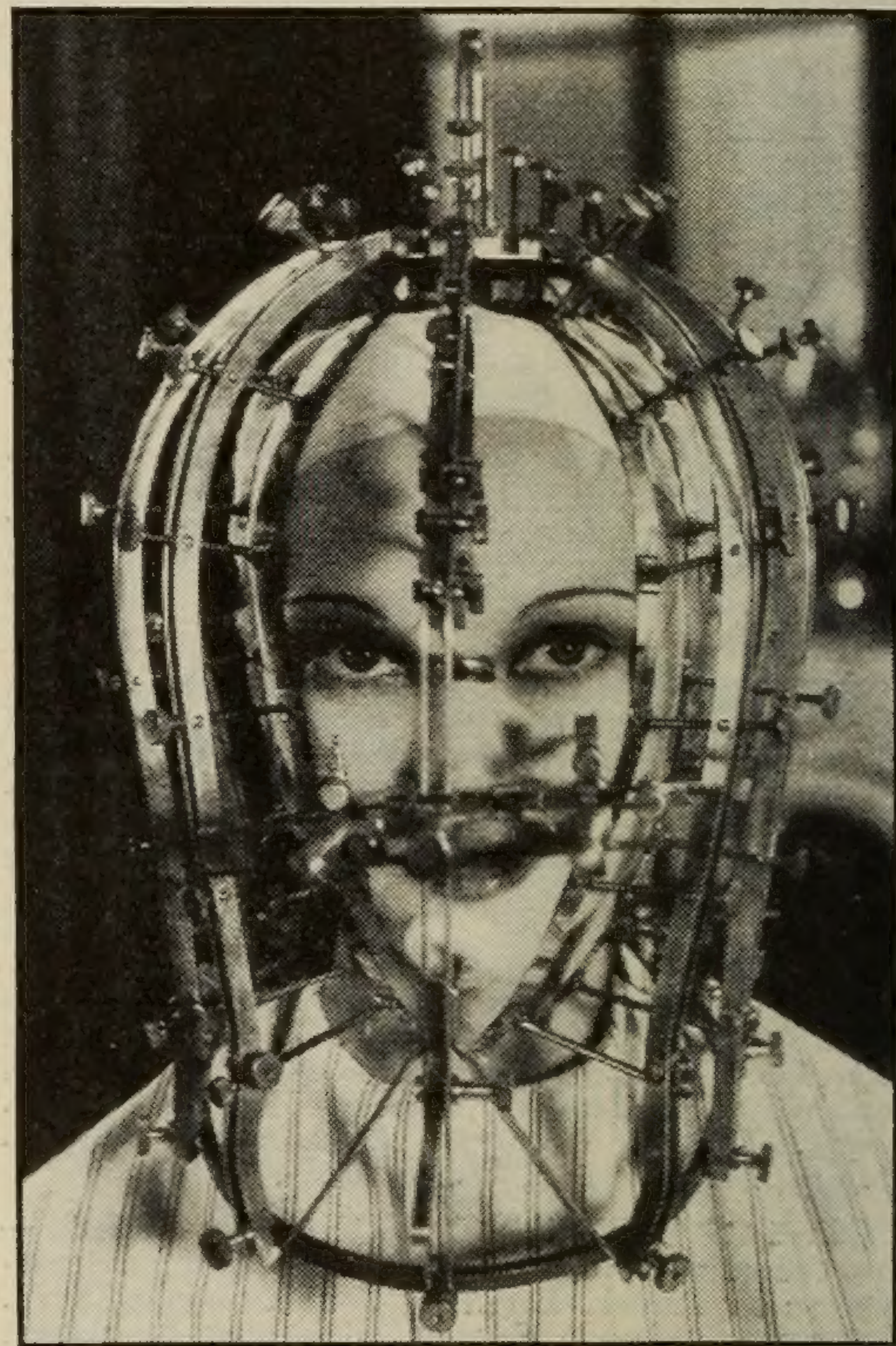
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]



Keystone

This strange invention by Perc and Ern Westmore and Max Factor measures your beauty to a thousandth of an inch. According to the inventors, the nose should be same length as forehead and equal the distance between base of nose and tip of chin. Space between eyes should be width of the eye. Mouth corners should not extend beyond eye pupils



Keystone

Sheila Terry is here having her beauty measured. How does the tape line show you up in comparison with the proportions given in the opposite caption?

IN England, Jean Hersholt is at least as famous for his prowess with a pencil as on the screen. During the making of "Grand Hotel" he sketched every member of the cast, and now these sketches, 50,000 prints of them, are on display in every theater lobby, shop window and so on in the tight little isle.

GEORGE O'BRIEN is on his way to meet his father and mother in Rome, Italy. Some time ago, because of his father's ill health, George persuaded him to resign as chief of police in San Francisco, and recently O'Brien père—which is mixing nationalities a little—went to Baden-Baden to take the baths. George couldn't finish his last film in time to make it there, so they're having the family reunion à la Mussolini.

WILLIAM POWELL, the astute and serious Bill, so suave, so polished, so what did you say?

Well, Bill's favorite pastime is making gag still pictures. Nothing is too undignified, too absolutely goofy.

Sort of a suppressed Marxian complex—or maybe just the play-boy in him.

TALA BIRELL'S mother, who was the Baroness Stephanie Sahaydakowski of Poland, is visiting her daughter in Hollywood. It is her first American experience, and she reports such a favorable impression that she intends to spend the winter. Gabriella, Tala's sister, has been here since Tala's advent into pictures.

IF you are one of the small minority who don't think ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are funny, we can prove you are wrong.

They can make each other laugh. And do it often.

Break up in scenes all the time, and have to start over again.

This, little children, is the acid test for a comic.

If he (or she) can pry a laugh loose from a fellow artist, he must be good—and we don't mean pretty good, either.

THE wig-wearing business of Ann Harding still goes on. Several of Ann's friends were amazed to see her at the opening of "A Bill of Divorcement" in a fiery red wig instead of the black one.

And strange as it seems, the fans just never caught on. And Miss Harding was spared a lot of autograph signing. Smart girl, that Harding person!



Making pictures isn't as easy as it may look. Here is a serious sort of conference on the "Animal Kingdom" set. Director and cast are working out final scenes, going over the script carefully and studying every bit of action. Left to right, you'll see Neil Hamilton, Ilka Chase, Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Henry Stephenson, William Gargan and director E. H. Griffith



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Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR

I really don't know if I should smoke . . .

. . . but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTERFIELD. They seem to be milder and they have a very pleasing taste.



the Cigarette that's Milder

the Cigarette that Tastes Better